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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 10, 1920

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

IRVIN S. COBB — KENNETT HARRIS — JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER
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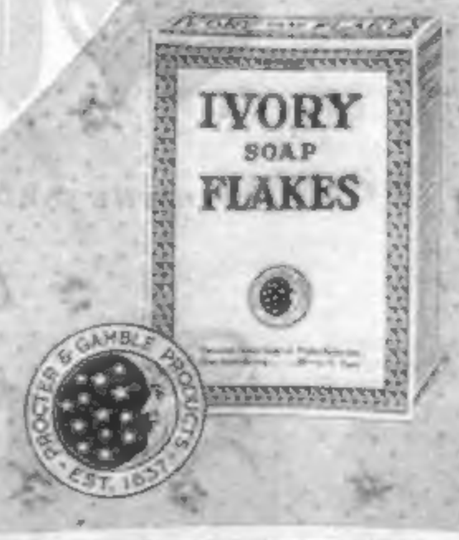

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INSIDE STORIES

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WHEN the last trump sounds and the quick and the dead come trooping up to be weighed in the balance for their deeds in the flesh I expect to be there along with the rest of the tribe of fictionists. There ought to be quite a crowd of us. The inheritors of the mantle of O. Henry alone should require at least half an hour to pass a given point, though most of them will be invisible by reason of being completely hidden under the mantle. When my time comes to undergo cross-examination before the judgment seat humbly shall I admit:

"I have been guilty of many a crime of literary omission and many a crime of literary commission. I have left undone the things which I should have done and I have done the things which I should not have done. Many a time and oft have I hauled off and given the poor old English grammar a wallop on the point of the jaw. But in extenuation for all these, my manifold shortcomings, I may plead this: I never wrote the story of the burglar who broke into a home on Christmas Eve and was mistaken by a little che-ild for Santa Claus. I never wrote the story of the prodigal son who returned from the Klondike, laden with gold, just in time to pay off the mortgage on the old homestead and thus save his aged parents from being dispossessed into a bitter snowstorm.

"I never wrote the story of the intoxicated tramp who, in his tatters, wandered into a fancy-dress ball and won the prize for the most effective costume.

"I never wrote the story of the substitute football player who was thrust into the game at the fifty-fifth minute of the eleventh hour, and who—being inspired by a vision of his sweetheart's face—tied the score and saved the day by making a phenomenal run round the end. Several times, I confess, I have been tempted to write this story, but was each time saved by the reflection that so many others already had done it so well.

"And I never wrote the story of the downtrodden squab reporter who scooped the town on the most important news story of the year, thereby plastering shame upon the face of the cruel city editor with the rasping voice and the soul of a hard-boiled egg. Of these acts of forbearance, the last I deem to be the greatest and the most commendable of all."

Certain Illusions, All of Them Woefully Incorrect, Have Been Grafted Upon the Lay Mind, to Wit, as Follows: That a Newspaper Shop Is Run Like a Madhouse

Popular Perennials of Fiction and Drama

"IN CONCLUSION I would state that I wear a seven and three-eighths halo and I figure I shall require an oversized set of wings, with a spread of at least fourteen feet from tip to tip. Where do I go to get my harp?"

I suppose the principal reason why I never wrote the story of the cub reporter and the mean city editor was because I have been a cub reporter in my time, and also I have been a city editor, and I knew better than to write it, strong though the provocation to do so may have been on occasion. In twenty-odd years of experience in active newspaper work I had personal knowledge of but one instance of a callow fledgling achieving a really notable news beat, and then he did it, not through merit and not through intelligence on his part, but by virtue of a stroke of luck which fell upon him like a thunderbolt. I have known only one city editor who essayed the rôle of a Simon Legree, and he failed to play the part successfully, because by nature he was rather a kindly and a well-disposed person. Indeed, as I recall, he rounded out his career by becoming the publicity agent for a charity organization specializing in child welfare.

All the same, though I have not dared write this popular perennial, I love to read it, because it is so familiar to me and because at first glance I recognize all the old favorite props and because I know in advance substantially how it is going to turn out.

Another thing I like to do is to go to a play in which there is an act or a scene purporting to show the city room of a metropolitan newspaper, filled with noise and excitement and mad outcries and the sound of pelting feet, with the newspaper about to go to press and the principal characters casually happening in one after another further to clutter up the stage, and the noble hero dashing in a minute and a half before the curtain with the information which saves the reputation of his fiancée's father, or else with the exposure which will confound the corrupt political boss.

The Established Phrases of Story-Telling

THE reason why I like this scene so much is because what it portrays is so teetotally different from what any real city room is at press time. It is evidence of the heights to which a dramatist's imagination may rise when he is not hampered by actualities but can let his fancy rove wild and free.

One trouble with most of us who write stories for a living is that we are creatures of habit and prone to follow along the line of least resistance. Years and years ago some inspired romancer, casting about for a new way to phrase a plain statement, wrote, "For Egbert to reach the window at the opposite side of the room was but the work of a moment," instead of stating that Egbert quickly crossed the room to the window. And ever since the race of writers has been using the same hackneyed method of expressing a straightaway fact in a roundabout fashion.

I don't know who it was who first struck upon the notion of using the verb "gutter" in conjunction with the noun "candle," but I do know that a whole generation of us have described candles as guttering. I've done it myself any number of times, and yet right now if you ask me point-blank what a candle does when it gutters or how it looks when it gutters I shall have to be excused from answering.

A couple of decades back a novelist, or perhaps it was a short-story writer or possibly a playwright, visioned the typical captain of finance as a middle-aged man with iron-gray hair and a square jaw and a brusque manner who forever was puffing on a large black cigar; this as counter-distinguished from the English writer's American millionaire, who invariably wore chin whiskers and spat tobacco juice on strange people's carpets and said "I calculate" and "I guess" and constantly bragged of the money he had. The native conception endured for upward of twenty years; indeed it only passed out of vogue at a comparatively recent time, when a modern writer, subtly sensing that his public had grown weary of captains of finance with iron-gray hair and square jaws and harsh ways and fat black cigars, audaciously leaped to the other

"I Figure I Shall Require an Oversized Set of Wings, With a Spread of at Least Fourteen Feet From Tip to Tip"

processes are not different from the run of humanity about them; and if the experience of the centuries has taught us anything at all it has taught us that mankind would rather think in a groove than think at large and at random, because the former is easier and the result more likely to conform to popular ideals and popular precedents.

Possibly I am saying what follows because I know more of the actual workings of a city newspaper shop than I know of the inside of any other business, but it has always seemed to me that there was a greater volume of current misinformation abroad regarding newspapers than regarding any main industry in our country. The fault for this, if I am one to judge, lies in two reasons: First, certain venerable misconceptions regarding the methods employed in news gathering have been told so often they have become hallowed by repetition; and second, because story writers and dramatists, either through ignorance or because the desire to depict the dramatic led them far astray from the verities, have persistently followed certain formulas.

Revered Traditions Shot to Pieces

BE THE main cause what it may, certain illusions, all of them woefully incorrect and most of them entirely false, firmly have been grafted upon the lay mind, to wit:

That practically all city editors are crabbed misanthropists with the dispositions of a dyspeptic Nero.

That all newspapers are terribly put to it to find material with which to fill up their columns.

That reporters are nosey youths, armed with large notebooks, who prowl about town on the lookout for something exciting or unusual to happen so that they may hurry back to their offices and write overdrawn pieces about it.

That a reporter will go to any ends in order to get hold of a piece of news which a brother reporter has not yet got hold of, and that having got it he will die in his tracks before he will whack up with his fellow.

That a reporter who gets a story—the word being here used in the newspaper sense to imply anything which is printable, from a paragraph to a page article—invariably writes it out himself for publication.

That the sap-green reporter invariably lands the biggest beat.

That a newspaper shop is run like a madhouse, and that as the hour of going to press approaches it becomes more of a madhouse than ever, being peopled with agitated figures rushing wildly to and fro and uttering demoniac shrieks.

That all the old-time newspaper stars were habitual drunkards and did their best work while in a state of staggering intoxication. Also that many of the brilliant figures of the present day are cursed with the same craving for strong waters and are suffered by their employers to lead dissipated lives because they are most sparkling when they are most soused.

At the risk of destroying popular belief in these revered traditions it seems to me it might not be amiss to sprinkle the mass with a few grains of truth. As already I have intimated, city editors uniformly are not cold-eyed despots tyrannizing over frightened crews. The best city editor I ever worked for rarely raised his voice above a gentle conversational pitch except when he was cursing his own mistakes.

For every line of copy that a newspaper puts into type it throws away many lines. Nine-tenths of the stuff which reaches a newspaper office goes promptly into a wastebasket. The difficulty usually is not to find sufficient material with which to fill up space but to cut down the supply to a point where what is timely and what is interesting and what is vital in the news may be cramped and crowded and compressed into each edition. This applies not only to the news, but on frequent occasion to paid advertising matter. Because of a standing rule that the proportion of advertising shall be at a given ratio to the proportion of straight reading matter appearing along with it, a metropolitan newspaper publisher very often throws out of a single issue thousands of dollars' worth of advertising. This always has been true, and particularly is it true at present when print paper is so scarce.

This brings us down to Count Three of the indictment: The city reporter does not carry a fat notebook with him, or if he does carry it he does not haul it out while on duty; neither does he wander about vaguely looking for things to happen. Either he is a district man, so called, assigned to a designated beat and never leaving his beat except under orders from his chief, or he is an assignment man covering one particular assignment at a time and not especially concerned with anything else which may come to his attention, unless that thing pertains in some fashion or other to the task in hand.

Under the modern system of reporting in the larger cities the reporter who goes out to get a story does not often write the story himself. Generally he telephones the details to his shop, and a specialist takes down the facts and prepares the copy for publication. The outside man, the one who is sent to cover the story, is called a leg man. The inside expert is known as a rewrite man.

Oftener than not the graphic account which you read of a fire or an accident was hammered out on a typewriter by a man sitting at a desk miles away from the spot where the event occurred. He has developed to a high degree the knack of setting down in black and white things viewed through another man's eyes.

One of the best police reporters in New York has never written for publication a single line of his own, though he has handled some of the biggest crime stories of the last quarter of a century. But he is a wizard at the art of pouring a vivid picture of a thing into a rubber transmitter.

The belief that a reporter is happiest when he is scooping his fellow reporter is one of the commonest assumptions held by those who have never been reporters, and one of the most erroneous possible. In practically all the larger cities in this country reporters work together. A certain code governs their confederacy. If a group of reporters representing different papers are working on the same news story each is in honor bound to divide with his fellows any and every legitimate item of information which comes into his possession for so long as he is detailed to the assignment.

The customary procedure is to devise a rough working plan wherein the men, singly or in pairs, cover separate ends of the story, each being under an implied pledge—which rarely is violated—to keep his confrères posted to the minute regarding the developments which have come to his attention and of which naturally the others might know nothing unless he did advise them. If he cannot get in touch with an associate in time for the other man to catch an edition with the details he has just secured he will telephone to the office where his associate is employed and report direct.

If this were not the case, every metropolitan paper would be compelled to employ a city staff unwieldy and expensive beyond belief. Moreover a sense of self-protection upon the part of the reporters themselves enters into the equation. If a reporter, working under agreement with one or more members of his trade, breaks the faith he becomes a marked man. The word goes out that So-and-So has thrown down the crowd, and immediately the rest of the fraternity conspires at the next chance to punish him for his transgression by withholding from him essential facts otherwise held as common property.

A Flexible Rule With Exceptions

MOREOVER experience has taught the reporter that in the long run it will avail him little to pull off a beat at the expense of his supposed rivals, because by day after tomorrow the achievement will be forgotten even in his own city room, whereas the next time he misses an important development he is in for a scolding or something worse.

Like most good rules, this rule is flexible and has its exceptions. For example, this would be a typical exception: Six reporters, let us say, serving six newspapers are at work on a story presenting various ramifications. To one of them comes—not through the regular and recognized news channels but through outside sources—a hint which promises possibilities.

Perhaps while he is off duty he meets an acquaintance who tells him of an interesting side light which has a bearing upon the case but which has not cropped up along beaten paths. Perhaps a member of his own staff gets hold of the tip and passes it along to him.

With the utmost frankness he tells the other five men that he is off to dig up what promises to be an exclusive end of the story. None of them spies on him, none of them expects him to divulge the facts he may secure while following this private lead. They all understand, and so do their city editors, that it has been his fortune to strike an unknown and previously unsuspected trail, and that the business is his business and not theirs.

Not often is a cub reporter permitted to handle an important factor in an important news event. In the first place he probably wouldn't know what to do with a big news story if he ran on one. His is a trade which has to be learned, just as every other trade does. In the second place there nearly always is a journeyman reporter within reach of the city editor when big

(Continued on Page 110)

"See That?" He Said. "I'm Not a Reporter. I'm From the Coroner's Office, and in a Case Like This the Coroner Comes Ahead of the Police Even"

THE MOST POPULAR LADY

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

TAKE it from me, this popularity thing is all right, but there is such a thing as running it into the ground." Oliver Barron spoke quite bitterly. "Yep, the copy for the tickets is on the hook right now," Gene Tapper further informed him.

Gene was a sallow-complexioned young man whose trade was evidenced by a neglected smear of printers' ink along the line of his jaw. You might have guessed Ollie's occupation as pictures or pugilism—and guessed wrong. He was good-looking enough for the former and of the promising young lightweight type, and as a matter of fact he had achieved quite a little local reputation as an amateur boxer. But for a wrong-headed old female parent and other malign influence he might have acquired considerable fame and real money in the ring instead of frittering away his really splendid talents in the gents' furnishings of Waltheim & Gluck's for a paltry thirty-five per week. But so it was. Now the gloves he handled were ignominious cape tan or inglorious glacé, his footwork was all behind counters, his punch merely what he contrived to put into his salesmanship. His last appearance in court to answer a charge of assault and battery was a memory of years, and he had scored no knockout at McCabe's Green Street academy for many, many months. But his past activities had shown to what he might have aspired but for the cruel thwarting of his natural inclinations.

Ollie frowned at the set of the balls as he chalked his cue; then he leaned his lithe well-muscled body halfway across the table, made his shot—and pocketed his cue ball.

Gene laughed uproariously. "You want to keep your mind on the game, Ollie," he jeered. "I sure got your silken-haired alpaca that time. Now watch me wind this up."

When She Had the Courage to Look Again She Discerned the Figure of a Man Standing and Apparently Looking Down Into Arbor Street

Having wound it up very much to his satisfaction he added: "Just like that! Now pay me what you owe me before I get uneasy and dun you."

Ollie settled the little bet in an absent-minded manner and then seated himself on the edge of the pool table.

"Popularity!" he ejaculated. "Prize for the most popular lady! Listen, Gene: if I had that poor mutt's bean I'd take it to an ivory turner and find some use for it. It's nothing but a hindrance to him. Once every year or two he gets a big idea that if it wasn't absolutely rotten wouldn't have a thing in the world the matter with it. Oh, lovely! He's going to make himself popular, Jake is, is he not? He is not. With just exactly the same number of ladies that take in the dance, minus one—the one that gets the toilet set."

He paused and looked reflectively at his companion, who was grinning at him.

"And I don't believe I want Jaky Flinkow making himself too popular with her," he concluded.

"It won't be any skin off your nose," remarked Gene.

Ollie opened his deep blue, black-lashed eyes very wide and his straight black brows arched with the sudden movement of a cat's back at the appearance of a terrier pup.

"Unless you've got interested in Anna Waskowicz overnight," Gene supplemented. "Jake will be pulling for Anna, and if you noticed his work at the last primaries you won't want to take my bet that he gets a majority vote for her. He's smooth enough, so a person is mighty apt to slip up on him if he don't watch his step."

"Is that it?"

Ollie's moody expression faded, after a moment's reflection, and he smiled grimly. "Is that it? Well, that's all right too. The most popular lady!"

He laughed outright, and Gene Tapper laughed with him, though with an imperfect understanding of any particular reason for mirth. Most people took Ollie's jokes for granted in that way.

"We've all got to learn," said Ollie. "And little old high cost of learning never comes down, does it, Gene?"

"Never," Gene agreed. "You'll learn to play pool some day, but it's going to cost you something if you play with me. Another game?"

"Not this evening," said Ollie. He slid his cue into the rack and turned down the cuffs of his prismatically striped silk shirt. "Got a date."

The date was polite fiction. That wasn't Ollie's fault; it was his misfortune. If Miss Viola Bailey had been human instead of—well, simply divine, the young man would have been dated up seven nights a week and Saturday and Sunday afternoons regularly; but no divinity is going to be satisfied with one worshiper—not if there is any class to her; and Viola had class, believe me. She was conspicuously among those present with the pulchritudinous attributes, was little Viola, and her scenery blended with her harmoniously; she had a full and well-selected line of cheery chatter for most occasions, and a cute come-back with a cutting edge for others. Izzy Marovitch, who tickled the resilient short ribs of the Meyer's Rialto Kinema Palace piano, frankly admitted that when it come to rag, get me, he had nothing to speak of on Viola's virtuosity, and it is an inside fact that she could have had Irma Walsh's job playing in the Avenue ten-cent store at two dollars over what Irma was dragging down. Some little dancer, too, and listen—she had taken this scientific, antiseptic, domestic economy at the Felix Poznanski High and translated it into eats! You certainly had to hand it to Viola.

Taking all this into consideration, it were superfluous to mention that Viola was popular, and therein lay Ollie's malease and discontent, not to speak of his cark and care. She had been popular ever since he had known her, and her popularity had not waned with the passing years. She was popular with Bill Dingee, with Micky Sullivan, with Carl Musser, with Tony Couclini, with Lars Peterson, with Jan Simko and even with Najeeb Hashin, the Oriental rug man, and Chang Lee, the leathery old laundryman who had kept her in lichi nuts, punk sticks and preserved ginger ever since she was six years old. It will be deduced then that Viola had what might be called the universal appeal.

What are you going to do with a girl like that? You tell me. You've got ideas of your own about things, haven't you—about your own personal habits and general conduct? You may have your ideas about her personal conduct too—with regards and concerning and relating to these other guys—but what show have you to get 'em across? I'm asking you. You can tell her where she gets off, can't you? Sure you can! And you can put in a couple of days of bitter, consuming regret—three, if you can hold out that long—and then crawl back on your hands and knees and ask her to please give you the nice good medicine and let you lick the spoon, and forgive you for acting naughty. Why? Because she's popular; because she can't run far and fast enough to get lonely, even if she wanted to. Bill Dingee is going to see to that, and if he goes lame there's Micky and Carl and Tony and the rest of the bunch—all fair speeders on a clear track. No, Ollie will be good—sure! Ollie will cut out the rough stuff and keep his hands in his pockets, where they belong. He'll wear a white collar and get him a white-collar job—certainly! And he'll go to business college and learn to be a crackajack salesman and make good. Anything to oblige!

"It's this popularity thing that spoils them!"

"Popularity!"

Ollie gave the word the emphasis of a pneumatic explosion as he left the pool room. Gloom had descended upon him once more. For a moment or two the skies had seemed to lighten, for Jake Flinkow's bean was by no means so densely osseous as his critic had intimated. If Jake, as secretary-treasurer of the Arcadia Social Club,

was getting up this dance with this prize for the most popular lady as its special feature of attraction, Jake had been working that lubricated legume of his and figured that he could cop for Anna. Anna had some class herself, despite the handicap of her patronymical moniker. The Hunk showed on her, but not enough to hurt. She was a live one, all right, and a looker, and as American as you and me to talk to, except that she used her hands and feet and her white teeth and big eyes more than us in her conversation. Still and all and at that and granting and conceding that she didn't have to depend on Jake Flinkow for company and diversion, and admitting for the sake of argument that Jake was a fine worker on buttonholes and a winning whisperer and that he would hump his hardest in the Waskowicz interest, the dance not being held in the blind asylum, Anna would have a fat chance with Viola—one would not think. You can be as smooth as you like, but you can't keep the flies away from the sugar barrel by giving them a diplomatic spiel. You can swat 'em—but there's an antiswatting ordinance. Did you know that? Ollie did. He had recently violated it and was suffering the penalty. It had been the mildest, easiest swat imaginable—a mere love tap or two and hardly broke the skin on his knuckles, and this bird's teeth must have been loose anyway, but Viola had given him the limit.

"If Viola goes to that dance ——"

No "ifs" about it. She would be there with all the little jingling, tinkling, tintinnabulating bells on. She would be gayly fox-trotting, two-stepping and maxixing over every square inch of the fifty-by-thirty-foot floor from the first number to the last dog hung, and with no fleeting thought of the broken-hearted boy, name of Oliver, who would be chewing his lonely, tear-stained pillow in the seclusion of his room—but would he?

Yes, she would yield her lissome waist to this bird and that, turn and turn about the livelong night, and the lucky bird that fluttered home with her would have a large package under one wing containing, within a genuine Spanish Morocco, royal-blue Lyons-velvet-lined case, the following, to wit: One real ivoroid brush and comb, one ditto French-plate, bevel hand mirror, one soap box, one buttonhook, one nail file and one buffer with full outfit of accessories et cetera, total value one hundred bucks.

That would be Viola's program; and when she had carried it out she wouldn't think any the less of herself or be any more appreciative of her luck in having first call on a fine, handsome, clean-cut, high-minded, good-natured, ambitious, smart and rising young man like Oliver Barron, nor would she be any more tolerant and reasonable in her treatment of said Oliver.

"If she goes to that dance ——"

And she would—if not prevented. It was clearly up to somebody to prevent her—if possible. For her own good. Ollie had no personal interest whatever in the matter, being offa that young woman for keeps—as he had informed her some seventy-two hours ago. He wasn't anybody's dog or doormat, and, though he could take as much as anybody—or a good deal—there was a limit that had long been crowded and at length passed—as he had observed 4320 minutes back in the dim past. Still, the girl was an old friend and he bore her no ill will. If she hadn't forgotten him by this time—being popular—and if her soreness had been mitigated by long opportunity for reflection, she might listen to some good advice and profit by it. Anyway, she couldn't do more than bawl him out in that nice, quiet, ladylike way of hers, and he wasn't like a fellow that was paralyzed and couldn't walk away.

That part of it was all right. But would she understand that it was only out of good nature and a friendly, neighborly feeling that he was butting in again after he had told her he was through? Wouldn't she think that he was coming to take his medicine as per usual? She would!

"And she wouldn't be so far wrong, at that," Ollie inwardly confessed.

"I'll be darned if I do!" he declared resolutely. "She can be as popular as she darn pleases; I won't lift a finger to help her."

Miss Viola Bailey was at home. This remarkable circumstance Papa Bailey had commented upon three times during the evening—this made the third—and on each occasion Mamma Bailey had agreed that it did seem kind of good.

"I'm glad you think so," said Viola.

There was no gladness in her voice. She seemed to imply that, however good it might seem to her parents, it presented itself to her in a totally different aspect. In fact, darning blue-mixture cotton socks is not an enlivening occupation, and that is what Viola was doing. Her mother, still girt with her kitchen apron, was similarly occupied, and Mr. Bailey, in his shirt sleeves, with his slipperless blue-mixtured feet comfortably elevated on an extra chair, was enjoying his pipe and his evening paper. It was a beautiful little picture of domesticity, but in it Viola was distinctly out of drawing, her costume being a pekin-blue tricolette silk moderately low and not immodestly high, white silk stockings and white buck slippers; she also wore her turquoise "valleer," and altogether suggested the tragic "all dressed up and no place to go."

"You don't have to darn them socks," her mother told her kindly.

"I know it," said Viola with unwonted asperity. "I could twiddle my thumbs, I suppose."

"Play us a chune," said Mr. Bailey encouragingly, laying his paper on his knee and pushing his glasses up on his forehead. "Jazz 'er up, aister. See if you can't bust a few wires, just for beans."

Viola's petulance struggled for a moment and disappeared. She laughed, tossed her sock into the work basket and got up and laid her soft cheek against her mother's and then gave her a quick hard hug.

"Why don't you slap me when I'm so hateful?" she asked. She stopped on her way to the piano and imprinted a kiss on the summit of her father's bald crown. "See if you can make your feet behave when I get to going good," she laughed.

She seated herself before the battered veteran square and brought her hands down on the keyboard in a crashing chord that did as much credit to her muscular development as it did to her technical skill; then she rattled into a series of jiggy, weavy syncopations that in a few moments set Mr. Bailey's feet to twitching and his head to wagging in sympathy with their weird rhythms; furthermore, he delivered himself of yelps of exhilaration at each accenting thump in the bass. It sounded pretty gay, and the windows being open Ollie Barron heard the festive sounds as he turned the corner half a block away, and, hearing, he muttered something in the nature of a malediction.

He Had to Run Straight Now. The Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Dirty, Degrading Truth, if He Choked

"My luck! Didn't I know it? A fat chance a man has for a little quiet heart-to-heart talk with that girl! Put her on a desert island and all the steamship lines would make it a coaling station inside of three days. Now I've got to elbow through a mob to get at her."

The doors were open as well as the windows, and Ollie took the freedom of an old neighbor and friend of the family to enter the house without the formality of ringing. Mr. Bailey was the first to look up and see him standing at the threshold of the sitting room, and hailed him with a jovial "Well, look who's here!" which brought the music to an abrupt stop.

"The house is pinched," Ollie announced gruffly, and then grinned. "Gee! I thought somebody was getting murdered."

Viola swung abruptly round from the piano. "Well, the nerve!" she ejaculated.

"Can't you listen to music without howling?" Ollie continued, addressing Mr. Bailey. "Spoiling all the swell effects! How do you do, Mrs. Bailey? Shake! You're looking fine, and not changed a particle."

"Nearly a week, ain't it?" said Mrs. Bailey good-humoredly.

"Two or three days anyway," said her husband. "We was beginning to worry about you, Ollie. Viola, poor gal, hasn't been like herself at all. Not the same gal," he chuckled.

"She never is," said Ollie, with a gloomy glance at the young woman.

"I've been feeling like there was a big weight off my chest," Viola explained. "For three days I've been able to look in any direction without hurting my eyes, and only pleasant sounds to listen to."

"Like father was just letting out," suggested Ollie.

"There's worse noises than that," Viola retorted.

"Or Butch Davis singing," the young man pursued.

"I think Mr. Davis has a swell voice."

"So does he. That makes two thinks so, which is fifty per cent better than anybody would believe that ever heard him."

"He don't use it to knock as much as some people," said Viola.

Father Bailey winked at ma. "Scrapping again," he said. "Can you beat it? I tell you I ain't going to stop and listen to it. Where's my slippers? I'd sooner risk being mosquito bit."

He shuffled out of the room and Mrs. Bailey excused herself for a moment and followed him.

"Broken up another family," said Ollie when they had gone. Then, brightly: "Why, hello, Viola!"

Viola retreated before his advance and checked it with a look. "I thought you said you wasn't coming back?" Her tone expressed disappointment, if not disgust.

"Well, I didn't come back, did I?"

"You're here now."

"I thought you'd been punished enough. I didn't have anything better to do this evening anyway."

"That's a pity," said Viola. "I have, though."

"I can stick round until he comes."

"Who comes?"

"Whichever one of them it is—or until they come. Looks like they was behind time. When I come along just now and heard the racket I thought you'd have the S. R. O. sign hung out, and here you are all by your little lonelies."

"I was hoping I would be," said Viola pointedly. "Listen: I'm going to get me a scarlet-fever sign from the health department and hang that out if I can't have a quiet evening at home no other way. I surely am tired of having to entertain a bunch of conceited pinheads and letting them drag me round places when all I want is to be let alone. There ought to be some way for a girl to have a little time to herself."

Ollie's face shone with joy. "You've said something!" he exclaimed. "Kid, you've got the right idea now and I'm back of you."

"I'd as lief if you were in front of me if your back was turned and your feet moving straight ahead," said Viola. "You'll need your hat first though."

"It's just what I've been telling you right along," Ollie went on, disregarding the interruption. "I tried to help you out, didn't I? Listen! You leave it to Ollie and you won't need to trouble the health department. I'll fix it so you won't be bothered, believe me!"

His joyful expression slowly faded out under Viola's indignant glare.

"Yes-s-s," the young woman hissed. "Sure, I know you'd fix it. Like you fixed Dick Hughes the other night. You'd fix it so everybody would run and hide when they saw me coming down the street. You'd fix it so they'd have to send a lady milkman to deliver the milk—and you'd fix yourself for thirty days and fifty dollars as like as not and get a nice write-up for both of us in the papers. Maybe they'd put my picture in it too, and that would be just swell, wouldn't it?"

Ollie looked properly chastened. "I didn't mean ——"

"I know what you mean," said Viola. "You don't want anybody to look cross-eyed at me but you, or anybody to speak to me but you—or come to see me. Well, I've got other gentleman friends besides you, and they act like gentlemen, and as long as they do they can come to see me as often as I like and I'll let them take me any place I feel like going to with them. I told you that before, and I told you that if you didn't like it you could stay away."

"I know," Ollie admitted humbly. "That's right, you did. But you spoke about hanging out health-department signs and I thought —— Of course a girl like you with the eyes and the hair you've got and the smile —— Smile once, Viola, and let me see it. I thank you, lady. I was going to say that you couldn't help but be pestered."

"I like to be pestered—when I want," said Viola, relenting to the extent of a second smile.

"Of course," Ollie agreed suavely. "And that's all right with me. Anything you like goes. All I ask is to be let to see you once in a while with the rest of us, like I've always done—just one of the crowd. You know I try to do the way you want once in a while; ain't that right? If you'd take an interest in me I might amount to something in time, but as I am now, I know how I stand with you. I guess I'll go now and not outwear my welcome."

"You don't need to go," said Viola, touched by his despondent tone.

"I guess I'd better." Ollie rose and took up his hat.

"I don't want you to go."

You might have an important business engagement involving no end of dollars; you might have a train to catch and ten miles to walk if you missed it; interest might urge you, pleasure beckon or duty call you—but if Viola looked at you as she looked at Ollie and said that she wanted you to stay in the tone that she used, it is pretty safe betting that you would stay.

"Anything to oblige," said Ollie, and sat down.

"Don't get me wrong, Ollie," said Viola kindly. "I like to go with you as well as anybody I know, and better than some, and you know perfectly well that I have taken an interest in you; but all the same you haven't bought the exclusive calling concession here, as far as I know. You've got the same rights anybody else has; no more and no less. I'm of a sociable disposition myself and I like to have folks like me. Any time I get too crowded for comfort and ain't able to take care of myself and pa can't handle the situation for me, there's always the Thirty-second Precinct station I can call up. But I never got that popular yet and I don't expect to."

"I don't know about that," said Ollie. "Do you want to be? If you do, I guess I can help the game along. Jake Flinkow is getting up a dance at Arcadia Hall next Wednesday night. Heard about it?"

Viola colored slightly as she shook her head.

"Well, I only heard about it myself this evening," said Ollie. "Still, I thought some of the boys might have been racing out here with the glad tidings. There's a prize for you—a swell toilet set to be awarded to the most popular lady, by vote. Being I'm first on the ground, maybe I can have the pleasure of escorting you and carrying the plunder home. I might be useful seeing that the vote don't go to the wrong party too. Jake is a nice fellow and he wouldn't do anything that wasn't on the square unless he thought he could get away with it, but he might make a mistake in the count or something and Anna Waskowicz might—you can't never tell—Anna might get the prize. I understand she's crazy to get it. It means a whole lot to a girl like her."

Viola bit her thumb and regarded the plausible young man with a thoughtful expression. "That would be lovely!" she said at last. "You could slip a foot of lead pipe inside your coat and make the vote for me just about unanimous."

"I wouldn't need any lead pipe," said Ollie incautiously, doubling his good right fist and smiling at it.

"Let me look at that," Viola commanded unexpectedly; and Ollie surrendered his hand, casting up his eyes blissfully as she took it.

"That's an old one," he said as she examined a half-healed cut on one knuckle. "I got that ——" He stopped and blushed.

"I know where you got it," said Viola severely.

"Gee, your fingers are cold!" Ollie's closed round them and held them fast. He sighed with pleasure. "Gee!"

"Behave!" Viola admonished, and disengaged herself. "Listen! Where have you been the last two nights?"

"At home," Ollie replied promptly. "Studying the Psychology of Business in two handsome volumes, cloth. Great stuff! Viola, if you went down on your knees to me and offered me twice the money I wouldn't trade my job. I'm for it. I'm beginning to see you were right. There's more money in that business than I could collect with a gat and a bandanna handkerchief—when I get inside. I'm not on the inside yet, but I've got the tip of my shoe in a crack of the door, if I know the signs, and if I'm not a department head inside of a year it'll be because I've jumped over that to assistant manager or something. Gluck is taking notice of me. Honest!"

Viola's gaze softened. "You'll make it all right if you stick," she said encouragingly.

"I'll stick all right," Ollie assured her. "A porous plaster won't have anything on me. But about this dance of Jake's. There's going to be a few roughnecks there, of course, but Jake's got to let down the bars to break even on expenses; and then a good husky reception committee ought to be able to hold down the disturbances to a minimum. I guess it won't be necessary for the police to butt in on the festivities—unless some of Anna's Bohunk friends start something when they award you the prize. There oughtn't to be anything that a refined lady couldn't stand for. I don't hardly think there will be. Why, no, I think most likely it will be so quiet you couldn't tell it a few blocks away."

Ollie spoke with his most ingenuous air and sustained Viola's searching look admirably.

"Well," said Viola after a moment's reflection, "if you think it will be all right I guess I'll go and if you think you can behave I'll let you take me."

"I don't say ——" Ollie began.

"But not if you don't want to," said Viola.

"Oh, sure I want to," said Ollie hastily. "Didn't I ask you?"

Ollie left reasonably early—that is to say within fifteen minutes after Mr. Bailey in the adjoining room knocked the ashes from his last pipe with great violence and allowed the alarm mechanism of the clock to escape from his control in the process of winding.

"And if that doesn't start him I'll put on my brogans and try something else," Mr. Bailey grumbled.

"You know you wouldn't do anything of the kind," said Mrs. Bailey, beginning to take out her hairpins. "The poor girl has had no company for dear knows when."

"For a couple of nights. Ain't it a shame! But it certainly ain't usual, come to think of it."

"They had a spat a Monday night. I d'know what it was about. Maybe he didn't like her going out with Billy Watts in his flivver a Sunday. But Billy ain't been round since."

Mr. Bailey grinned. "I guess Billy hates to show his face in public when it ain't looking natural. Yeah, Ollie altered it. Schellenger was telling me about it this evening."

"Did you ever!"

(Continued on Page 122)

Ollie Still Stared at Her. She Looked Tired, Very Tired, All at Once. The Pink Had Almost Gone From Her Cheeks

The Bread Supply of the World

By ALONZO ENGLEBERT TAYLOR

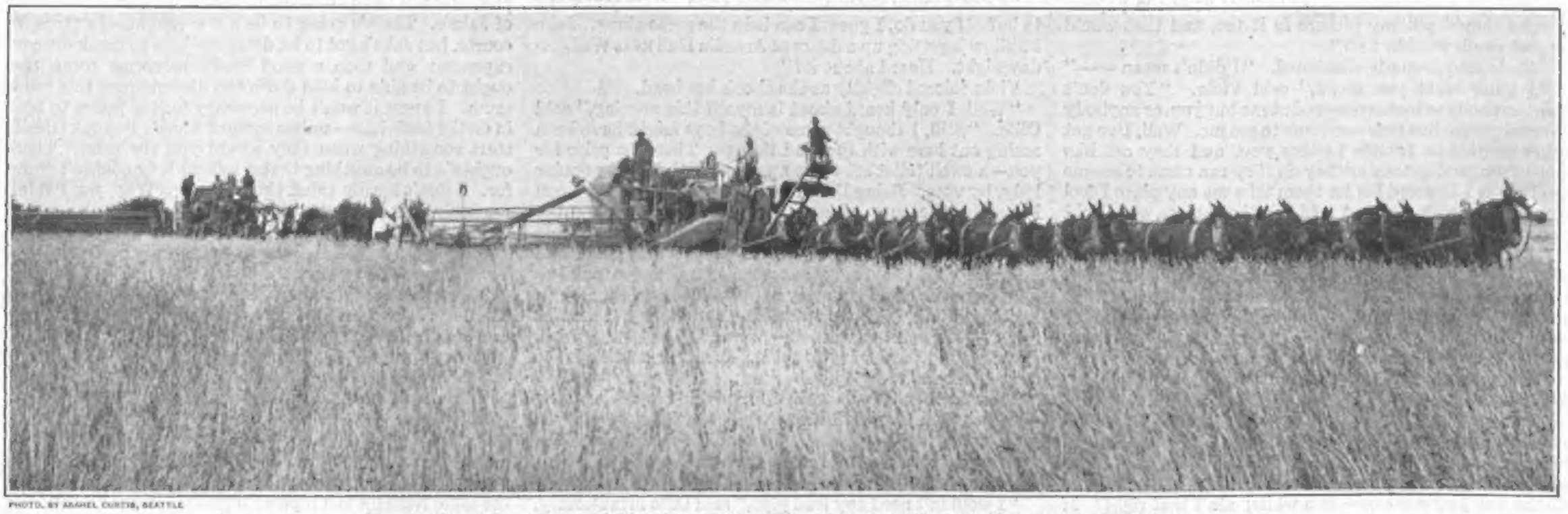

PHOTO. BY ASAHEL CURTIS, SEATTLE

Two Combined Harvester and Threshers Cutting Wheat in a 3000-Acre Field in Eastern Washington

THE question of the bread supply for the coming year is engrossing the attention of European governments. Predictions of a more or less alarmist tendency are to be read in the press of every country of Europe. The position of the United States is one of particular importance, both to ourselves and to the Europeans. The United States holds what might be termed the balance of power in the wheat production of the world. It is possible at this time to present a discussion of the subject based upon official data and forecasts, with reservation for untoward climatic influences. The discussion concerns Europe and the rest of the world, with the exclusion of Russia, both European and Asiatic. In what follows the word "wheat" stands for bread grains and includes rye.

The prewar production of wheat in Europe, outside of Russia, varied from 50,000,000 to 55,000,000 tons in round figures. The consumption represented 70,000,000 to 71,000,000 tons. The imports from Russia and overseas varied from 15,000,000 to 17,000,000 tons. The fluctuating carry-over was sufficient to stabilize the total process. Of the importation 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 tons came from Russia and about twice as much from overseas.

For the past four years the crops of Europe have been attenuated. For the purposes of the present discussion it is not necessary to revert further than one year. The harvest of 1919 in Europe, excluding Russia, yielded in round figures 38,000,000 tons of wheat. The importations up to date of the next harvest, judged by official programs, will be about 16,000,000 tons. Since the carry-over in Europe was practically nil in 1919 and is expected to be no larger in 1920, it follows that the consumption of wheat in Europe during the present year will be not over 54,000,000 tons, or about seventy-seven per cent of the normal consumption.

Stretching the European Grain Crop

THE term "consumption" is used to include all requirements. Three questions present themselves: How has Europe been able to carry on with seventy-seven per cent of the prewar supply of wheat? What is the crop forecast for the coming harvest? What is the prospect of maintaining the figure for consumption during the coming year?

Europe has been able to get along with less than eighty per cent of her prewar supply of wheat because the peoples have been rationed, the extraction of flour has been raised, and stretching substances have been employed in the making of bread.

The United Kingdom, France, Spain, and the neutral countries contiguous to Germany have not been on bread rations, nor was Italy earlier in the year. But Italy is now again under ration; and Germany and the several nations of Central Europe have never left the war ration. The ration everywhere represents a lower intake by weight than normal. In the United Kingdom and in France the consumption of bread has been above normal on account of scarcity and high price of other foods. All in all, the system of ration has represented a saving in wheat.

A much greater gain has been accomplished by higher extraction of the grain in milling. Wheat is milled to eighty per cent in England, to eighty-five in France and Italy, to ninety in Germany and in the states of Central Europe. This represents a unit increase of almost twenty per cent in the flour produced. Ten tons milled to eighty-five per cent yield as much flour as twelve tons milled to seventy per cent. The gain holds its proportion of nutrient material. The flour resulting from higher extraction of the

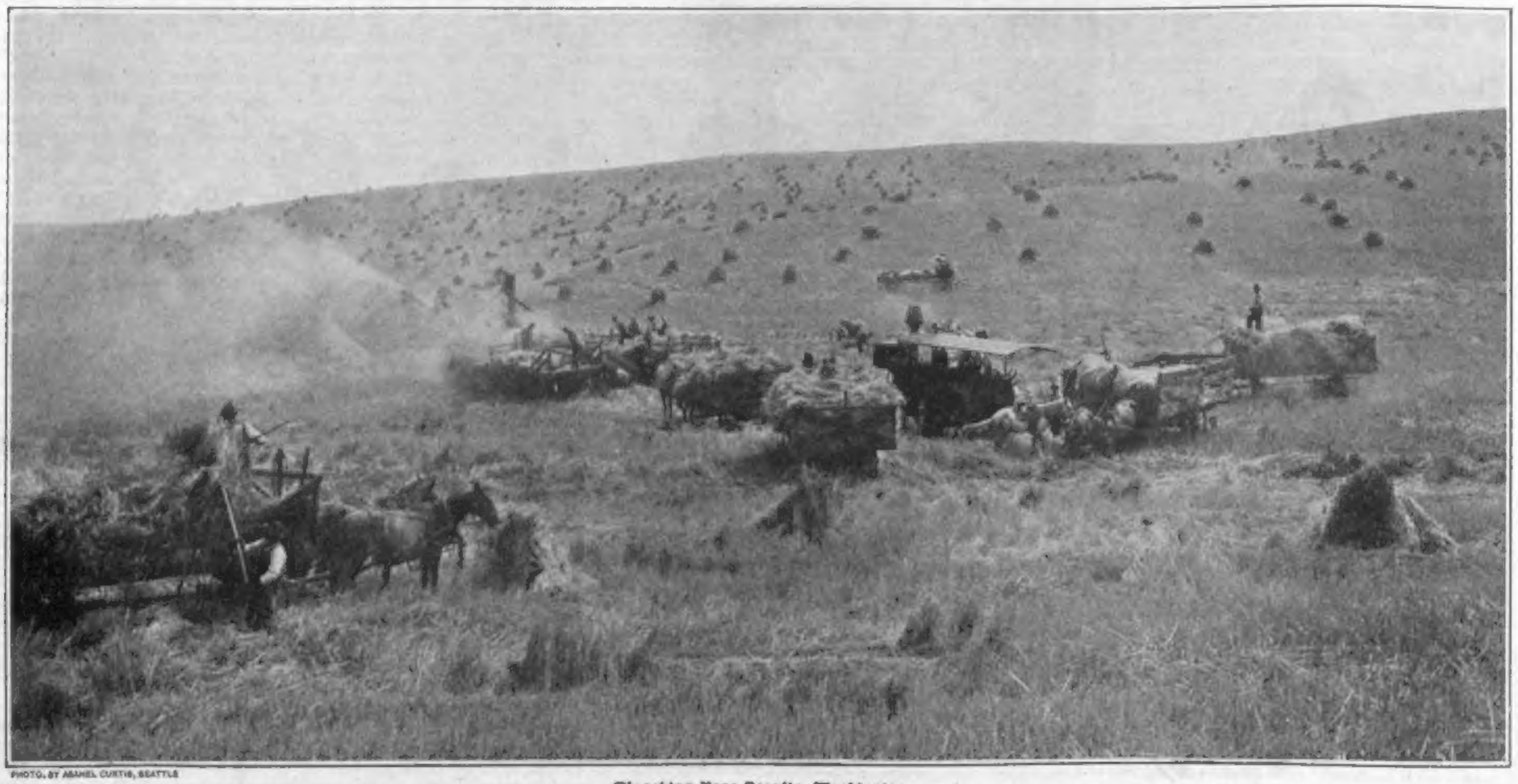

PHOTO. BY ASAHEL CURTIS, SEATTLE

Threshing Near Rosalia, Washington

grain does not lend itself so readily to the arts of the baker, but during the past few years the European bakers have learned to produce fairly acceptable bread from dark flour. The public did not relish the dark bread and has grown tired of it. But this procedure has enabled the authorities to cut according to their cloth.

The greatest disadvantage of high extraction is the loss of mill feed. During this year the nations of Europe have been able to import relatively little maize, barley, oil cake or mill feed. Under these circumstances the loss of millions of tons of domestic mill feed has represented a marked reduction in the already attenuating milk supply.

Barley, maize, and even such unusual substances as birch buds and bulrushes have been used for the stretching of flour in Europe during the present year. In the use of maize and barley, both scarce in Europe, human beings come into direct competition with domesticated animals. In this competition the human beings do not always emerge with victory; in Vienna, contrasted with the conditions a year ago, the horses look better and the men and women look worse.

Harvesting Turkey-Red Wheat With Header

The Increasing Use of Cereals

THOROUGH rationing, higher extraction of grain in milling and the addition of other cereals to bread have enabled Europe to get along during the present year. The consumption of cereals in other forms than bread—barley, oats and maize—is considerably above the prewar level. Europe is short of swine and cattle, and on account of inability to import concentrated feeding stuffs the yield of meat and dairy products per animal is greatly reduced. The total intake of food in terms of calories has been appreciably lower than before the war, regarding Europe, outside of Russia, as a unit. The proportion of the diet represented by cereals has, however, increased, largely as an expression of the fact that cereals are the cheapest foods. Thus before the war cereals comprised about thirty-five per cent of the calories in the diet of the people in the United Kingdom; now cereals represent fifty per cent of the intake. The figures for France and Italy before the war were respectively about fifty and sixty per cent; these have risen to sixty and seventy per cent respectively. In some of the sections of Central Europe eighty per cent of the calories of the diet are in the form of cereals. In other words, western peoples in Europe have been driven to the adoption of what was before the war an Oriental type of diet.

During the past four years the world has not suffered from scarcity of wheat but from scarcity of transport. In South America and Australia lay huge masses of wheat that could not be moved. North America had large crops in 1915, 1918 and 1919. With the cessation of war the carry-over and the brilliant prospects for the crops of 1919 seemed to promise an insurance against scarcity of bread so soon as ocean carriage should be restored. The brilliant forecasts for 1919 did not materialize; though the crops in North America were good the final figures were practically 10,000,000 tons lower than the early forecast. The last wheat harvest of Australia was so low as to be called a failure.

In Europe and in North America the acreage for the present wheat crop has been materially reduced. Under these circumstances the carry-over becomes of crucial importance. The United States had a bumper crop in 1915, low crops in '16 and '17, and large crops in '18 and '19. Despite a very low crop in Argentina in '17 and in Australia in '15, wheat accumulated in those countries during '17 and '18 on account of scarcity of ships and distance of haul. This wheat has been moved rapidly since the armistice, the port conditions in those countries being at the present time much better than on our seaboard. The amount of grain exportable is found to be lower than the statistical figure, since deterioration occurs as the result of imperfect storage.

The carry-over from the crop of 1919 to the crop of 1920 was approximately as follows, in tons of wheat and rye: Canada, 700,000; United States, 2,600,000; Argentina, 1,200,000; Australia, 1,600,000; total, 6,100,000.

The last crop in Australia will scarcely suffice for seed and home consumption, and the old carry-over will have been shipped out of Australia by the first of September. Thus for the coming year nothing is to be expected from Australia until after her new crop arrives in the winter of '20–'21. A large crop has been again harvested in the Argentine, and allowing for full consumption at home and continued heavy shipments during the interval the carry-over into the new crop should be 1,500,000 tons. The carry-over of Canada into the new crop will be about 700,000 tons, and of the United States about 4,500,000 tons.

The total carry-over of the present year—6,700,000 tons—contrasted with the carry-over of last year—6,100,000 tons—the reduced acreage in North America this year and the recent crop failure in Australia represent the summation of events that European experts regard as menacing the bread supply of Europe during the coming year. To this carry-over we may add the exportable surpluses that will be available from the Argentine and Australia from the harvests of the winter of '20–'21.

Some Surprising Crop Features

ASSUMING these to be of normal magnitude—and with free markets and the present prices the acreage should be large—4,100,000 tons may be expected from these sources. This wheat will come into the markets in 1921 in time to supply requirements in Europe in the early summer, and may therefore be added to the exportable surplus for the coming year. The total figure is 10,800,000 tons.

The crop of Europe during the present year presents several surprising features. If climatic conditions in France permit the maturation and harvesting of the present stand of wheat France will be blessed with 8,500,000 tons of

(Continued on Page 102)

PHOTO, BY ASAHEL CURTIS, SEATTLE

In the Palouse District, Washington

Thomas Robinson's Affair With an Actress

By Harrison Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"I Don't Want to be Just Your Friend. I Want to Marry You in About Three or Five Years"

HE SAW her first at the dock, where he had gone with an uncle to meet his Thomson cousins, who were landing from the Mauretania. There was nothing particularly exciting in meeting cousins, but then, there was nothing particularly exciting in New York at that time of year. The arrival of the big Cunarder was at least an excuse for stopping work on that beastly mathematics, and it was always agreeable to wander about the dock—the days have come when one is again allowed there—and to watch the varied odd crowd of people waiting to go through the customs.

Their behavior at the approach of the inspectors interested our hero. It was in a vein of cynicism which he admitted he possessed that he observed the nervousness or the unnatural calm which he took to indicate the amateur smuggler. Thomas Robinson had been abroad twice himself and was a man of the world. Something of a detective too, perhaps, if he had been inclined to turn his gifts that way, only it wasn't, of course, the sort of thing one did, outside of storybooks for young boys.

At the letter "W" he encountered the whole Stokes Wainwright family from Southampton. The two girls, Stella and Alix, were pretty enough, but vapid—oh, vapid, as girls of sixteen were apt to be, in the opinion of Thomas Robinson. However, he spoke a few words with them—one did, of course, with people one knew. But as soon as he politely could he continued his leisurely promenade. The Thomson cousins' trunks hadn't even begun to come out and there was plenty of time.

It was by the B's that he saw her. She was not sixteen, nor vapid. How he knew this, and more, at once he would have found it difficult to explain. Just because a lady is dressed in a simple knitted suit of yellow and looks just like a primrose and has a small turban of yellow feathers that might have been, for all Thomas Robinson knew, all from the soft breast of a bird of paradise, no one ought to be able to say almost at once that she is the most bewitching person in the world. Yet this was exactly what it had become possible to affirm without the shadow of a doubt.

The head inspector was fluttering about—the fat, silly ass, as if she wanted to see him! And a miracle had already happened, probably by his maneuvering. All the lady's trunks—a preposterous amount of them, all very smart and very expensive looking—had already been collected and also a great deal of hand luggage, largely made of lizard skin—oh, happy and fortunate lizards to die for her!—and a maid simply smothered in the best Pekingese dogs, five of them.

Several tiresome old men of thirty-five or forty or so were there, evidently to meet her. But she, with great intelligence, paid very little attention to them. Thomas Robinson heard her exclaim almost heartbreakingly that somebody or other must have missed the train. What an agony it was to wonder who this was! Yet what a relief to know that at least none of these flashy-looking people was the one she especially wanted!

Suddenly Mr. Robinson realized that he had stopped stock-still in his promenade, that he must have been staring for at least two minutes and that this was not manners. Possibly some reader may think that perhaps he now moved on. But it was not so at all. Thomas Robinson sat down at once on a large trunk marked with a "B" and determined that if anyone chose to ask why he was there he would say that he was Fitzgerald Beauchamp, probably the Honorable, and that his luggage hadn't even begun to come out of the hold.

It has been mentioned that the lady's trunks had all arrived. A lesser inspector had been detached for her service and was fatuously smiling. The maid tethered the Pekingese somehow—our friend thought afterward what a fool he had been not to offer to take charge of them. She began to open a trunk when suddenly with a small scream her mistress suddenly shooed—that was the word for it—all her entourage away.

"I've not the slightest intention," she said, "of letting any of you creatures see my new Paris clothes! Now run away, all of you, and leave me to the serious moment in a woman's life. I don't need anyone except Marie. I'll see you at dinner, Harry, if I get through in time for dinner. And if anyone wants to interview me, at the Ritz at five is better. I shall be in a negligee by Adèle. This yellow thing, by the way, is Carrière, and the hat by the Maison Charrolle. Enough!" she said with almost a mock melodramatic intonation, and they melted away with soft chuckles of admiration.

Thomas Robinson's heart almost stopped in his breast. She had looked vaguely, piquantly familiar to him from the beginning. But now this hint at reporters and publicity put him on her track. He was not a New Yorker for nothing. Suddenly he realized, and it was like a great light breaking out in the darkness. She was—oh, thrice and four times happy Thomas Robinson!—she was no less than Eleanor Bonville! What did this mean to him, Thomas Robinson, who had a half hour ago come to the pier much like anybody else and was now in love with an actress? And more than that, with the most beautiful, the most gifted, the most famous person in all the American theater and deserved to be in all the theater of the whole world. This sentence is not quite grammatical, but neither were Thomas Robinson's thoughts, if one may put it that way.

To say that Miss Bonville was wholly unaware of Mr. Thomas Robinson, or, rather, the Honorable Fitzgerald Beauchamp, would be going far. It is perhaps part of a stage training to be aware of the mysterious current that flows between you and a silent respectful stranger, whether he be sitting in the third row of the stalls or on a trunk that doesn't rightly belong to him on the Cunard pier. The divine one may have noticed our friend, but she was for the moment concentrated upon the inspector. To say that she flirted with him would be wholly untrue and a vulgar way of putting it besides. But she bewildered and fascinated him just as, without seeming in the least to try to do so, she bewildered and fascinated countless thousands on the other side of the footlights every year. After all, the customs inspector was but a man; he could not, it was to be presumed, fail to see the curious red-gold glint in her hair and the way it grew away from her neck with the softest wavy tendrils, and that her eyes were the color of mountain lakes in August, and to be aware that her conversation was whimsical and engaging.

The subjugation of the minion of the law took little time, as Thomas Robinson observed with mingled admiration of the conqueror and jealousy of the conquered. And then, just as everything as regards the examination of the trunks was going well and the Pekingese were behaving with some slight restraint, a terrible thing happened. They were beginning on the fourth trunk and to assist the inspector the lady sprang as lightly as the blithest mountain goat over one or two morocco trifles, and then a white thing started trailing from about her ankles like a frail, treacherous snake. It was quite obviously lace which had been inexpertly hidden on some lovely petticoat and had now broken loose and was proving to the lowest form of intelligence that the fairest of all women was no better than a smuggler, and a bad one at that.

The inspector saw, and Thomas Robinson saw, and the maid, and possibly the Pekingese; indeed one of these indiscreet animals started gayly after the lace as if this were a new game. The goddess herself almost tripped upon the fatal disclosure and gazed down upon it ruefully, yet in a way that completely acknowledged her guilt. It was a tense moment, such as Thomas Robinson had often read of in stories in the popular magazines.

In that brief space of time his thoughts went at lightning speed. He saw Miss Bonville incarcerated at Sing Sing and known merely as Number 8509, though at the same time an inner conviction came to him that she would do something very fetching and coquettish to stripes and probably go to pick oakum over a red carpet laid down before her by the governor of the prison.

In that moment, too, just as it would have been in a magazine story, he found himself suddenly revising all his ideas of life. Smuggling he had always rather despised; now he understood that it might be almost one of the graces of life. As to its morality, he saw at once that she must be already paying such an amount for the treasures in those trunks that it would be intolerable for a government which, so to speak, called itself an American and a gentleman to ask anything more.

For one instant, too, it seemed to Thomas Robinson that his glowing, chivalrous heart must find some way out of the difficulty, some gallant trick by which he could suddenly take all the responsibility upon himself and prove, in that noble facile way of heroes, that it was all his fault and that the woman was merely his dupe. But the moment he saw what felicity it would be to make such a woman his dupe he realized, too, how impossible it would be to his inexperience. From his imaginative flight he came back to earth.

He looked at the inspector and seemed to read in his sinister, ugly face a relentless brutality. He felt himself turning pale with the emotion of it all. As it were, the whole world seemed, for Thomas Robinson, to disappear except for the three of them, the two men and a woman—and possibly the Pekingese. And then upon this threatening silence there broke a very low tinkling sound. Miss Eleanor Bonville had looked at the inspector and simply very softly laughed—that was all there was to it. And the infatuated creature had simply grinned.

"I'm so sorry," began the lovely spellworker, looking not at all as if she were in the least sorry. "If you'll excuse me a minute I'll fix this so it shan't annoy you."

And she stepped behind a heap of luggage and presumably simply pinned the incriminating lace more safely to the lovely petticoat. At least Thomas Robinson supposed it was lovely—he was, of course, too much of a gentleman not to look away with an elaborate air of detachment during the crucial moment.

That, to employ the phrase earlier used, was all there was to it. But it was and indeed will always remain a historic moment in our young friend's life. Not so much on account of the wicked smuggling or the pretty petticoat as because he had come in that heaven-sent *quart d'heure* to know for the first time what personality meant and what charm could be. The indescribable thing which, even more than beauty, launches a thousand ships filled the air of the ugly pier about him with enchantment. Romance drifted in from far seas through the huge doors open upon the Mauretania and the Hudson. Round him now, in his imagination, smoked the incense that the proud capitals of London and Paris burned in worship of his new divinity. Something he had not felt before caught at his heart.

He had somehow become all at once a citizen of a larger world. He was grown up, a man at last. And yet he hurriedly slid off his trunk and pretended not to be the Honorable Fitzgerald Beauchamp at all but just Thomas Robinson as he espied his Uncle George coming along the dock, obviously in search of him.

Even this Uncle George, insensible and aged creature though he was, saw who was in the B's out of the corner of his eye.

"Oh, Eleanor Bonville!" he remarked.

He was not under ordinary circumstances a person in whom Thomas Robinson would have confided. But now speech flowed from a brimming heart.

"I," said Thomas Robinson, showing that he was indeed an apt student of magazine literature, "call her 'The Primrose Lady.'"

"Oh, do you?" commented Uncle George, betraying no interest whatsoever. "Your cousins thought you had deserted them."

"My Thomson cousins," remarked his nephew, "mean absolutely nothing in my life."

"Oh," said Uncle George, betraying now a trace of interest, "I don't know that they mean so darned much in mine. But after all we did come to meet them."

Silently Thomas Robinson went. Once he cast a long glance behind, as a poet might, torn from the beauties of the sunrise to the squalors of humdrum daily life. Now that poetry has been mentioned—even that touched him lightly with its wing. Stung with Uncle George's complete indifference to his felicitous phrase, The Primrose Lady, Thomas Robinson dragged from some recess of his brain a bit of verse from some forgotten school reader. It was something about a primrose by the river's brim which to some unworthy fellow like Mr. George Maingrove a yellow primrose was and nothing more.

Of course the primrose name could be only temporary. Did Thomas Robinson not already know that at five o'clock at the Ritz she would be in a negligee by Adele? He too was at the Ritz at five, but, of course, only in the unsatisfying public room. He had tea alone. He was solemn, yet in a kind of ecstasy, for can brick and mortar and steel girders be real barriers to love? It was probable that since he was a handsome fellow some of the ladies admired him and wondered why he was having so heavy a tea so much alone. They could not guess, just by looking at him, that he had an affair with the most famous and lovely actress in the world.

An affair is an affair even when one of the people concerned knows nothing about it. This is why one may say that Thomas Robinson's liaison with the lovely Bonville proceeded apace all through the fortnight or more that the lady, according to the public press, was busy with the rehearsals of The Treasure. There was no further thought on her admirer's part of a second vacation in September at West Dunes with his family. He felt that he must be until at least October under the supervision of Mr. Henry Plymsoll in the Supplementary Tutoring School in Madison Avenue, an institution which earlier in August he had failed to appreciate but now admired enormously.

Indeed his willingness to pass the early autumn with Uncle George in the half-opened house in Seventy-fourth Street moved his mother, in West Dunes, almost to tears at his goodness. His father preserved an almost enigmatic silence and made inquiries of Uncle George, whose replies, he had to admit, were all that a parent could desire. Mrs. Robinson was distressed about Thomas' health and the lack of opportunity for exercise which made the metropolis contrast so unfavorably with Long Island.

But her son quite reassured her as to the value, in conserving the health, of McGuire's gymnasium, which he and various other gentlemen similarly marooned in town—that is, similarly as to tutoring—frequented daily.

It may be doubted whether Thomas Robinson cared much about his health at just this period. But it may be said—though it should, of course, never be possible to say it of gentlemen—that he cared a good deal about his appearance. Of course he was not seeing Miss Bonville very regularly—the fact is that he was not seeing her at all. But he might meet her, he felt, at any moment. On Fifth Avenue, say, or perhaps at the Ritz. He dropped in for lunch there almost the next day after the scene at the Cunard pier, but Miss Bonville, so Theodore, the good head waiter, informed our friend, who recklessly thrust five dollars into his hand, was lunching upstairs. The third night, as Uncle George was dining out, Thomas Robinson pretended illness and then made a quick recovery and, attired in a dinner jacket and as shining and lovely as a prince, dropped in at the Ritz for a bite. Alas, alas! Miss Bonville, so Theodore said, had now moved into her own house—he thought it was perhaps on the Riverside Drive.

The Drive late in the afternoon with a refreshing west wind blowing became an almost ideal place for Thomas Robinson to do a little studying. There was a house

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He Was, of Course, Too Much of a Gentleman Not to Look Away With an Elaborate Air of Detachment During the Crucial Moment

ENCORE LES FEMMES!

The Psyche Slant in Industry

By Elizabeth Frazer

DECORATIONS BY DOUGLAS RYAN

IN A PREVIOUS article I tried to define woman in terms of her maximum power and to sketch roughly the stream picture of her development in America up to 1840. The object of such a study is twofold: To determine the exact latitude and longitude of the woman question to-day, and to chart a straight course for the future. For there has been and still is in America so much loose thinking and cheap talking on this subject, such a welter of controversy, of special pleading, of baseless and bitter assertion, that both men and women who have been fighting the good fight are in danger of losing sight of what they are really fighting for. Some of them in the reek and clamor of battle have actually faced round in their tracks and are fighting in the wrong direction; they are fighting backward instead of forward, against instead of for the true progress of their cause.

These are the imperious Bolsheviki of the movement—those who demand for women everything and all at once: Supreme unbridled liberty; supreme unbridled individuality; supreme right to refuse to do anything they don't desire to do. For the sake of the individual they would wreck the race. It seems worth while, then, with the end of the long struggle for the political emancipation of women in sight, and this new field of opportunity opening illimitable vistas before her, to stand for a moment resolutely aside from the pressure and turmoil of immediate events; to catch fresh breath, to glance back over that ever-mounting road by which American women have arrived at their present point of eminence before the world; to take stock of the position, its strength and its weakness—for it has strength and equally it has undeniable weakness; to get a strong grip on certain big fundamental principles, certain fixed natural laws which control women, all women, to a given extent; and with a firm grip on these cardinal facts of existence, to advance into this new adventure of politics along fixed lines of attack—the lines of woman's greatest strength.

No Use in Fighting Nature

THIS is to organize the woman position as a general organizes his troops, with a necessary disregard of the individual in order to get out of them as a whole the maximum amount of forward thrust when he gives the word to go. This organization along lines of natural strength is but the plainest common sense if what women wish is to arrive, to make a contribution of real value to the nation, to mankind. The American woman is now in a position to make that contribution. She occupies a unique position of potency in the world. All the dim aeons behind her have toiled to make her what she is—a human being, intelligent yet primitive; nearer to Nature than is man; more stable, more conservative; occupying herself by the very law of her being more with the race than with the individual, more with the future than the present; passive, sacrificial, strong to suffer for the sake of the eternal ideal—and bearing a ballot in her hand.

It is obvious that if this peculiar power of woman can be transmitted from her hand to the ballot, and thus into American life, we are in for a great and beneficent regeneration along certain lines of endeavor. Put in other terms, if women will organize their political effort round their central capacities—their power to conserve, to care for the race instead of for the individual, and to suffer for the sake of an ideal; and if these central capacities may have free, open expression in social and industrial life, America, which utilizes them, is going to take a fine stride forward in civilization, in world leadership.

At no other time in the history of the globe have whole governments, nations, peoples stood in such pressing need of this particular contribution of women. Disenchantment, disillusion, anarchy, greed, disdain of government, of regulation, of honesty, of labor—are all abroad in the air. The war has torn down old values, destroyed en masse men, property, industries, institutions, governments, dynasties and ideas, sucking down into the vortex the big fabric of normal world life. Man's restless creative energy, swinging ordinarily through a larger arc than that of woman, more individual, more freakish and intense, has swung after the war to fantastic and fatal lengths. Nations and individuals have turned swindlers, profiteers; they are seeking to throw overboard their bad debts; seeking to corner raw materials; seeking to jockey their competitors into a tight pocket and then squeeze them out of the commercial race. The rascals are not only American; they are English, French, Italian, German, Russian—and the American is no whit better and no whit worse than all the rest. It is not thus any one particular set or coterie or nation.

In this particular crisis, then, of the world's readjustment, where the masculine power of individuality has swung to terrifying, destructive lengths, it is of prime importance that the situation be moderated, assuaged by the counteracting powers of woman, by her constructive ability and her deep practical regard for the future of the race.

Man as the architect of the present social system and woman as the chief architect of the humanity to come, have each an especial need of the other's powers in this present crucial period of the world's convalescence. It is not what women seize, as ruthless individualists, as aggressive conquerors in this new political province, but what they give from what they are, that is going to count. This should not be construed to mean that women in order to conciliate men in politics should forever tag in their footsteps. An infallible method of conciliating a tiger is to allow oneself to be devoured. But it is no more woman's business to go out of her way to conciliate man in politics—or for that matter anywhere else—than it is man's business to go out of his way to conciliate woman. Each conciliates the other best, each attracts the other best, each fortifies the other best by remaining simply and straightforwardly himself and herself.

There is no use fighting Nature. We have been too gradual in the making to achieve success at that. Our actions and reactions as male ego and female ego of the species began some paltry six million years ago back in the mid-Miocene times. And those same actions and reactions have kept up with pretty regular frequency ever since. Well-documented history and a reliable cloud of witnesses in the shape of ancestors attest to the indubitable facts. We should all of us like to be transcendently individual, do original things in an intensely original way; but ghosts of our teleological past stand persistently at our elbows, bloodless shadowy potencies more powerful than lover or friend; and at strategic points in our careers, when we would be great, terrible, divine, or fell Napoleons of energy, Lincolns of patience, or proud Lucifers of rebellion; when we toil and sweat, thinking ourselves independent giants of strength, some thoughtful relative remarks: "You are exactly like your Uncle John. He was always trying to set the world on fire!" And our boasted originality collapses like a house of cards. For I suppose Uncle John was told he was like his Uncle John, and so on clear back to the immortal ganoid fish, archancestor of us all, who spawned in primordial slime. So it is too late in the day for us to invent new plans and specifications for living.

If I have lingered on this phase of the subject it is because Americans are overfond of shutting their eyes to unpleasant facts and stoutly refusing to believe anything they don't choose to believe. And American women, in particular, are so accustomed to having their own way; they have come so fast and arrived so far; they are so full of ardor, independence and zest—that it is hard to convince them that Nature has set metes and bounds; that, strive as they may, rebel as they may, ignore as they may, they are bound to bow before her inexorable "Thou must!" It is humiliating to a certain type of mind to discover, when one is casting off numerous petty yokes of sic-semper-tyrannus man, that one is still in subjection to the biggest yoke of all.

A Feminist Dialogue

SAID one of these modern Bolsheviki to another of the same clan: "We women can do everything better than man. We can go right into his own field and beat him at his own game. And why? Because we give heed to it. We are faithful in the detail. That shows we are artists. Man really is an awful slacker on his job."

"Yes, that is true."

"When I think of what women have had to put up with!"

"We're coming on. Our mothers had to put up with more."

"Yes—and died of it."

"Well—some of them."

"O-oh! When I think of our handicaps! And the most terrible handicap of all! If only we could get round that we'd show them what we could do!"

She fell into a hopeful reverie, trying to devise ways and means to abolish the handicap—and wipe out the little old human race.

It is this persistent individualistic tendency not to realize what we are fighting for, what we want or what the world wants of us and must have in this crisis, that is the most significant single characteristic of the woman question to-day. Do we want to give free rein to our own individuality as such? Do we want to be men and do everything they do, to show them we are as good as they? Are we out for ourselves to take; or are we banded together to give? What have we to give?

The time has arrived for a draft upon the woman power of America to help stabilize the nation in this troubled afterwar state. And it is in order that women may know what that power consists of, that they may appraise, organize and apply it definitely and consciously for the welfare of the country, that I am sketching this survey of the stream picture of the development of the American woman. In another article I laid down the general proposition that women possess certain constant and intrinsic

powers or capabilities which differentiate them from men; and that both the woman's gift and the man's gift are necessary in the conduct of human affairs. That nation is supremely fortunate in which both these powers appear, strongly developed, in the social fabric. This was the case with America in what may be called its handmade age, a period extending roughly from its beginnings up to 1840. During that time the focal point of woman's influence was the family. The family, with its heavy demands in every direction upon her personality, caused her to develop to the utmost along those very lines of dominant power which were of chief value to the nation. During that first period then, American women were a strong and positive force for success. They were a success without going out of the home. The family circle in that handmade period was much larger than it is to-day; it included practically the whole of life.

Then came a great change. Women left the home. And the preceding type of civilization, with its simple relationships in trade, transportation, finance, education, labor and religion, was swept away almost as if it had never existed. What were the factors that produced this revolution in all our ways and habits of thought? What took woman out of the sphere of her successful activity? Well, whatever it was, it was not women themselves. Women in the mass had no more to say in the matter than had men in the mass. Both of them, individual men and individual women, were innocent and ignorant victims of fate, destiny, evolution—call it what you will—of blind, inexorable forces shoving from behind, thrusting them, and the entire current of American life along with them, into another channel. It was the same type of force which by the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney made cotton suddenly vastly profitable to the Southern planters and riveted slavery in its place for another fifty years. In the particular situation of industrial development the triune forces were coal, iron, steam. They and not woman's aggressive initiative, robbed the home of its earlier economic and moral significance.

Margaret Fuller's Admission

IT IS very popular to decry this commercial, material age. Its defects are so obvious that the subject attracts the lazy mind. It is not pertinent to this study to say offhand whether industrialism is a good or a bad thing for women and for their development along the line of their dominant powers. "I admit the universe," Margaret Fuller is said to have remarked complacently. "By Gad, she'd better!" growled the caustic Carlyle. In like manner I admit the commercial age. I admit its power over women. But whether that domination is good or bad at bottom, another historian may say. To mark it, to see what it did to woman in altering the current of her life, is all that concerns us here.

First of all, those triune forces rendered transportation easy, swift and cheap. They built up stupendous factory and manufacturing systems, the smoke of which darkened the sky. They developed mines. They recruited raw labor, immigrants from Europe and Asia, on a gigantic scale. Banks—instead of the homes and the schoolhouses—became the focal points of power. Simple thrift and individual concerns netting comfortable incomes gave way to vast, complex merged schemes. A new set of standards and of morals in business came into vogue. Hitherto, under the pioneer régime, professors, preachers, statesmen and editors and writers were the wielders of power. They were the samurai, the elect. Men reverenced their judgments. Their opinions carried weight. But in this new dynasty of coal and iron and steam another set of princes came to the fore. These were the bankers. And the samurai of the old order, dazed and bewildered, discovered prestige gradually slipping away from them. Quietly, impersonally, they were shorn of their strength. Instead of being at the center of things they found themselves on the outer periphery. What they thought or said no longer counted. They could open their mouths to utter wisdom or they could haughtily hold their peace—and the mad, bad little old world slithered merrily on and took no heed.

The fact is, the stream of American development had run right away from them under their very bespectacled noses, and they were left stranded high and dry on the banks. They did not know it. They still entertained the agreeable delusion that they were sailing down midstream, clothed in the plenitude of power. But if they did not know it, neither did anybody else at the time. It was not until the crop of the next generation came on, scandalized their parents by refusing to go into the so-called learned professions, and clamored to go into business instead, that the shift in the stream became actually evident to all.

What happened to the men happened likewise to the women. Spinning, weaving, sewing, cooking, canning, preserving, bread baking—vanished out of the home. Girls were no longer required to learn to cook, to sew, to do housework and care for the sick. The children went to school, the sick to hospitals. The old, the defectives and simple-minded—of whom formerly there had been always one or two in each connection—found their way into institutions. The power of the family, its give and take, its affectionate bonds of service, and its wide circle of economic activity dwindled in the communities. The metamorphosis was effected more speedily and completely in the cities than in the country, where women reluctantly yielded up their power—and yet it went on apace.

And presently, as industry expanded and material wealth increased, there emerged into view that paradox—strange indeed to behold in the daughters of women who had never had a second to call their own!—the woman with empty hands. Nothing to do! Why? Because the family circle of activity had dwindled, and the industrial circle had widened to such an alarming extent that a woman no longer manicured her own nails or washed her own hair or darned her own stockings or tended her own child. The industry circle had all but eclipsed the home circle, which still showed faint shadowy outlines of its former greatness, like the shadowy outlines of a new moon.

Like the men, women did not at first realize the shift in the stream which deprived them of power. Mothers scolded their daughters for laziness. Husbands snarled at their wives. "What mother did" was often the burden of conversation. Transitions are apt to be painful to those who perform the transits. One cannot make new thoroughfares in the brain any more than one can make them in the state without grading, draining swamps and cutting down favorite landmarks. Men frankly damned the new régime. Some of the women clung tenaciously to their old habits, continued to do everything in their own homes and refused to swim with the tide. Others, more curious and restless, with less social background of hampering tradition, quickly flung aside their homes, moved into apartments and thence into hotels. Some started punch-work embroidery, a noble art which consists of cutting holes in cloth in order to sew them up again. Some started culture classes. They called this keeping abreast of their times. In reality it was nothing of the sort. It was simply a blind instinct of self-preservation, seeking to fill up a vacuum with something—anything!—else.

Now it is a self-evident fact in life that human beings follow after power. Truth is the science of power. And the quest after power to-day is our research magnificent. So long as power remained in the home, so long as women could find there through its manifold activities the expression of their personality, and especially of their personality as revealed in terms of their dominant strength, just so long the women remained in the home. They clung to the focus of power. But when the focus shifted, departed out of the home and went into centers of trade, women followed as inevitably as drops of water roll down hill. No punch work, no culture classes could hold them long. The same irresistible force that was dragging young men away from the learned professions and throwing them into business positions was just as irresistibly dragging the women too. Men and women were in the stream of their time together, with the gigantic thrust from outside of new and powerful energies forcing that stream to make a sudden curve, to carve a fresh channel.

Some of the more stubborn and conservative of them fought against the divorce from old customs, old ideas. Some of them climbed bodily out of the stream, removed themselves from the current of thought of their day, lived on their incomes, and contented themselves by reviling the vicious tendencies which took tender young girls away from their homes, away from the gentle arts of nursing and needlecraft, out into the hurly-burly of the market place and transformed sweet modest maids into loud-mouthed hussies with dabs of paint on their cheek bones. Everybody has heard these complaints of elderly minded people, who, unable to join themselves to their times, declare that their times are out of joint. But these were only the obstinate minority whose objections always boil up to the top. The great majority swam with the tide and strove to adjust themselves to the demands of their generation.

Women With Empty Hands

IT IS interesting to scrutinize rather closely the stream picture of the development of women at this particular juncture, if only to see how false, how cheap and superficial is the popular fallacy that women, as conscious, aggressive and belligerent beings, wantonly went out into the world in order to compete with men, and let their homes go to the dogs. They went, to be sure; but they went with resistance, with anguish and striving of the spirit, because the going was against the grain of their nature, which is conservative, and against tradition, which is always dearer to woman than to man. The chief point, however, is that they went.

So much for the daughters of pioneer mothers—the women with empty hands. But now another type of woman comes into view. During the pioneer period there existed but seven kinds of gainful occupations open to women outside the home. But with the expansion of industrialism, of transportation facilities, and the important inventions of the telegraph and the telephone, that number suddenly leaped up into thousands.

Immigrants began to flood the country, congest the larger centers, and to colonize by hundreds of thousands, retaining their own habits and languages, in the milling and mining districts. These immigrants, as human material, as nation makers and builders, were as different from our first forefathers as can well be imagined. Frankly, they were not the same fine grade of stuff. They did not possess the same stamina, moral resistance or intellectual caliber as those early leaders who exiled themselves for the sake of an ideal. Collected abroad by agents of big milling and mining concerns, aided by steamship lines, foreign labor was recruited for its cheapness rather than for its race fitness to build up a lusty young country. Sometimes the immigrants were good nation-building stuff. Sometimes they were—trash.

More and more the necessary man power for industrial exploitation began to be drawn from the east and southeast of Europe rather than from the north and the west, in which the blood and the customs and the morals were similar to our own. But labor was needed. Industry was exigent. Immigration laws were lax. And so the great unwashed horde poured in. It poured in and remained largely undigested, unamalgamated, unfused. It remained raw material. About this time America began to learn at first-hand about the Slavs and the Slovaks, the Russian Jews, and the "ragheads," as the turbaned laborers from the Far East were called. They were here with us, but not of us, and native Americans, whose fathers had come over from Erin, from England or Holland,

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BEAUTIFUL KATIE

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

OH, YES, we been here since last fall, but not in this hotel all the wile. They was a few weeks when we had an apartment up on Riverside Drive; just a cheap joint—four thousand a year. But it didn't seem to suit us some way.

But I guess I didn't tell you how we come to move east. Last time I seen you, we was living in South Bend and I was selling cigars. Not doing very good, either. Well, maybe you heard about my wife's stepfather dying. He left her and my sister-in-law, Kate, enough jack so's our income was eight thousand dollars per annum. I haven't found out yet why he didn't do it long ago when that amount of money meant something. Only, of course, he made his pile out of the war and he couldn't start that till Belgium was ready.

Anyway, when the estate was settled, the Mrs. told me that Katie would have to come and live with us; so she did, and the two gals blowed themself to a lot of clothes, but we didn't seem to take South Bend by storm. So Ella, the Mrs., said now that we was independent, why didn't we move to New York and not only see Life, but give Katie a chance to meet guys that was in her own class.

"I Picked Up This Dining Room Suit for Eighteen Hundred," He Says. "Do You Mean the One You've Got On?" I Asked Him, and the Gals Give Me a Dirty Look

So we come to the Big Town and right to this hotel and I was just beginning to feel at home here when we got in a kind of a jam and Katie said she wouldn't live here no longer.

So one day wile Katie was down to the chiropodist's Ella brought up the subject of finding an apartment somewheres.

"We could get along with six rooms," she said. "All as I ask is for it to be a new building and on some good street, some street where the real people lives."

"You mean Fifth Avenue," said I.

"Oh, no," she says. "That's way over our head. But we'd ought to be able to find something, say, on Riverside Drive."

"A six room apartment," I says, "in a new building on Riverside Drive? What was you expecting to pay?"

"Well," she said, "you remember that time I and Kate visited the Kitchells in Chi? They had a dandy apartment on Sheridan Road, six rooms and brand new. It cost them seventy-five dollars a month. And Sheridan Road is Chicago's Riverside Drive."

"Oh, no," I says. "Chicago's Riverside Drive is Canal Street. But listen: Didn't the Kitchells have their own furniture?"

"Sure they did," said Ella.

"And are you intending to furnish us all over complete?" I asked her.

"Of course not," she says. "I expect to get a furnished apartment. But that don't only make about twenty-five dollars a month difference."

"Listen," I said: "It was six years ago that you visited the Kitchells; besides which, that was Chi and this is the Big Town. If you find a six room furnished apartment for a hundred dollars in New York City today, we'll be on Pell Street in Chinatown, and maybe Katie can marry into a laundry or a joss house."

"Well," said the wife, "even if we have to go to $150 a month for a place on the Drive, remember half of it's my money and half of it's Kate's, and none of it's yours."

"You're certainly letter perfect in that speech," I says.

"And further and more," said Ella, "you remember what I told you the other day. Wile one reason we moved to New York was to see Life, the main idear was to give Kate a chance to meet real men. So every nickel we spend making ourself look good is just an investment."

Well, then I reminded her about the first "investment" we'd made when we moved here to the Big Town and maybe I better tell you about it. Well, we met a bird on the train that admitted he was cleaning up in Wall Street and I guess he was—with a broom. But Ella and Kate fell for him and wanted him for a brother-in-law of mine. Instead of that, he wanted to be a second husband, or a husband's second. In other words, where the gals had been expecting him to make a play for Katie, he'd made love to the girl I'd happened to marry, and nobody can do that and remain standing.

So anyway I called her attention to the jack we'd spent on this Wall Street bird and the returns we'd got from the investment, and for some reason another she got sore.

"Listen," she says: "The next time you mention ancient history like that, I'll make a little investment in a lawyer. But what's the use of arguing? I and Kate has made up our mind to do things our own way with our own money, and today we're going up on the Drive with a real estate man. We won't pay no more than we can afford. All as we want is a place that's good enough and big enough for Sis to entertain her gentleman callers in it, and she certainly can't do that in this hotel."

"Well," I says, "all her gentleman callers that's been around here in the last month, she could entertain them in one bunch in a telephone booth."

"The reason she's been let alone so far," says the Mrs., "is because I won't allow her to meet the kind of men that stays at hotels. You never know who they are."

"Why not?" I said. "They've all got to register their name when they come in, which is more than you can say for people that lives in $100 apartments on Riverside Drive."

Well, my arguments went so good that for the next three days the two gals was on a home-seekers' excursion and I had to spend my time learning the eastern intercollegiate kelly pool rules up to Doyle's. I win about seventy-five dollars.

When the ladies come home the first two nights they was all wore out and singing the landlord blues, but on the third afternoon they busted in all smiles.

"We've found one," says Ella. "Six rooms, too."

"Where at?" I asked her.

"Just where we wanted it," she says. "On the Drive. And it fronts right on the Hudson."

"No!" I said. "I thought they built them all facing the other way."

"It almost seems," said Katie, "like you could reach out and touch New Jersey."

"It's what you might call a near beer apartment," I says.

"And it's almost acrost the street from Grant's Tomb," says Ella.

"How many rooms has he got?" I says.

"We was pretty lucky," said Ella. "The people that had it was forced to go south for the man's health. He's a kind of a cripple. And they decided to sublet it furnished. So we got a bargain."

"Come on," I says. "What price?"

"Well," she says, "they don't talk prices by the month in New York. They give you the price by the year. So it sounds a lot more than it really is. We got it for $4000."

"Sweet patootie!" I said. "That's only half your income."

"Well, what of it?" says Ella. "It won't only be for about a year and it's in the nicest kind of a neighborhood and we can't meet nothing only the best kind of people. You know what I told you."

And she give me a sly wink.

Well, it seems like they had signed up a year's lease and paid a month's rent in advance, so what was they left for me to say? All I done was make the remark that I didn't see how we was going to come even close to a trial balance.

"Why not?" said Katie. "With our rent paid we can get along easy on $4000 a year if we economize."

"Yes," I said. "You'll economize just like the rest of the Riverside Drivers, with a couple of servants and a car and four or five new evening dresses a month. By the end of six months the bank'll be figuring our account in marks."

"What do you mean 'our' account?" says Ella.

"But speaking about a car," said Katie, "do you suppose we could get a good one cheap?"

"Certainly," I said. "They're giving away the good ones for four double coupons."

"But I mean an inexpensive one," says Kate.

"You can't live on the River and ride in a flivver," I said. "Besides, the buses limp right by the door."

"Oh, I love the buses!" said Ella.

"Wait till you see the place," says Katie to me. "You'll go simply wild! They's a colored boy in uniform to open the door and they's two elevators."

"How high do we go?" I said.

"We're on the sixth floor," says Katie.

"I should think we could get that far in one elevator," I says.

"What was it the real estate man told us?" said Ella. "Oh, yes, he said the sixth floor was the floor everybody tried to get on."

"It's a wonder he didn't knock it," I said.

Well, we was to have immediate possession, so the next morning we checked out of this joint and swooped up on the Drive. The colored boy, who I nicknamed George, helped us up with the wardrobe. Ella had the key and inside of fifteen minutes she'd found it.

We hadn't no sooner than made our entree into our new home when I knew what ailed the previous tenant. He'd crippled himself stumbling over the furniture. The living room was big enough to stage the high hurdles, and that's what was in it, only they'd planted them every two feet apart. If a stew with the blind staggers had of walked in there in the dark, the folks on the floor below would of thought he'd knocked the head pin for a goal.

"Come acrost the room," said Ella, "and look at the view out of these windows."

"I guess I can get there in four downs," I said, "but you better have a substitute warming up."

"Well," she says, when I'd finally fell acrost the last white chalk mark, "what do you think of it?"

"It's a damn pretty view," I says, "but I've often seen the same view from the top of a bus for a thin dime."

Well, they showed me over the whole joint and it did look O. K., but not $4000 worth. The best thing in the place was a half full bottle of rye in the kitchen that the cripple hadn't gone south with. I did.

We got there at eleven o'clock in the morning, but at three P. M. the gals was still hanging up their Follies costumes, so I beat it out and over to Broadway and got myself a plate of pea soup. When I come back, Ella and Katie was laying down exhausted. Finally I told Ella that I was going to move back to the hotel unless they served meals in this dump, so her and Kate got up and went marketing. Well, when you move from Indiana to the Big Town, of course you can't be expected to do your own cooking, so what we had that night was from the delicatessen, and for the next four days we lived on dill pickles with dill pickles.

"Listen," I finally says: "The only reason I consented to leave the hotel was in the hopes I could get a real home cook meal once in a wile and if I don't get a real home cook meal once in a wile, I leave this dive."

"Have a little bit of patience," says Ella. "I advertised in the paper for a cook the day before we come here, the day we rented this apartment. And I offered eight dollars a week."

"How many replies did you get?" I asked her.

"Well," she said, "I haven't got none so far, but it's probably too soon to expect any."

"What did you advertise in, the world almanac?" I says.

"No, sir," she says. "I advertised in the two biggest New York papers, the ones the real estate man recommended."

"Listen," I said: "Where do you think you're at, in Niles, Michigan? If you get a cook here for eight dollars a week, it'll be a one-armed leper that hasn't yet reached her teens."

"What would you do, then?" she asked me.

"I'd write to an employment agency," I says, "and I'd tell them we'll pay good wages."

So she done that and in three days the phone rung and the agency said they had one prospect on hand and did we want her to come out and see us. So Ella said we did and out come a colleen for an interview. She asked how much we was willing to pay.

"Well," said Ella, "I'd go as high as twelve dollars. Or I'd make it fifteen if you done the washing."

Kathleen Mavourneen turned her native color.

"Well," I said, "how much do you want?"

"I'll work for ninety dollars a month," she said, only I can't get the brogue. "That's for the cookin' only. No washin'. And I would have to have a room with a bath and all day Thursdays and Sunday evenin's off." "Nothing doing," said Ella, and the colleen started for the door.

"Wait a minute," I says. "Listen: Is that what you gals is getting in New York?"

"We're a spalpeen if we ain't," says the colleen bawn.

Well, I was desperate, so I called the wife to one side and says: "For heaven's sakes, take her on a month's trial. I'll pay the most of it with a little piece of money I picked up last week down to Doyle's. I'd rather do that than get dill pickled for a goal."

"Could you come right away?" Ella asked her

"Not for a couple days," says Kathleen.

"It's off, then," I said. "You cook our supper to-night or go back to Greece."

"Well," she says, "I guess I could make it if I hurried."

So she went away and come back with her suitcase, and she cooked our supper that night. And Oh darlint!

II

WELL, Beautiful Katie still had the automobile bug and it wasn't none of my business to steer her off of it and pretty near every day she would go down to the "row" and look them over. But every night she'd come home whistling a dirge.

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"And I Would Have to Have a Room With a Bath and All Day Thursdays and Sunday Evenin's Off"

The Wonders of Washington

The Dead Hand of War—By George Kibbe Turner

I WAS sitting in the hotel lobby in Washington toward the last of May, when I heard a heavy fat voice behind me and I looked round and saw my big friend Sim Goodman, the super-politician, coming over to sit down by me.

"Well," he asked me, "how's the bloodhound of the United States Treasury? Have you got the guilty man selected who's throwing out all these billions of government money blindfolded?"

I started telling him then about what a financial expert had been showing me—about the danger we were in of not stopping those enormous expenditures rising out of the war, now that the war was over.

"Is it a novel idea to you," he asked me, "that war costs money?"

"It's new to me," I said, "that it's got to be stretched out indefinitely."

He sat looking ahead, with that expressionless look he had on his face.

"Is it, for instance, your idea that the Civil War has been closed up financially yet?" he came back, and turned now and looked at me.

"What do you mean?" I asked him. "What are you getting at there?"

"I am aiming," he told me, "to uncover to your wondering gaze one of the foundation stones—too little noted—of our republic's finances."

"You may start uncovering," I said.

"You have heard, no doubt, from progressive and reformer friends at times, much concerning the dark influence of the dead hand upon all human affairs?"

"Something, at times."

"Have you ever studied the influence of dead wars?"

"No."

"If I had the means with me," he went on, "I should take delight in revealing to you the working of this great hidden power in the present fortunes and policies of our nation."

"What is it you need—to do it with?"

"The annual financial report of the Secretary of the Treasury."

"If that's all," I said, "I know where I can get one."

And I went up to my room and got it—where I'd kept it since that first time I'd got hold of it.

"Now then," said Goodman, wetting a thick finger and turning to the back of the book. "Yes—here!" he said, opening at last to a page full of tables and figures. "Page 634. Here it is—the total ordinary disbursements, so called, of our government."

Increased Military Expenditures

"IF WE take the government year of 1861," he went on, "ending a little less than three months after the opening of our civil conflict, you will find that it is about typical of the expenditures of the five preceding years."

"A little over $60,000,000 a year," I said, looking over, reading.

"Yes. Now then, passing over the period of the Civil War, and allowing one year more for settling up financially, we reach in 1867 and 1868 and 1869 an average of something over $340,000,000; or over five and a half times the prewar average of ordinary government expenditures."

"That went down later," I said, glancing down the column.

"Yes," he answered. "But how much? It kept, as you see, for twenty years more, between $250,000,000 and $300,000,000—that is, an average approximately of four and a half times the prewar expenditures."

"Why?"

"War—the continuation of war expenditures. The four great main items of the legacy of war—the increases in the War and Navy Departments proper, and the war pensions, and the interest on the debt, that were all bequeathed then as now, to future generations by the latest war."

"To liquidate," I said.

"Would you say," he asked me, "that the Civil War was ever liquidated—when only two of the items inherited from it, which remain to us now—the pensions and the interest on debt due to that war—will amount to practically $300,000,000 next year?"

"Considerably more," I added, examining the figures in the book, "than the average of all the government current expenses in the years from 1870 to 1890. And all due to that war, which closed fifty-five years ago."

"Oh, yes," said Sim Goodman. "A war is never over in the Treasury Department of this great and grateful government, fellow citizen, until the youngest relict of the youngest veteran married in his old age has passed on. The war of 1846 is still being fought actively, and the war of 1812 has only recently ceased—if it has yet entirely done so—in the Pension Office and the Treasury Department.

"To say nothing," he went on, "of the influence upon the nervous system of our land—the high nervous tension which shows itself so plainly in the fever charts of our financial system, following each war—in the rise of the figures of our war and navy expenditures. You have noticed perhaps the common nervous reaction in a household which has recently received a call from a burglar?" he said.

"In what way?"

"They are quite likely," he claimed, "after that period of midnight shock—as I have seen them—to go out and buy a revolver."

"I've seen it done," I said, remembering and grinning.

"It is the same," he told me, "with nations."

"The last time," I said, smiling still, thinking it over, "when you're likely to need a revolver in the house for that purpose."

"When?" he asked me, with his emotionless gaze.

"For a burglar—just after one's been calling on you."

"The same way with nations," said Sim Goodman.

"Only they don't think so. They're too jumpy—to realize that burglars don't repeat at once."

"The world at large," he told me, "is still in that same jumpy nervous state over the recent operation of the German burglar. Naturally! You couldn't expect anything different," he said and stopped, sitting looking ahead from his great chair, enormous and inscrutable as the Egyptian goddess of maternity upon her stony throne.

Spanish War Expenses

"BUT, contrary to what you might expect, the Civil War," he went on at last, "in this especial way, showed us little in this great legacy of belligerent patriotism to a grateful posterity—in its increase of the war and navy expenditures, compared to that which followed the succeeding war. For it was the comparatively unadvertised Spanish War, of 1898, which started the present fever, as shown to us here so plainly in these financial fever charts now in my hand—these tables of government expenditures prepared by the financial experts of our Treasury."

"The Spanish War!" I said, a little surprised by what he had been saying. "Is that so? Did that boost up government expenditures so very much?"

"There was a marvelous increase," he told me, "known to all close inside students of American politics—especially in the marked increases in our far-flung outposts against the Indians and our Navy on the land."

"Our Indian outposts!" I repeated after him. "Our navy on the land!"

"Are you," asked Sim Goodman, "unfamiliar with that glorious page in American military development written in the two decades following the Spanish War?"

"I am," I said. "Open up to it."

"If we turn now, fellow citizen," said Goodman, opening his Secretary of the Treasury's report again, "this time to Page 635, we shall see another sudden jump in the financial chart of our common country—another sharp upward trend in government expenditures. You will see that previous to the Spanish War, though there had been an advancing tendency during the 90's—the Federal Government's expenditures had been held round the $300,000,000 mark—never greatly exceeding the $340,000,000 average established just after the Civil War."

He stopped and pointed out the figures.

"But now," he said, "after the Spanish War, they jumped at once to an average which played about $500,000,000 a year—with a still constant upward tendency."

"Why?" I asked, studying them.

"This was the period," he said, "when under the great impulse from our crash with Spain we were stepping forward into our proper place in the galaxy of nations as a great modern military power. If you wish to see this more plainly," he went on, pointing at his book again, "let me call your attention to the second and third columns in this page of serried figures, headed War Department and Navy Department. In the first—the War Department—you will see that in the five years preceding the Spanish War our expenditures averaged round $50,000,000 a year."

"Slightly less," I said, looking, "than the total ordinary government expenditures just before the Civil War."

"That deficiency was soon remedied," replied Goodman; "as you will see. For our War Department's cost never fell again, after the Spanish War, to below twice that figure of $50,000,000; in fact, never to below $112,000,000; while, mounting steadily from there, the column stands here resolutely, year after year, at over three times the $50,000,000 of annual expenditure preceding the Spanish War—until in 1914, the last government year before the war in Europe, it stood at nearly $175,000,000."

"A good healthy increase," I said, looking it over, "for peaceful, home-staying folks."

"It is no more remarkable," he answered, "nor so much so, proportionately, as the increase in our naval expenditures. These, as you will see, in the period preceding the Spanish War hovered about the figure of $30,000,000 a year. Following the war only once did they fall below twice that sum—while in 1914 they had risen to the total of $140,000,000 a year."

"Up almost five times," I said, "in less than twenty years."

"Yes."

"All due to getting into this military world game?" I asked.

"To some extent that," he answered. "But to be frank with you I think that we can fairly say that there were other influences, other deeper, more philosophical influences, which, operating under the stimulus of the easy Spanish War and the genius of our American political institutions, went far to augment these totals."

"What, for instance?"

"The first of the great practical day-by-day impulses, which drive the mechanism of our political machinery in Washington—especially in Congress."

"What is that?"

"The great fundamental principle of representative distribution."

"I see," I said, waiting for him to explain himself later.

"Which has been found to function so wonderfully—under the influence of general and local patriotism—through the war expenditures of our government, by political leaders."

I sat and watched him.

"Especially in our far-flung Indian outposts and the Navy on the land."

"All right," I said. "Go on. Tell me all about it."

Old Indian Outposts

"AN EASY war, fellow citizen," said Goodman, starting out to do so, "is always a glorious war—for the glorious victor! Indeed there are many who hold that our German friends would not have pulled off the late recent catastrophe, so disastrous to the world in general and to old Paranoid the Great and young Adenoid the Last—whose home addresses are now in Holland—in particular, if the three previous wars against Denmark, Austria and France had not been a kind of glorious *Deutschland-über-Alles* picnic with free beer and pork products at the expense of the owners of the picnic grounds."

"Yes."

"It was so, also, we may perhaps say, in one particular, with our own Spanish conflict. Not, I will hasten to say, in its inception. We had, in my humble judgment, plenty of cause to fight. Not in its effect upon our enemy either! But in its reaction upon ourselves—in its glorious impulse upon the glorious path of war, not dimmed by the smart of any serious personal wounds."

"In other words," I put in, "this grand and glorious feeling we got out of that small war was what sent our war expenses skyrocketing!"

"Plus, always plus," added Goodman, "our American genius for the representative distribution of the government money through Congress to congressional districts.

"You take, for instance, the case of the United States Army. After, and in fact before the Civil War, in almost a century of history, as you perhaps know, the principal daily operations of our Federal troops, year after year, had been against the North American Indian. In this way the army posts were established and kept—and, being kept, were continued. So until the time of the recent war we had an army scattered in old Indian outposts—a force of Indian fighters so far as organization went. And all the efforts of the younger army officers beat in vain against this ancient military stronghold."

"Why?"

"If you will look in the line of 1914 for our greatest expenditures, friend," said Goodman, "you will find the answer. The size of the expenditures for our army in that year, you will see, made it the largest single item of governmental costs."

"Well?" I said, waiting.

"The appropriations for these expenditures," he said, "from Congress are portioned out by committees."

"Yes"

"And the heads of these committees and the majority of the members of the committees who do this come from the dominant political party."

"Naturally."

"And when this party chooses its members for its various committees it not unnaturally chooses men who have some knowledge of the affairs that their committee deals with. That is certainly neither strange nor unnatural."

"No."

"So in the case of the military committee, for example, the members were quite frequently chosen from the districts of established posts."

"And so," I said, "they kept the old posts going."

"And added to them year after year, from the greatest appropriation we then had."

"And let the Army howl—for a more modern form of military organization."

A Unique Army Organization

"THE younger men," he corrected me; "the military theorists! You must always remember that there are—especially among the older army officers—those who have sentimental regard for the good old days and the good old posts and the good old organization of the good old Army. For which, incidentally, they know that the military committees of Congress, composed of representatives of states and congressional districts, will be naturally more liberal in appropriations for the Army than they would be if the good old post is snatched from the good old district."

"So then," I said, smiling, thinking how natural it all was in a way, and how like the trouble we were finding in closing up the present war—"so then, between them, they kept rolling up and rolling on the expenditures along the same old lines."

"Yes," he answered, nodding.

"And in the end you had a freak army organization—like nothing else in the world."

"It was," said Goodman, "if I may be allowed the vulgarism, very unique. But no more so, if as much, as our Navy on the land."

"I see," I said, waiting for him.

"Here also you will see," went on Goodman, pointing it out, "in the Navy, a considerable source of great expenditure in widely distributed congressional districts—which had been rolled up to a total of $140,000,000 in 1914."

I looked above his big finger on the page.

"And an even more interesting and available item for representative distribution through congressional-committee action than the larger sum which was put out for the Army."

"In what way?"

"War on land," he explained to me, "is still fought largely by men. And the expenditures for war are distributed very largely in the pay and upkeep of soldiers—are kept in fact quite largely within the military organization itself."

"Yes."

"While sea war is fought quite largely by machines—great guns and torpedoes, greater and smaller ships."

"Well?" I said.

"Which must be made quite largely by labor and at times by capital outside of the naval establishment itself. By outside unmilitary labor and capital, located in congressional districts."

"Naturally," I said, getting the drift.

"You see," he told me, "how natural it all is. How the same influences that operated in the War Department to keep the Army scattered, sternly watching the last burial grounds of the last Indian of the last century, getting few drills in units larger than the company squad, must work in a still more natural and effective way in the development of our Navy on the land?"

"You may fire, when ready, Gridley," I told him, "on the Navy on the land."

"You are aware, perhaps," he explained to me, "even though not yourself from a seafaring strain, that ships need docks and navies navy yards, and that navy yards in the good old days of sailing ships drawing fifteen or twenty feet of water were established in many of our maritime ports, which were of greater relative importance to shipping then than to-day, when the size and draft of our new sea monsters have driven shipping generally into fewer and deeper harbors."

"I have read something of the kind," I told him.

Clinging to Good Old Days

"YES. But though such handicaps as the depths of channels sufficient for ships may have their effect upon mere merchant-marine management—because of the mere mechanical difficulties of getting a twenty-five-foot-draft vessel up a twenty-foot-deep channel—should the Navy, backed by the indomitable spirit of the local congressman, be thereby affected? No, sir. I say to you: No! A thousand times, no! Better far to keep the navy yard and dredge the channel, and keep still more constituents at work."

"Exactly like the army posts," I contributed.

"Natural history shows us, friend," said Goodman, going on, undisturbed by my question, "that it is the nature of admirals, like generals, to be rather old—to incline to the good old ways of the good old days, to the good old ships for the good old ports. And so naturally, sweetly and harmoniously, as in the Army; the glorious page of the American land Navy was engrossed in our history, following the generous warlike impulses of the Spanish War, a period of our history, up to our last war, divided, as students of Congress and our naval establishment know, into two parts."

"Two parts?" I asked him.

"The first," he told me, "extending over the twelve or fourteen years immediately following the Spanish War,

(Continued on Page 154)

No Sympathy

STAINED FINGERS

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

He Slowly Raised His Lamp Until Its Light Fell Upon the Wall Opposite

"His smell was so dainty that he could perceive the fetor of dwelling houses as he passed them by at night."—*Stevenson's Thoreau*

"Catch one thief catch three."—*Old Saying*

APPERSON fished out a waste rag from the rag barrel, after which he wet it from his two-quart red gasoline can and rubbed it across the face of the plate from which he had been printing. The rag came away stained with blue mingled with touches of green, and it stained Apperson's fingers likewise blue mingled with a little green. The blue represented the remains of the fresh ink with which the plate had just been printed, the green an earlier washing of another plate.

To have been full-colored the rag should also have been stained somewhat with black; but the third plate had not got itself washed with a clean rag after printing, and the remains of its black ink consequently were lost among older stains toward the bottom of the barrel.

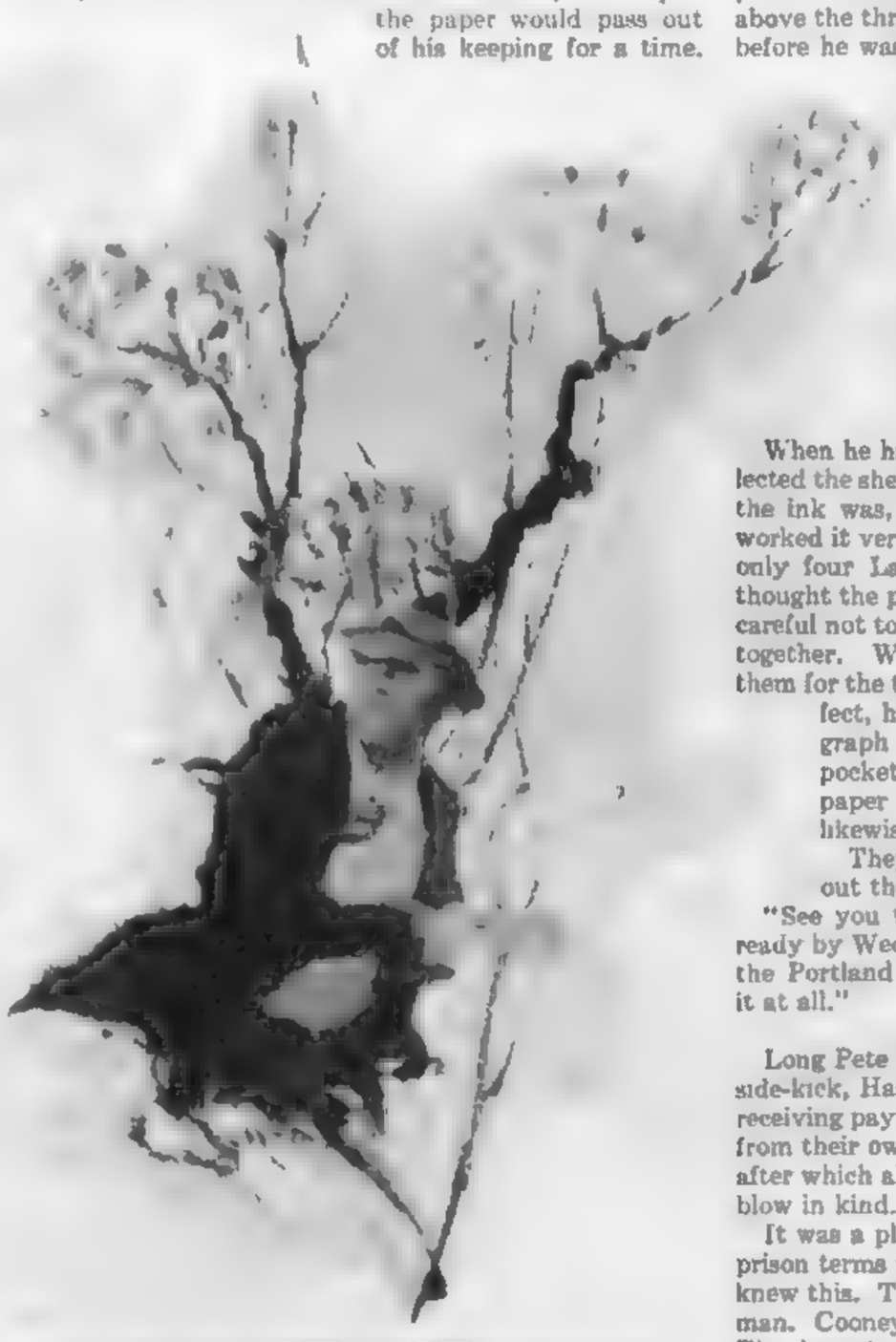
Apperson washed the plate carefully; then going to a slide under the imposing stone he selected an electrotype of a page from a real-estate bulletin. The electrotype had been mounted upon wood, but the nails that held it assembled had been drawn so that the cut proper and its base were separable. Apperson took these with him to the press, where he lifted off the metal face.

The exposed wooden base proved to have been excavated well back from its edges to a depth of a quarter of an inch, the depression being of the size of a short check book. In this cavity Apperson laid the plate he had just washed. The fit was so exact that he was obliged to press it into place, but to be sure of its snugness he folded a piece of rag and laid it on top. Then he replaced the electrotype face and carefully nailed it down upon the wood, using a nail drive. Upon completing this work to his satisfaction he wiped the assembled cut, and especially the nail heads, which were too shiningly clean and besides were freshly scratched, with another piece of inky waste. After that no one could have told from looking at the cut that it had ever been taken apart, nor would anyone have guessed that underneath the worn stems of its electrotyped roman and gothic lines lay an etched and polished plate streaked with blue.

Meanwhile a second thin man, whom Apperson called Hodge, had been busy washing out paper at a rack above the sink. His duties were to take sheets similar to the ones Apperson had printed, and restore them to their original whiteness. His work in a way was more difficult than was Apperson's; for he was obliged to destroy the printed word without injuring the paper.

Hodge was the more careful in removing the ink because of the monopolistic value of the paper underneath it. Though the sheets were not greatly longer than seven and not greatly wider than three inches they had cost exactly one dollar apiece printed. Unprinted they were not purchasable at any price. However, as Hodge was a skillful workman and spoiled no paper the price remained at one dollar in spite of the printing on both sides and the three colors of ink he was obliged to remove.

After he had digested his paper sheets in lye and sulphuric ether and one or two other detergents, and had scrubbed them and rubbed them and bleached them and stretched them and dried them upon cheesecloth, the pictures of George Washington, or sometimes of Lincoln or Grant, would become of the whiteness of snow; whereupon the paper would pass out of his keeping for a time. Later, it would return to him printed almost as before, but with the picture of Grover Cleveland in black upon the one side and that of Pacific type locomotive No. 20 passing two women and two men in a flivver in green upon the other.



He Melted Into the Shadows of Highway and Byway

Apperson restored the electrotype to its place on the slide and made a further examination of two companion cuts he had previously placed there; then rubbing the palms of his hands upon the floor he lightly clapped them above the three cuts. He was obliged to repeat the action before he was satisfied with the film of dust upon them. After that he dragged his sleeve over them lightly so as not to leave them too conspicuously in disuse.

He now shoved in the slide and returned to the press. Here likewise he went to great pains to disguise the recentness of its use, sifting dust over it and laying seldom-needed articles upon it, such as a twelve-inch job'stick and a warped wooden galley, and then sifting dust over the whole. Had he been like Robert Bruce in command of a spider he would have had it weave a web across the press from bed to wheel.

When he had completed his work of camouflage he collected the sheets of paper he had spread out after printing: the ink was, of course, wet, but he had used drier and worked it very close, and besides the blue plate contained only four Latin words in a circle of gingerbread. He thought the printing would not offset or smudge if he was careful not to touch it and did not press the sheets tightly together. When he had collected them, and inspected them for the third time to make sure that none was imperfect, he wrapped them in a blank sheet of mimeograph paper and gently pressed them into his coat pocket. He also collected the sheets of bleached white paper that his companion had been drying; these likewise he wrapped and stowed away in his pocket.

They left the basement together. Apperson put out the lights at the door.

"See you to-morrow, Hodge. We'll try and get you ready by Wednesday. We've got some nice work to show the Portland district. I can't see anything wrong with it at all."

Long Pete Dilley was a revengeful man, as was also his side-kick, Hagen; no one had ever injured either without receiving payment in full. Even though the injury resulted from their own act they allowed it to excite them to fury, after which all else must wait until they had returned the blow in kind.

It was a plain-clothes dick, or fly cop, who had pinned prison terms upon Dilley and Hagen, but neither of them knew this. They supposed that Patrick Cooney was their man. Cooney was the policeman who had arrested them. The detective had only worked them down through their

finger prints. They therefore selected Cooney as the object of their revenge, and not the other.

Now Dilley and Hagen, much as they wished to do so, could not revenge themselves upon Patrick Cooney while serving time at Joliet. They therefore did the next best thing, and during the long two years thought out an ingenious revenge for the future. Thus when they came to be discharged they knew precisely what they were going to do before doing anything else. They were going to return to Chicago and break Cooney.

They devoted their first two days of freedom to learning the policeman's hours and habits. This they did chiefly by inquiry, but also by observation and inference, their former skill in judging the depth of shadows helping them greatly. What they learned about Cooney pleased them. His habits were most regular; at such and such hours he passed such and such points on his beat, at such and such other hours he was at home asleep.

Their next care was to borrow a japanned tool box from a dealer in secondhand machinists' tools. They were not so foolish as to ask for its loan in broad daylight; had they done so they might have been refused. The time to borrow is late at night, especially from strangers. They were quite honest with themselves about the box; they would gladly have bought it, and regretted that they had not the money. But so it was. They were not idealists, but realists. Beggars cannot choose their school of ethics.

While they were in a position to borrow they borrowed four or five other articles they foresaw they might need and had not the money to buy. These were mostly of hardened steel. They also made use of the stock of tools to remove the handle from the tool box. This handle they took with them, but they intended to throw it away; it was of no further use to the dealer, and they knew he would feel less injured if he did not know that the box had been mutilated.

An inspection of the box showed that it would be necessary for them to iron out its dented sides between blocks of wood and, after they had been made smooth, to clean the japanned surface of it thoroughly with soap and water. They therefore smoothed it and scrubbed it and sponged it and dried it with paper towels until it was undoubtedly the sweetest tool box in the world. After it was thoroughly cleaned they began gilding their gold by polishing its shining surface with wax. They spent the entire morning putting the ends and sides and mutilated top of the tool box into a state of stainless brightness. When they were through with it no one, not even its legal owner, could have recognized so much as the tips of its ears. It was a changed box.

But, of course, it had no handle.

"Lay off this can with your fingers, see, except at the middle of the top and bottom," said Dilley. "And steer your rags sout' of it when you slide past."

"Why, say! Who do you t'ink I am?"

The full flavor of their idiom cannot be reproduced in type; it can only be suggested now and then.

"You? A guy in a shoe buggy like meself, see? Bot' of us."

Upon perceiving that the box was right they placed it carefully upon the bureau and went downstairs to the Greek restaurant, where they negotiated for one cup of coffee to be taken to their room. The Greek in command at the moment was a hard man; he charged them five cents for the coffee and exacted a deposit of twenty-five cents for the cup and saucer and spoon. They might have borrowed both coffee and dishes from him, but they did not wish to wait another day, and besides coffee always grows cold overnight.

Dilley carried the purchase upstairs to their room. Then with infinite care Hagen held open the lid without touching it, except at the center, and Dilley lowered cup and saucer into the box. As there was plenty of room between floor and ceiling for the spoon Hagen placed it in the cup.

"The tinware won't splash nobody's face," he said cheerfully. "You gotta have the spoon somewheres, and the little old mug's a good place for her."

"She don't hurt my corns none. I can carry it with or without." Dilley had begun life as a waiter. "I could carry it with two spoons in it. I can carry anyt'ing."

"How soon do we shed this Boston?"

"We gives our skids fifteen minutes to Halsted, see. Is that clock of yours a daylight saver?"

The Man Was Struck by His Second Shot; Dilley Heard Him Fall Heavily to the Floor

"It works perfect."

"Then we gotta crank up quick, before this cop gets down Halsted too far. It's easy tricks meeting a guy, but after he's gone you couldn't catch him with a truck, not with all that bean juice aboard."

"You could, but not the smooth way we said."

They started out almost at once. Dilley carried the box balanced upon the palm of his left hand, and steadied by his right upon the lid, carefully lifting it without laying his fingers on its polished sides and without brushing against it with his clothing. Fifteen minutes later, as Dilley had predicted, they were at their corner.

Halsted Street in Chicago has both character and charm, though not in coinciding proportions. Its moment of greatest charm would perhaps fall between half past two and half past three in the morning, when the sidewalks are darkest and the skies overhead are star-studded. During the remaining twenty-three hours of the day it is best described as a street of character. It would have been so described this afternoon. Not even Dilley, with his highly polished handleless tool box between his left palm and his right and accompanied by Hagen to serve as traffic master, could add greatly to its character. Nevertheless, they did add something of oddness to it, for even Halsted Street does not see handleless tool boxes carried like that every day.

Policeman Patrick Cooney sauntering northward along the west sidewalk became aware of an odd eddy in the foot traffic ahead of him. Two men were delicately making their way southward. The one on the left was empty-handed, but his companion was carrying a polished black japanned-iron tool box balanced upon the palm of his left hand.

Cooney would have noticed the men with the box in any event, for the unusual care they were taking of it was such as to catch any policeman's eye. But a moment later, when he saw that he knew the men, his interest became a very tangible thing.

"I thought you boys were boarding down in Joliet," he began, placing himself in front of them.

"We got out," said Dilley.

"Served your time, did you?"

"Sure. Bot' of us."

Cooney thought he detected a certain embarrassment in the manner of the men, and proceeded to inquire further into their affairs.

"When did you boys get back?"

"Day before yesterday. And say! After this you cops don't pin anyt'ing on us, see? We travels straight."

"Good news, if it's true. What have you got in that box?"

"This lunch basket? Not'ing much except some feed for our faces."

"I'll take a look at this feed of yours," said Cooney.

Reaching forward he grasped the box between his broad hands, not especially because he could handle it better so, but because that hold offered a beginning and the polished surfaces were inviting to the fingers.

"Have you got it?" asked Dilley, removing his support. "I'll dip its lid and show you."

"Open it up," the policeman said.

Whereupon Dilley opened the box and Cooney peered down on the cup of coffee and its spoon.

"I wondered why you were walking on eggs that way. Take back your lunch wagon. But say! Don't let me ever catch you with anything not yours. Next time you're up you get the limit."

"It's the straight road for us, Pat."

Dilley carefully closed the lid of the box, placed his hand under it and above it as before, Policeman Patrick Cooney released his fingers from the polished sides, and the tool box continued on its way along the colorful sidewalk. Dilley and Hagen remained in Halsted Street for two blocks; then turning the corner they proceeded westward, and after a while northward, and a little later came once more to their own domicile.

But Patrick Cooney by this time had interested himself in other matters and did not again think of either the polished black box or its guardians.

II

THE men had gained entrance through a side window that had been left open for air. As the moon was scarce three hours high, and its shadows were still long and deep, the preliminaries had been well protected. It would have required sharp eyes to see the two shadows within shadows in the angle above the weather-stained

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VOICES IN EGYPT

Review of Troops by General Allenby

By Maude Radford Warren

AN AMIABLE old one-eyed buccaneer named Mahomed Ali drives me about in Cairo and talks to me of many things. Yesterday he asked me for two more piasters on the score that he needed just that to pay for the gold bracelet which will complete his daughter's dowry and permit him to marry her off before she reaches the old-maidish age of fifteen.

Mahomed Ali has a daily touch, and the fertility of his imagination is enthralling. When I opened my purse he caught sight of my little silken Stars and Stripes. He had seen it before, and had asked me what it was. Now, perhaps a little reckless from smoking or chewing hashish, he expressed his sentiments about it.

"That flag no good," he said. "United States no good."

"Plenty people don't love us any more. Why have you withdrawn your favor, Mahomed Ali?"

"The flag no good. Doctor Wilson no good," he replied. "United States said Egyptians must have complete independence. United States promised to come with the navy and chase the English. Then United States will put ten thousand men in here to keep the laws. But United States keeps us waiting more than one year now. Can't believe United States.

"Perhaps the Italians are to come and chase the English. The Italians say to us that England and United States tried to steal Fiume from Italy."

"Don't count on the United States, Mahomed Ali. We have affairs of our own to settle. But if you Egyptians are ready for complete independence, why should you expect the United States or any other country to keep ten thousand men in here to preserve order?"

"Because England needs five thousand soldiers before the war to keep order," replied Mahomed Ali. "And if England needs five thousand, United States needs ten and other country twenty."

Having swallowed this simple tribute, I pressed home the real point of the talk:

"But if you are to be independent you shouldn't have any outside power in."

Mahomed Ali shook his head and said naïvely: "Must always be foreign soldiers and officials in Egypt to keep the old ways from coming back. We would like the English to give us complete independence, and then to stay and take care of us."

No Ideas of Self-Reliance

ABSURD as are the remarks of Mahomed Ali, they are significant of the attitude of many Egyptians who are asking for complete independence. Self-reliance is an ideal quite foreign to them. Those who have the notion of self-reliance have gone too far in their faith in themselves. I heard a pro-Britisher and a Nationalist arguing.

"If the British do go out," said the pro-Britisher, "how are you going to keep the Turks from swarming in? An army of sixteen thousand costs seven and a half million dollars to maintain. To keep out the invaders you'll need one hundred and twenty thousand men and sixty million dollars."

"The English will have to keep the canal, and that will protect us," replied the Nationalist.

"If the British went out they couldn't waste men protecting the Egyptians. Where will you get your men and your money?"

"Forced enlistment and forced taxes. Just show the lash to the fellahin and they'd give up their money. We'd get them into the army before they could gouge out an eye or hack off a finger, as they used to in the old days."

Not that these two men I have just quoted are typical of all the Egyptians. There are many among them of high intelligence, but not all these are real patriots. The definition of patriotism is not simple, but there are two drastic tests which may be properly applied to it—the willingness of the individual to sink his own interests in those of the state, and his willingness to render to the state disinterested and unpaid service. Only too many of the Nationalists are crying "Egypt for the Egyptians" because they expect to exploit Egypt for their own profit. Others who have nothing in particular to gain shout the word "Istaglal," which, as they define it, means an independence that may go pretty close to anarchy. Yet even the best Egyptians, the men of high intelligence, of patriotism and disinterestedness, have no real constructive plan for the government of Egypt. They could not combine and organize and carry on the whole country to a progressive prosperity. Even if they could plan constructively they could not depend upon their subordinates. The situation of such men is tragic.

Whoever has the theory of self-determination must sympathize with any race that has national aspirations. The Egyptians are a likable people with many excellent qualities. But if we are to judge by the standard of Western civilization they are not fit really for independence. To maintain the prosperity of the country, to

The Mahmudia Canal

Women Carrying Salt

guard against oppression and corruption, some advanced race would have to guide them for a generation or two, giving them more and more self-government, more and more education. The fact that the Egyptians are not ready for complete independence may have nothing whatever to do with giving it to them in the opinion of an American. There are those of us who object to our work in Cuba, to our present government of the Philippines. Every American has his own attitude toward peaceful penetration, mandates, protectorates and the white man's burden, be he missionary, capitalist or more or less innocent bystander.

At this moment in Egypt there are some tens of thousands of Nationalists demanding independence, and something less than thirteen millions of people sitting on the fence waiting to see which side to climb down, though the bulk of them may be shouting, "My country against all others." Up to the time of the war the large majority of the thirteen millions were contented under the British rule, despite the existence of a reasonably active Nationalist Party. We in the United States heard almost nothing of unrest in Egypt till after the armistice was signed. American and English papers only gave real space to the affairs of Egypt when Said Zagloul Pasha, one of the leading Egyptian Nationalists, and three of his associates wanted to go as delegates to Paris to ask the Peace Conference for the complete independence of Egypt. They were first deported to Malta, and when later they were allowed to go to Paris the Allies would not receive them as delegates to the conference.

A Coast Guard

The Airplane is Still Something of a Novelty to the Natives

These delegates and thousands of other educated men in Egypt felt the deepest resentment against the Allies. Their pride was hurt because the Egyptian claims were not recognized, when the Hedjaz, whom they looked on as a barbarous tribe, were allowed a free kingdom, and when roseate promises were given to the people of Palestine and Syria. Followed then the riots of last spring, when more than two thousand shops were looted—Greek, French, Italian, British and even Egyptian; when much government property was destroyed, railway stations burned, trains pillaged, and in all close to four million dollars' worth of property destroyed; when unarmed British officers were murdered and armed British soldiers attacked; when marauding or attacking Bedouins and fellahin were bombed from airplanes or dispersed with machine-gun fire, with many casualties. Then an end of further serious riots, when the fellahin found that the material damage would have to be paid for by the people of the districts in which it had taken place. Since then some shouting and demonstration, some industrial strikes fomented by the politicians, but, on the whole, the end of the overt rebellion.

That, briefly, is what happened. Tragic enough, and an item in the many tragedies that are happening all over the world since it is supposed to have folded its hands in peace.

A Native Imitator

you like, but after next Monday rations will be stopped.' By Monday night they were all gone."

Other humors were the way some of the servant maids, drunk with the liberty of shouting for independence with the men, dragged handfuls of hair from the heads of their mistresses; and little schoolboys on strike, trying to get little girls to join them, shouted through the keyholes of the female schools the insults that Bedouins offer the fellahin: "Come out, ye cowards, ye eaters of beans and lentils!"

These are the groups of people who, for once, worked together that all this might happen: First, the rich pasha class, the Turkish clique, chiefly descended from the Ottoman ruling castes. They are racially and instinctively more or less separated from the other natives of Egypt. They consider themselves the natural aristocrats of the country, socially superior to the other natives and the social equals or superiors of the British and other Europeans. They are accustomed to governing, and have produced some men of real power.

There is the middle class, or the effendi, who have been educated chiefly in the government schools established by the British, though some of them have also studied in Europe. Countrymen or townsmen, nearly all of them have received a smattering of Western culture, so that they are able to express their racial or religious prejudices in the language of advanced modern democracy. The majority of them are place hunters, very keen on securing office. The ideal of the average effendi is to become a

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Speeding the Tarrying Guest

THESE disturbances, however, have not been without their humorous side. One of my chief indoor relaxations is to hear a certain colonel who was in charge of a camp at Heliopolis rave about the twenty-five hundred Armenians who left their work and asked for protection against the Moslems. He supposed he would have them for a fortnight. He fed and lodged them for a month, and then asked them please to go. Go, when they were drawing good army rations? Oh, no, protection of the faithful—they were afraid of the Moslems.

"Armenians," raves the colonel. "For months I urged them to go, and at last in October I said to them: 'Stay if

A Sherbet Seller

Arab Children

Date Palms

CATCHING UP

XIII

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

CALVERT did not see Isabel again that day, for on calling he was told by the concierge that the ladies were out. He would have liked to talk further with Lady Audrey, but did not wish to risk discovery by Agnes. Then this precaution proved futile, for on returning to the Cecilia at dinner time he found a *petit bleu* from Lady Audrey. It read:

My Dear Boy: Just a word to tell you that Agnes came to sufficiently to warrant a good wigging from me, which was received with due repentant humility. Almost the first words the little baggage said were: "I know now who brought me home. It was Lieutenant Steele. I was sure it was somebody I knew."

She told me also that she had gone to the ball with a British officer, and says that she is engaged to marry him. I tried to extract a promise from her not to see him again immediately, but failed. It is a difficult position, because though the little wretch is humble and grateful she says she thinks that she had better leave me, and her prospective inheritance makes her independent. Douglas Harker—this will be of interest to you—has had his report, and the will being all in order, with a considerable amount paid in for options and so on, this money now stands to the credit of the four beneficiaries, so that you may draw upon it for considerable amount. I know Harker and have had a talk with him, but have told him nothing. If you are not engaged you might drop in about nine. I shall pack off Agnes to bed early. AUDREY CHATTERIS.

Needless to say, this was an invitation not to be disregarded. Calvert dined at his hotel and left it at about half past eight. Not having got a nap through the day, he was by this time feeling rather sleepy, and a hearty dinner leaving him dull he decided to walk to the little house in Ranelagh which the globe-trotting Englishwoman had kept for a number of years as a *pied-à-terre* in Paris. Lady Audrey was not rich, though having an income more than sufficient for her nomadic needs, and she received not infrequently substantial presents from her brother, whose crippled fortune had been fully replenished some years before by his marriage to an American heiress, herself devoted to Lady Audrey, as were all who knew this thoroughbred sportswoman.

It seemed now to Calvert that a walk in the late twilight would clear his head, and though not quite so direct as to have gone out the Avenue Victor Hugo, the Avenue du Bois was more attractive than the city streets, and by turning off to follow the fortifications on the edge of the Bois the distance would not be much greater. The broad thoroughfare was fairly populated with a throng of lovers, but then this seemed to be the occupation of Parisians old and young at that moment, and one got used to it, just as a few months earlier they had been used to soldiers, *permissionaires* and mutilated men thronging the splendid avenue and festooning its benches—ragged remnants of war.

But turning off to follow the fortifications round, Calvert experienced that sense of loneliness to be found on the felly of the wheel of Paris, where one may whirl from a thronged thoroughfare into the sinister desolation of the moat and wall encircling the city. Here, of course, the neighborhood was a good one, not aristocratic but eminently respectable, though the presence of the fortifications would have given it to the Parisian mind a sinister aspect at night. The very mounds with their ancient enfilading bastions, which offer such pleasant sunny nooks and corners by day, become immediately menacing at night, and it may be remarked that even the worthy householder of these districts walks home with chin on shoulder and a backward glance at sound of a quickening step behind him or a shadow projected suddenly ahead of his own.

Nothing of this sort occurred to Calvert, a recent experience in the face of fortifications belching flame and steel and gas and liquid fire leaving not much to be dreaded in those ancient ones of Paris, whereof the unpleasant aspects were such as might be furnished by slinking Apaches; and an Apache seemed about as formidable to Calvert as might a coyote to the hunter of grizzly bears. Not only was his mind removed from thoughts of danger, but rather pleasantly and a little dreamily occupied in the joint contemplation of two uncommonly alluring girls, Nita and Isabel. He was comparing these two not critically or even fondly, but with the pleasure which comes to most young men—and a good many older ones—in reflecting on the separate charms of two distinctly different but fascinating feminine types. There is—regrettably or otherwise—a dash of the Oriental in most good fighting men, and a certain catholicity of appreciation on visualizing desirable girls. Isabel represented an acme of elegance and propriety and strongly buttressed social perfection, whereas Nita with her daring, almost aggressive beauty and reckless yet well-contained behavior was a sort of brilliant moth, flashing in the dangerous glare of the lamp and casting exaggerated shadows.

Townley's Head Pitched Forward With a Quick Vulturelike Motion. He Peered Into the Bag

To be married to Isabel seemed to Calvert the last word in matrimonial achievement, while to be the husband of Nita seemed to promise a sort of continuous exciting amorous adventure. Not being so far completely in love with Isabel, Calvert was quite able to compare the two, as a man fond of wine, though not beset by any great alcoholic craving, might compare a vintage champagne with an old sun-charged Xeres or an Amontillado. It seemed rather a pity that a choice must perforce be limited to either, or that each must interfere with the full appreciation of the other. Calvert, having done himself rather well in the matter of his dinner, and enjoying pleasant retrospect of the exciting events crowded into the last twenty-four hours, was thinking how lucky it was that his five wounds had all been deflected from any vital organ, when—as sometimes happens in such unguarded moments—he came within a fraction of a line of receiving one which would have placed all girls in the discard so far as their immediate interest to him was concerned.

He had just passed the station of the *gendarmerie* when something flitted out behind him with a soft whir and flew so closely to his head that its pulse of air fanned his temple. There was an arc light some little distance ahead of him, so that he would not have got the shadow of this curiously flitting batlike object but for the glare that struck down from a window in the third story of an apartment house across the street, where somebody was softly playing a piano. In this ray Calvert was astonished to see the gyrating shadow of some flying creature which suggested in its uneven course a nighthawk or fruit bat or whippoorwill or other nocturnal creature.

Then to his bewilderment he caught a glimpse of the creature itself ricocheting in front of him across the street as though deflected from invisible but solid substance in the air, which glanced it this way and that. It seemed to scale straight upward, was arrested, then swerved down upon him with alarming velocity. He ducked, flinging up instinctively a little swagger stick which he had bought some days before, and this it struck and shivered so close to his grip as to give his hand a numb, tingling sensation. The missile clattered down on the sidewalk at his feet, when for a moment it appeared to wriggle and oscillate, beating a vibratory tattoo upon the sidewalk in so live a way that Calvert instinctively stamped his heel upon it.

He glanced quickly about, then stooped and picked up this curious, bent, inert object. He saw then immediately that it was a boomerang, and—examining it more closely—that it was not one of the copied French-made boomerangs with which he had seen French officers practicing on the *champs des manœuvres* at Issy and St.-Cyr, but what seemed to be an ancient, high-polished, authentic bushman's weapon of some heavy wood like ebony, though of a cherry color with white graining.

Calvert straightened up and stood for a moment staring about him. Far down the street a couple were slowly approaching, and ahead were two or three pedestrians, but there was nobody in sight close by. Looking then toward the barracks of the *gendarmerie* he thought he saw something move close to the corner, but could not be sure. It struck him then as hardly worth while to investigate the source of the assault. The boomerang naturally suggested an Australian method of attack.

"Good Lord," thought Calvert, "things are sure getting pretty thick when some

"That Thing Could Easily Bash Your Brains Out or Give You a Jolly Gouge in the Neck"

Anzac soldier who's learned how to throw a boomerang tries to knock a fellow out on the edge of Paris!" The papers were at that moment filled daily with accounts of criminal attacks by footpads and bandits supposedly disguised in uniforms to throw suspicion on *permissionaires*, or soldiers on leave, and in some instances unfortunately proved actually to be such. It would be unreasonable to suppose that a huge army could be levied without its due proportion of bad characters. But the peculiarity of this attack furnished Calvert with more amusement than shock. It seemed so ridiculous for an American soldier to be boomeranged while walking along the fortifications. A gliding Apache of the night, or a pistol shot from some dark recess, or *la savate* from a passing prowler, or even *la garrotte* from a slinking girl would have seemed in keeping with the time and place. But to get boomeranged as though he were approaching some lonely station in Queensland or Northern Territory was bizarre, incongruous and—since the missile had barely failed to brain him—ridiculous.

Calvert now found himself the richer by his possession of the boomerang, which, though he was no collector of such, struck him as being a very good weapon for any who understood its use. Its obtuse angle was, Calvert thought, about a hundred and thirty degrees, more perhaps, and though heavy by virtue of its dense material, it was flat like the blade of a sickle, the concave edge almost capable of cutting, the points rounded and the whole of a high polish as though rubbed for a generation or two between calloused palms.

Calvert looked in the direction whence the boomerang had flown.

"Much obliged," he called, and continued on his way.

Nothing further happened, and coming presently to the Villa des Lilas he entered, and to his considerable surprise found Lady Audrey in evening dress talking to Nita, who in a modified evening costume was sitting on one leg in a big chair, a cigarette between her fingers and a glass of *menthe verte* on the taboret between them.

"Where did you get that boomerang?" demanded Lady Audrey as Calvert entered the little salon.

"I came mighty near getting it in the neck, Lady Audrey," Calvert answered. "Almost anything can happen in Paris, I suppose, but I hadn't quite counted on this." And he described what had happened. "Some Australian horse wrangler or mule skinner who has grown up on the edge of the bush probably found himself in need of a little spare cash, and having swung onto this a good deal as an Afghan might cling to his dagger or a Corsican to his stiletto, he went out to see what he could collect."

"Hoity-toity!" said Lady Audrey. "You had a close shave, sonny. I've seen them knock over running rabbits and wallabies with those things at a range of thirty or forty yards."

"They used to practice with them out at Issy," Calvert answered, "but the moment one was thrown all hands got under cover. I suppose he thought it might give me a rap on the head and put me out long enough for him to lift my purse and clock."

"Not a bit of it," said Lady Audrey. "That thing could easily bash your brains out or give you a jolly gouge in the neck. Whoever threw it must have understood his work, because an expert counts on getting his game as it comes back if he misses direct."

"He nearly did," Calvert answered. "I thought it was some sort of confounded bat or night bird skittering about."

Nita leaned forward, brushed the ashes of her cigarette into the little fish of cut jade and took a sip of her mint.

"Howard didn't lose any time about it," said she.

"Howard?" Calvert looked at her quizzically. "Isn't that putting a bit of a strain on your imagination, Nita?"

"I don't think so, buddy. He grew up out there and may have got expert at it, just as a Westerner might at using a rope or driving tacks with his gun. He probably suspected you first throw, and for all you say to the contrary may have come in on the same train. You can't make me believe that Anzac soldiers are prowling round the streets of Paris boomeranging people. Anyhow, it's a useful piece of evidence. The next thing is to find out if anybody out there at Chantilly has seen him playing with a boomerang."

"He might have bought it in a curio shop," said Calvert.

"No," said Lady Audrey, "I don't think so. A boomerang is an intimate sort of weapon, like a redskin's tomahawk or a bow you've been used to, or cleek or brassy or something of the sort. They're handed down from father to son, and I should say that this one"—she turned it in her hands with the affectionate consideration which the traveler and collector lends to any antique personal object—"is uncommon good and one that he's wanted to hang on to. I'll wager that at this moment he's frightfully sore at having lost it. It is a beauty. Look at the graining! Tapang wood, I should say."

"Please accept it with my best wishes," Calvert said, and was astonished at the delight evoked by this casual gift. Lady Audrey's weather-beaten face shone.

"Really, Calvert, you are a duck. I like to pick up what I call *objets étrangers* associated with some of the odd things I've had a hand in. Dear me, it does look as if we were on the right track, Nita!"

"I think so, Lady Audrey. The first thing we know some of us may be getting scragged too. Once a chap like Howard starts out to make his kill, he's very apt to bag somebody."

"Quite so," Lady Audrey agreed, and stepping to the windows which gave on the little garden closed the *volets*. "I should say that Howard was a thorough beggar. After all, that's the only kind worth dealing with."

"Precisely my idea," murmured Nita, "and that's the reason I've bothered you to-night. You see, my plan might leave me on the rocks with the total wreck of a reputation, so as you'd kindly interested yourself in the business it struck me that it might be just as well to tell you what I'd planned."

"Tell Calvert," said Lady Audrey.

"Well, Calvert, I'd planned to put my tender person in the claws of the tiger. As I've several times quoted from Stalky, 'The bleating of the kid attracts the tiger.' The hunter is usually up a tree somewhere, and you've got to be the hunter."

Calvert looked at her expectantly. Lady Audrey, taking her comfort in a large *bergère*, where she leaned back caressing the boomerang affectionately, surveyed them both with the indulgent eyes of the experienced Boer trekker.

"I don't know in the least what she's got in the bottom of her pocket," said she, "but I'm willing to take a shot on Juanita.

"I haven't known her well more than an hour, but I've already decided that she's neither a heroine nor a fool, and that's enough distinction these days."

"When you interrupted us," said Nita, "I was trying to tell Lady Audrey what a fool I was."

"She wasn't succeeding noticeably," said Lady Audrey, lighting a fresh cigarette. "Forge ahead, dear, and tell it over again."

"Well then," said Nita, "if I've got to spell it out for Calvert's benefit here goes. I have a rendezvous with Howard for to-morrow at five. We'll dine at Pré Catalan and afterward go somewhere."

"I don't see what more you hope to find out," said Calvert.

"Neither does Lady Audrey," Nita answered. "She thinks that I am making a bluff, but she's not quite ready to accuse me of it point-blank. It's one of those cases where any sane person would be quite justified in having no more to do with the affair. But because Lady Audrey is a good sport she's willing to take a chance and see the thing through. It's not going to cost her anything," Nita finished dryly.

"Well, let's be thankful for that," said Lady Audrey.

"All of this sounds like mere talk to me," said Calvert. "Can't you say it in some known language?"

Lady Audrey nodded.

"The fact is, Calvert," said she, "that Nita has a wild idea of starting something that the rest of us may have to finish for her. If anybody else were to give me such spoof I shouldn't listen to it."

"The point is this, Calvert," said Nita: "I'm just taking out a few insurance policies on my reputation. I've framed up a pretty good offensive, which I'd rather not explain just yet, but I don't want to go through with it and save Jerry's good name only to have my own sorely strained reputation hanging about me like Mignon's rags."

"No," said Calvert decidedly. "Jerry'd be the last one to thank us for that."

"Reputations go cheap these days, like francs," said Lady Audrey. "I'm far less concerned about that, my dear, than I am about your life, especially since I've seen this toy which I shall take great pleasure in adding to my collection. A rank beast that tosses these things about the streets of Paris does not strike me as a proper playfellow."

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ALL-WOOL MORRISON

V

By Holman Day

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Gas!" Broke in Mrs. Stanton. "I Get Only Gas. I'm Looking for Oil. Is There an Actual and Formal Engagement, I Ask?"

WHILE Commander Lanigan talked with the mayor from a telephone booth in a drug store under Central Labor Union Hall, Post Adjutant Demeter stood with his nose pressed against the glass door, waiting anxiously. Lanigan pushed open the door with one hand while he hung up the receiver with the other, and by his precipitate exit nigh bowled his adjutant over. Mr. Lanigan, it was plain to be seen, was wound up tightly that evening and his mainspring was operating him by jumps.

"He's the boy! He's coming! Tell the world so! And I'll go back upstairs and tell them blistered sons o' seefo that there are such things as truth and a bar o' soap in this country, spite o' the fact that they have never used either one!"

Demeter followed his commander into the street. In spite of his haste Lanigan was halted; he gazed up into the heavens, his breath streaming on the crackly-cold air. The skies were blazing with shuttlings of lambent flame. From horizon to zenith the mystic light shivered and sheeted. Never had Lanigan beheld a more vivid display of the phenomenon of the aurora borealis. He seemed to be waiting for something. He sighed and shook his head.

"Peter, my heart jumped at first glimpse! 'Tis like the flash of the Argonne big guns! Thank God, the thunder of 'em isn't following!"

"Yes, thank God!" murmured Demeter, his soul in his tone.

They stood there for a few moments, shoulder to shoulder, the contact of arm with arm serving for an exchange of thoughts between those veterans in a silence that would have been profaned by words.

The phantasmagoria overhead was shifting infinitely and rapidly; there were flashes that seemed to presage a thunderous roar of an explosion and were more bodeful because the hush aloft in the heavenly spaces remained unbroken; then the filaments and streamers of light made one mighty oriflamme across the skies, an expanse of woven hues, wavering and lashing as if a great wind were threshing across the main fabric and flinging its attendant bannerets.

"It's in the air; it's in the nerves! It puts hell into a man, doesn't it, Peter?"

"Yes."

"It was in that telephone back there! It crackled and snapped! A lot of it may be in those poor fools up in that hall—and they ain't knowing what the matter is with 'em! You and I have been over in the big bowwow, boy, and we have had some good lessons in how to handle rattled nerves. I guess it's up to us to hold things steady, as experts. Soothe 'em and smooth 'em! It was All-Wool Morrison's lesson to me to-day. Soft and careful with 'em, seeing that they're full of what's in the air this night, and don't know just what ails 'em."

He lowered his gaze from the skies. A man was passing on his way toward the door of the hall.

Lanigan had just laid down a general rule of diplomatic conduct for the evening, but he made a prompt exception. He leaped on the man, struggled with him for a moment and yanked off a red necktie, taking with it the man's collar and a part of his shirt.

"But some stuff that they're full of can't be smoothed out—it's got to be whaled out!" panted Lanigan. He did not release his captive. "The nerve o' ye, parading your red wattles on a night like this, ye tom gobbler of a Bullshevist!"

"I have the right to pick the color of my own necktie!" snarled the man.

"Not for the reason why you picked it! Not to wear it up into that hall, my bucko boy!"

When the man expostulated with oaths Lanigan tripped him and held him on the sidewalk. "Hush your yawp! You can't fool me about your taste in ties! I know what's behind that color like I'd know what's behind an Orangeman's yellow! I don't need to wait for him to hooray for the Battle o' the Boyne! Peter, frisk his pockets!"

Demeter obeyed.

A crowd was collecting. Through the press rushed a young man.

"Need help, commander?"

"Only keep your eye peeled to see that another Bullshevist don't sneak up and kick me from behind, after the like o' the breed!"

Demeter's exploration produced a bulldog revolver, a slungshot, a packet of pamphlets and several small red flags.

"What's your name?" demanded the commander.

"No business of yours!"

Lanigan kneeled on the captive and roweled cruel thumbs into the man's neck.

"Out with it before I dig deeper for it."

"Nicolai Krylovensky!"

"I knew it must be bad, but I didn't think it was as bad as that! I don't blame ye for trying to keep it mum! And ye look as though it tasted bitter coming up. I'll not poison me own mouth." He stood up and yanked the man to his feet. "So I'll call ye Bill the Bomber! Where do ye work—or don't ye work?"

"Conawin."

"I thought so. One of that bunch down there that's trying to undermine the best Government on the face of the earth. Come along! I've got a bit o' business on hand right now, and I need you in it."

When he turned, pushing the man ahead of him, Lanigan became aware that the young fellow who had proffered aid was muttering in a derogatory fashion.

"What's on your mind, Jeff?" demanded the commander, recognizing a member of the post.

"Nothing."

"I'm in an inquiring turn o' mind right now," rasped Lanigan, "and ye have just seen me go after information. I heard ye damning something. Ye'd best make me understand that you wasn't damning me!"

"I sure wasn't, sir! But as for this Government being the best, I want to say ——"

Lanigan's yelp broke in like an explosion: "Hold this Bullshevist, Peter! I want both hands free!"

"I wasn't saying anything against our Government, Commander Lanigan! Not a word!" wailed the overseas man. "So help me!"

"I'm in a soothing frame of mind this night," returned the ex-sergeant. "I have been having some good lessons in soothing from the mayor of Marion, God bless him! I was nigh making a fool of myself till he showed me that the soothing way is the best way. And I shall keep right on soothing. But this is a night when the plain truth and the word of man to man have got to operate to prevent trouble! And I want the truth out o' ye, Jeff Tolson, or else ye'll be calling for toast, well soaked, in the hospital in the morning!"

"I went up to one of them sissy slackers ——"

"Mind the kind of a name ye stick onto a soldier of the Government! Do ye see who's listening?" He grabbed his prisoner again and shook him. "Be careful of what you say as an American citizen in the hearing of rats like this, Tolson! It encourages 'em. They think we mean it. Get the bile out of your system in a strictly family fuss! Spit out a lot you don't mean, if it's going to make you feel better! But first slam down the windows so that the outsiders can't overhear. I'll see you later!"

"But I want you to get me right, commander," Tolson pleaded. "I went up to one of the boys to show him how to hold his gun, and he banged me with the butt of it!"

"He did!"

Lanigan clicked his teeth and showed that he was having hard work to control his own resentment.

"I was only trying to be helpful. I tried to take his gun and show him. And he insulted an overseas veteran!"

Lanigan had himself in hand again.

"Tried to take away his gun, you say? You in civies and he in uniform and on duty? Jeff, if it's that hard to wake up and know that you're no longer a soldier I reckon your wrist watch is acting too much like a reminder string round a Jane's finger! Better hang it from the end of your nose. It's a wonder he didn't give you the bayonet!"

"The butt was a-plenty, sir!"

"I can stand it better to be banged on the knob by a gun butt by a good American than batted in the eye by this color on a Bullshevist!" asserted Lanigan, waving the red necktie that he still retained in his clutch. He gave the owner of it another push. "Along with you, Bill the Bomber."

Tolson trailed. "But what are they trying to do up on Capitol Hill, sir? What does it all mean?"

"I don't know," confessed the commander. He drove his way through the bystanders. "You see, boys, I have started in along the way of telling the truth to-night. So

I own up that I don't know! We're going to find out what it means!" He kept on toward the door of the hall with his prisoner. "I've arranged to have a man come down here and tell us what it means and tell us how to act."

"Well, he'll know more than anybody else I have tackled on the subject to-night," said Tolson sourly. "He's a wonder if he does know!"

"He's All-Wool Morrison—and that's your answer, buddy," retorted Lanigan; and that answer did seem to suffice for Tolson.

There were many men on the stairs leading up to the hall and the elbowing throng at the door of the auditorium furnished further evidence of the overflowing nature of the gathering.

"Gangway!" commanded Lanigan at the top of his voice. "Make way, there! I'm bringing something straight in my mouth and something crooked in my mitt, and neither one of 'em will ye have till free passage is made to the platform."

The crowd's curiosity served effectively to clear that passage. Lanigan's captive went along, sullenly unresisting. There was no opportunity for rebellion in that mob that opened a narrow passage grudgingly, only to pack together again in a solid mass. But certain men whom Krylovensky passed, or men who caught his eye by swift motions, spat whispers at him in a language that Lanigan did not understand.

"Is it three cheers that your brother rattlesnakes are giving ye in the natural hissing way of 'em?" inquired the captor. "They're a fine bunch!"

With his hand twisted tightly into the slack of the man's coat and the torn shirt the ex-sergeant forced the prisoner up the short stairs that conducted to the platform; Demeter followed.

Tobacco smoke streamed up in whirls from the banked faces that filled the hall from side to side, and floated in strata above the rows of heads. Lanigan peered sternly at the crowd through the haze.

"Here I am back! And I'm thanking the good saints for the few mouthfuls of fresh air I got outside, and the news I got, and for this here I found and fetched along. I need him. I was on a jury once, in a murder case, and they had the tool that done the job and the lawyers tagged it Exhibit A. This is it! He's got a name, but if I tried to say it it would cramp my jaws and hold my mouth open so long that I'd get assifixiated with this smoke. This is Bill the Bomber! Demeter, hold up the goods we found on him!"

The post adjutant obeyed the order.

"Now, Bill the Bomber," demanded Lanigan, "tell me and the bunch what's the big idea of the arsenal, in a peaceful American city?"

"Is it peaceful?" screamed the captive, at bay.

"There are soldiers marching with guns. There are men threatening and cursing! There are ——"

"Hold right on—right where you are! Are you naturalized?"

"No."

"Well, let me tell you, you red-gilled Bullshevist, that till you're a voting American citizen our private and personal and strictly family rows are none of your damn business! All American citizens kindly applaud!"

He was answered by cheers, stamping feet and clapping hands.

"Contrary minded?" he invited in the silence that followed.

"Hiss a few hisses, you snakes!" he urged. "Or show those red flags you're carrying in your pockets!"

There was no demonstration, either by act or word.

Lanigan pushed his captive to the rear of the platform and jolted him down into a chair behind which, on the wall, was draped a large United States flag.

"Set there and see if you can't absorb a little of the white and blue into your system, along with the red that's already there," counseled this patriot. "You're going to hear some man talk in a little while, and I hope 'twill do you good!"

A man in the audience rose to his feet when Lanigan marched back to the front of the rostrum.

"I am a voter here, yet I was born in another country. Vill you allow me to ask a question, Commander Lanigan?"

"Sure! But let's start even on names. What's yours?"

"Otto Weisner."

Lanigan made a grimace. "But even at that I'm going to keep my word, and I call on all present to back me up."

"See here!" bawled a voice from a far corner. "Let that Hun wait! How about your word to us in another matter? Where's the mayor of Marion?"

"The mayor of Marion is on his way to this hall." The soldier's face was set into a grim expression and deep ridges lined his jaws. "I gave you all once to-night his word to me that he'd stand up for us on Capitol Hill, whatever it is they're trying to put over. I got the hoot from you when I said it. You wouldn't take my word, and I just told him so. Now he's coming down here for himself! I say it. If some gent would like to hoot another hoot on that subject, will he kindly step up here and hoot?"

He doubled his fists.

There was no indication that anybody wanted to accept the invitation.

"Very well, then," proceeded Lanigan. "I'm in a soothing frame of mind myself, and I hope you're all soothed too. And so that we won't be wasting any time on a busy evening I'll state that the meeting is now open for that question, Mr. Weisner. Shoot!"

VI

COMMANDER LANIGAN had constituted himself the presiding officer of the assemblage that had been gathered under no special auspices and by no formal call. It was a flocking together of those uneasy persons who had been informing each other that they wanted to be shown. Mr. Lanigan's unconventional methods in the chair were tolerated because he had displayed much alacrity in putting the mob in the way of securing information from such high authority as the mayor of Marion.

Chairman Lanigan's compelling methods in pumping this extemporized time filler kept up the interest of the auditors, who had settled themselves to wait for Morrison.

"I belong to der Socialist Party," stated Weisner.

"We don't want no boche speeches!" warned a voice.

In his absorption in affairs Lanigan was still hanging onto the captured red necktie. He noted that fact and held the danger signal aloft.

"I don't approve of this color at this time," he remarked. "But when I have seen it waved in times past I have known that it meant a blast going off or a train coming on, and I have never taken foolish chances. Does the gent in the corner need any further instruction—or shall I come down there?"

Silence assured him, and again he ordered Mr. Weisner to ask his question.

The querist ceased from showing deference to the volunteer in the chair; Weisner turned his back on Lanigan and addressed all in hearing, shaking his fist over his head: "Who tells me dis vhat I don'd know? Does Karl Trimbach his seat haf in der State House vhere der Socialists haf elected him?"

"If he has been elected, sure he'll have his seat," declared Lanigan loyally. "That's the way we do things in this country! Why shouldn't he have his seat?"

"Den vhere—vhere is dot zertificate dot should show to Karl Trimbach dot he shall valk into der State House und sit on his seat? He don'd get it. Why don'd dey send it?"

Otto Weisner bellowed out his questions. He thrashed his arms wildly about him.

"This is no time to be starting anything, Weisner!

"Don't stand there and be a Dutch windmill—be an American citizen! Soothe yourself!"

Another gentleman rose. He was distinctly Hibernian. He wore an obtrusive ribbon knot of green, white and yellow.

"Lanigan, ye may not be able to reply satisfact'rily to the questions o' the sauerkrauters, but when I ask ye whether or not the Hon'rable Danyel O'Donnell, ripri-sint'thive-ilict, put in that high office be the votes o' the Marion pathrits of a free Ireland, takes his sate, what does the blood o' yer race say to me?"

Lanigan blinked and hesitated. He felt the sudden Celtic surging of a natural impulse to run with his kind, to swing the cudgel valiantly for the cause, and to ask questions after the shindy was over.

"You know the principles o' the

(Continued on Page 69)

"I Call on You, Sir, to Put Down Rebellion in Your Own Family! These Daughters of Ours Propose to Spirit Away This Young Gentleman"

STEEL

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XI

IT WAS Howard Gage's opinion, in keeping with Daniel's vigorously expressed attitude, that Major Moreland came too often to Bagatelle. He had, yet, said nothing to the elder about what he had seen at the pool; he was restrained by the fear of an unwarranted intrusion into what—Charlotte was altogether capable of informing him—was no affair of his. Dan, it appeared, was equally reluctant to force a situation the development of which, because of the largely unpredictable quality of Charlotte, he was unable to foresee.

"At first," he told Howard, "I wasn't at all certain that it was Charlotte; I thought Moreland might find it generally pleasant here. It was much more likely that he'd be infatuated by Sophie's beauty. But now there's no doubt—he is making his bow to the very young. I know Charlotte's exceptional for her age—I've already admitted my blame for that; and I must be specially careful not to let circumstances, my loss, tyrannize over her. The truth is that it shocks me to connect these things with my child so soon.

"Your marriage still lies in the future, but mine belongs to the past; it's complete, the last word can be said. Well, you know what it was. It isn't my purpose to go into that; what I want to say, about Charlotte or you either, is that marriage is a relationship which requires an enormous personal justification. As a state it's a pretty big order, and a good nine-tenths of you is very apt, sooner or later, to rebel. Then there's a break, open or hidden, but absolute in either case. To be happy, you see, a very small part of your devotion must be more powerful than all the rest. Strangely enough that's entirely possible. Call it what you like—love will do as well as anything—it exists in spite of contrary logic and mere utility. But without it

"Charlotte is very vividly alive, emotional; and there is the danger that she'll mistake her emotions for the other, the indispensable tenth. This will be clear to you when you realize how little, for example, Sophie's beauty forms the heart of your attachment."

"If those are your feelings," Howard replied, "I'd have him out of the way."

He spoke indifferently, not greatly interested in Dan's theories. Life, the elder protested, was not so easily arranged.

"I'll wait a while, anyhow. It may fall through naturally, without my interference or taking any chance of alienating Charlotte. And, indeed, without admitting the whole bag of possibilities, there's nothing to be said. His conduct's well enough."

Though fundamentally Howard was indifferent to Major Moreland's opinion, and he had determined never again to expose to casual discussion his deep beliefs about the war, he found it practically impossible to keep an intimation of disagreement from the barest acknowledgment of the other's assertions. Moreland was rabid in an Americanism that banished forever from the country the slightest accent of what he called the Prussian menace. He had been in favor of decimating the Empire, of answering atrocity with atrocity. A sentence of German learned in an American university, a bar of its music played on a platform, a dollar of its exports—he denounced with a bitterness impervious to argument.

"Everybody, Howard, is Against You, and You'd Better Reconcile Yourself to Being a Rich Successful Magnate"

"In England," Howard said, "they had some very good seasons of Wagner through the war. But I'll admit that hasn't much bearing on us. I had the devil of a time when we were brigaded with the British."

Moreland replied concisely:

"Many other things are better worth repeating, such as the spirit that bound the Allies into an invincible whole, and which we are perpetuating in the American Legion. It seems to me, Captain Gage, that you might be more solidly with us."

Howard corrected him cheerfully: "We've lost our rank. The habit of carrying that into private life is purely German; just as it is to organize military corps and cliques. The French understand that so completely. God save France!" he said gravely. They were in the drawing-room and he turned to Daniel, lost, as it was now usual with him, in troubled speculation. "You'd order a French regiment to assemble at noon on an advanced post, and that was enough. They would go off in little groups or pairs or singly, and scatter all over the place, stand by the roadside cutting off slices of bread with the loaves steadied against their bodies or stopping for half a liter of wine. But at noon every man would be in place in the line. Soldiers. The other troops were sent in locked columns."

"It comes to this," Moreland put in, "you are condemning our men."

Howard regarded him with a set face, notably ugly about the mouth and eyes.

"To be exact"—he spoke slowly—"I meant that the French were better disciplined. They knew the war in a way we could never hope to. Why not, since they paid for every atom of their knowledge? You said 'Allies,' but what you think is that no one except the Americans mattered, that the rest was kept as a setting, an opportunity, for us."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so intensely," Sophie objected. "But I must say, Howard, that I agree with Dudley. You do sound decidedly critical when everyone else is burning with enthusiasm. I'm certainly against studying German—all the girls at school thought it was a horrid language and detested the teacher."

A trace of heat was visible in Moreland's color and bearing as he pointedly changed the conversation. However, in a little while it reached the subjects of politics and industries at home. Here Moreland was insistent on drastic suppressions, wholesale deportations; and to their surprise Howard apparently supported him.

"We have what we deserve," he explained. "If the people are too damned lazy to watch the ballot boxes, and too indifferent to find out even what form of government they live under, they can't complain when they are exploited by a few capable interests and politicians. It's a part of our stupidity to think a rich man, a successful man, is dishonest. Our particular inferior sentimentality is always afraid of power. I don't know what socialism means, and I can't tell a Bolshevik from an ordinary Russian; but I understand enough to be against them. A lot of little men will never make a big one."

"You're right, of course," Daniel Gage unexpectedly remarked. "The slightest knowledge of manufacturing will prove that; all the second helpers in Pittsburgh wouldn't necessarily make a superintendent. That relationship must be thoroughly understood and maintained."

The subject shifted again, to the Welch Hunt, where annual races were soon to be held. Everyone here was, it developed, going to a breakfast before that event; even Daniel had been committed: and Moreland arranged to ride over with Charlotte.

"I hoped you'd be with me," her father said. "I'm able to get to these things so seldom."

Sophie observed that probably Charlotte was freer on horseback than in the motor; but magnanimously Moreland agreed to surrender his claim.

"It's what Charlotte pleases," Daniel Gage told him irritably. "We are capable of making our own plans."

"It would be better," Sophie arranged brightly, "for us to meet you at the Waylands'. Twelve-thirty, isn't it? By the door to the billiard room, Dudley."

XII

HOWARD drove with his family to the Waylands' through a countryside of sere rolling hills and woods from which the leaves were stripped. Not long ago it had

been a land of farms, of livings tilled from the soil and from the grazing in broad watered meadows. In the hollows back from the roads, marked perhaps by a group of pines or an avenue of maple trees, the farmhouses were still visible; but another spirit had come over the dwellings, the fields; though the character of the country had been skillfully preserved in exterior its purpose was basally different. There were now, in place of the farms, estates; the fences were no longer built of split rails or casual stone, but were orderly barriers of whitewashed board or set with cement posts. Paddocks everywhere held jumps for exercising and schooling hunters. The houses were enlarged with wings, and inclosed verandas held brilliant exotic hangings and plants and elaborately woven Eastern furniture.

Occasionally they passed a countryman, riding on a rough horse at a sharp trot to the farmers' breakfast spread yearly at the Welch Hunt; but for the most part they encountered automobiles—brightly painted low-hung cars, piratical in appearance and habit, and heavier foreign types in a multiplicity of elaborately padded bodies. There were, however, other riders than the farmers, to the majority of whom Charlotte spoke, not without a trace of resentment; girls of her own age, in tight breeches and flapping coat tails, their hair wound with black ribbon under flat derbies; young men in checks and vivid green waistcoats, and older men with the glaze on their boots very much like the glaze on their faces, reddened by exerted repletion. There was, too, a four-in-hand, a high clumsy vehicle rolling smartly along with the sharp clip-clip of the horses' hoofs, the driver buttoned into a fawn-colored carriage robe, a cluster of swaying women in fluttering veils, and a pair of grooms on the back, tightly incased in cord livery, their arms folded with a neat stoical disregard for the elements of safety and convenience, and countenances wiped bare of all expression.

It was a comparatively short drive to the Waylands', whose place lay above an industrial town and the clustered stacks from which their fortune had been gained. The deep lawn about the somber dignified house, the dwelling itself, the hedges and shrubbery and stables and subsidiary buildings—had been breathed upon by the impalpable influence of the furnaces and rolling mills, and drawn into a monotony of tone with the perpetual close-hanging smoke. Inside, the hall was already a restless stir of life and color. On the left, at the entrance to the drawing-room, Howard saw Mr. Wayland, almost the last of an older generation of American manufacturers, a deliberate, comfortable figure with closely trimmed silver side whiskers; and Mrs. Wayland in black silk, with the gold chains, the brooches and enameled bracelets of yesterday.

They were, Howard thought, remarkably like their house and utterly incongruous to the throng surging past them toward the buffet breakfast at the right. He had always liked the Wayland dwelling because of the serenity of its spacious rooms and high ceilings—the pervading atmosphere of an unlovely age transmuted by time into a melancholy harmony. He liked, too, the steel engravings heavily framed on the walls, the solid black-walnut furniture, the gilt and onyx and brocade of the parlor. The stair swept up, turning squarely to a balcony with a dark railing above; and the room where he left his outer coverings had a pattern of stained glass in the door to the bath, and English sporting prints with a bewildering array of horses and silk racing over rich expanses of emerald turf, sooty in the shadows.

He lingered, smoking a cigarette, suddenly reluctant to be plunged into the mob below, the feeling of an essential loneliness returning with an overpowering force; but finally, in the willful contradiction of this, he proceeded down in search of Dan and Sophie. He found the former at once, with a plate of scrambled eggs and sausage at a small table by the open fire in the hall. But Sophie, Daniel Gage said, had disappeared at once after their arrival; Charlotte was with a number of friends beyond.

"I'm no good at this any more," Howard declared, dropping into a window seat by the elder's side. The latter raised his eyebrows significantly. "I've told you my feeling about it, where you are concerned. Again and again, Howard, I'm tempted to repeat my offer to you and urge you to try it. Why not, for a couple of years at least?" Howard's expression hardened, but he made no reply, and it was evident that his companion restrained with difficulty his annoyance. "After all," he continued with an effort at justice, "it must be an effect of the war. When I first saw you I was delighted to have you back without any injury—as it were, whole; but now I am more doubtful. There are other accidents than those to an arm or leg. I don't mean to say that your condition is dangerous or permanent," he added more kindly; "but, for a fact, at present you're not normal. You seem to have no view at all of practical affairs, no interest in living. Your entire attitude is an expression of contempt for everything about you; a miserable state of mind. Sophie has even spoken of it, and I am forced to sympathize with her.

"I must tell you, too, that her feeling about the Gage Steel and Iron Works is surprisingly right. It never occurred to me that she had the slightest knowledge of it or gave it a thought. However, I suppose things will come round in the end, if it isn't put off too long. I need assistance, Howard—not paid labor or opinions, but in the spirit, the responsibility of the works. A new, younger Gage is necessary."

"Try the Nichols, in St. Louis," Howard suggested; "there's probably a promising young steel man among them."

Daniel Gage had thought of that, but he had deferred such an action in the hope that he, Howard ——

Howard showed a total boredom, and the other's anger was at the point of exploding when Charlotte took a place on the arm of his chair.

"Isn't it depressing without drinks?" she observed. "But I suppose you had some upstairs with Saxon Wayland. I can see that you've been bothering about the works again. Everybody, Howard, is against you, and you'd better reconcile yourself to being a rich successful magnate." She drew a hand affectionately across her father's brow. "Anyhow, I can't have you worrying Daniel so much."

"Where's Sophie?" Howard asked, rising.

"I've no idea. Didn't she say something about meeting Dudley by the billiard room?"

(Continued on Page 161)

"It Comes to This," Moreland Put In, "You are Condemning Our Men"

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 10, 1920

Rights and Duties

THERE is too much loose talk these days about the right to happiness, the right to share in all the supposedly good things of life, the right to strike, and other rights without end. Perhaps these rights exist, perhaps not. It is mostly a metaphysical question to be fought out by philosophers. Whole books have been written on the subject of whether man is or is not born with certain natural rights. But the really important question is whether good is accomplished by the intolerant, belligerent and violent assertion of these rights.

The idea that man is born with certain rights is largely a product of abstract thinking. That we have not only an "inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness," which the Declaration of Independence insisted upon, but a right to the actual provision of it by and possibly at the expense of our fellow citizens, is a pretty large order on the bank of providence. Men have rights to the extent that they contribute something. They create rights for themselves as they offer service in return.

Probably all do this to a certain extent, except perhaps the professional criminal classes. Nor must undeveloped possibilities be overlooked. The person of natural capacity and character may have great potential possibilities of service, and yet be untrained and useless. We can all agree that such a person has the right to education and equal opportunity.

Rights are relative; they depend upon the rights of other individuals, of other groups and classes. Also they carry with them corresponding duties and responsibilities. The more rights an individual or a group demands and succeeds in establishing, the more service is sure to be expected, and properly expected, in return. The man who insists upon the sanctity of his own property must be overscrupulous in respecting the rights of other property. The employer who feels entitled to any profit he can get must put on the soft pedal when it comes to criticizing workers for demanding large wages.

A constant or noisy assertion of one's rights may be necessary at times and is surely justified in the face of injustice, autocracy and oppression. Thrusting one's rights into the foreground is essentially a fighting program and warranted when a fight is necessary. So far as labor demands its rights instead of benevolence, or even consideration, it can expect public approval. But when the howl for rights reaches the stage of mere arrogant unreasoning greed that is blind to all consequences, the public is sure to condemn. There is an ever-present danger to the public safety, to the general good, in what a shrewd observer has called "The illusion of each class—commercial, banking, manufacturing, wage earning—that what is for its particular interest is, in a peculiar manner, for the general interest, so much so as to justify favoring legislation or special exemption from the general law, or even sheer lawlessness."

To be specific, there are certain rights which are now being loudly asserted in industry. Employees place the emphasis on the right of wage earners to bargain collectively, and employers place the emphasis on the right of employers to bargain or refuse to bargain at their discretion.

The second industrial conference called by the President pointed out sensibly "that the matter is not advanced materially by the assertion of the right, on the one side, to bargain collectively, or, on the other side, of the right to refuse to bargain collectively; as abstract rights both undoubtedly exist. The real question, however, is whether, as a matter of policy, better relationships between employers and employees will be promoted, and a more effective industrial organization for the nation will be brought about, if a system of collective bargaining is adopted."

Then there is the right to strike. To prohibit men from striking is said by trade-union leaders to be involuntary servitude. In the strike the workers have one final argument to use when all other measures fail to secure justice. To deprive them arbitrarily of such a right is a serious step indeed. As Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor has said: "Relinquishment of the right to strike must not be exacted, it must be paid for in tenure, elevation of occupation, wages and pensions—the price the public has to pay for stability in essential institutions."

But we cannot stop here. Strikes may, in some cases probably do, become so disastrous, so strictly the product of ignorant and insolent class illusions, that all the citizens not involved in the immediate dispute are compelled in self-defense to combine against too free and easy a resort to them.

In the main the so-called general public not involved in any particular dispute between employees and employers usually feels and expresses a sympathy for the aims of labor. The public should wish to see and rather inarticulately expresses its wish for a steady gain on the part of the laborer. So far as the action of organized labor in the use of the strike goes to secure a real equality in competitive bargaining between the employer and employed there is approval from right-minded people.

Nor has such equality been everywhere obtained as yet on behalf of the worker. But when the strike is used to dictate terms absolutely to the employers or to force wages to a point where the public is merely gouged through higher prices, what may have been once a right becomes merely an abuse of power.

This country is not ready yet to be ruled by a monopoly in the hands of labor unions any more than it relishes a monopoly on the part of corporations. Greed, arrogance and violence carry their own stench, from whatever source they come.

Two Young Men

"I HAVE been in business only a few months and have only two assistants thus far," said a professor who had left the academic shades of university teaching and research to take a responsible position with a great corporation, "but I have already discovered that the two young men who work for me represent two distinct and separate types. One is always looking ahead for opportunities, for openings in our business into which he can rush. The second is always criticizing and objecting to the company and its policies. He says that big corporations have no souls and that the company can come and find him; he will not go out of his way to show them. I am not certain that the first young man is always as agreeable as he might be in looking for opportunities. It is obvious all the time that he is thinking of his own advancement in pushing forward the fortunes of his employer. But, of course, it goes without saying that the first will get ahead and that the second will not."

It is an old story that success in life demands its share of sacrifice of time, strength and leisure if one is to give out the requisite amount of work, enthusiasm, loyalty and initiative.

We know that the successes of to-day all go back to deucedly hard work, not to mention enthusiasm and loyalty on some single individual's part in the past. There are several hundred thousand successful business enterprises in the country to-day. Dig into any one of them or all of them, and you will find that the founder never indulged in halfway or lukewarm effort. They were men who fearlessly went wherever opportunity beckoned. They did not remain in New York, by way of example, on miserly salaries just because there were more shows to attend, rather than go to far-off and uninviting parts without theaters but affording larger pay, ample opportunity to prove what they could do, and a chance to attract the attention of their superiors. It is a safe prediction that the future will need just as much eager joy and pride in accomplishment as demanded by the past. Certainly if the founders of the industries of to-day had not been spurred on by ambition and willingness to work hard we should not have our present large stock of comforts and luxuries.

Economic Laws

AN UNFAILING subject for humorous comment is furnished by the body of so-called economic laws. Especially since the war brought so much unsettlement into the world, the wisdom of economics and economists has seemed to be at discount. Many laws and wise sayings appear to have but little application to the rapidly moving panorama of events. But let us not be too hasty. It may yet develop that we are rushing round in circles partly because we fail to recognize these old friends and fail to take our reckoning by them.

Consider that well-known means of entertainment, the movie. A few years ago it looked as if the stars would eat up the business. Most of them were dissatisfied, if we could believe the press reports, unless their salaries were ten thousand dollars a week or more. A few are supposed to have received twice that sum. These astounding rewards are still being won to a large extent by the stars, but the business is shifting rapidly away from exclusive reliance upon a few noted actors and actresses. The enormous salaries which managers were compelled to pay have taught them to substitute improved technic of production for an exclusive reliance upon stars. Formerly they depended almost entirely upon stars to make a picture good. Now the art, the science, the business of production has become more efficient. The stars cannot be wholly dispensed with as yet, and perhaps never; but literally, and figuratively also, they are no longer the whole show.

But is there anything in this shift which is strange to the operations of supply and demand? Do not enormous profits and princely salaries carry with them their own ultimate undoing? Not only are managers learning to make successful pictures without stars but the widespread advertisement given to the salaries of these headliners has naturally attracted every available candidate into the field. When the Cuban sugar planter makes four or five times as big a profit as formerly, is it not wholly probable that great numbers of new producers will get into the game?

There is no implication here that supply catches up with demand or that cheaper processes take the place of absurdly expensive ones in a fashion that always involves perfect justice. While sugar production is catching up with demand the profiteer has a generous interval in which to reap his evil harvest. While the motion-picture business is settling down a few fortunate and no doubt gifted persons become rich, not perhaps altogether beyond their deserts but certainly to a degree that is grotesque and perhaps in excess of their permanent contribution to society. Expediency born of the necessity of immediate justice may require a sharp interference with the working out of these economic laws. But it is a foolish, shallow and ill-advised generation that fails to include in its program of reform a fairly accurate knowledge of what the laws of economics have in their power to teach.

Our Law Against Thrift

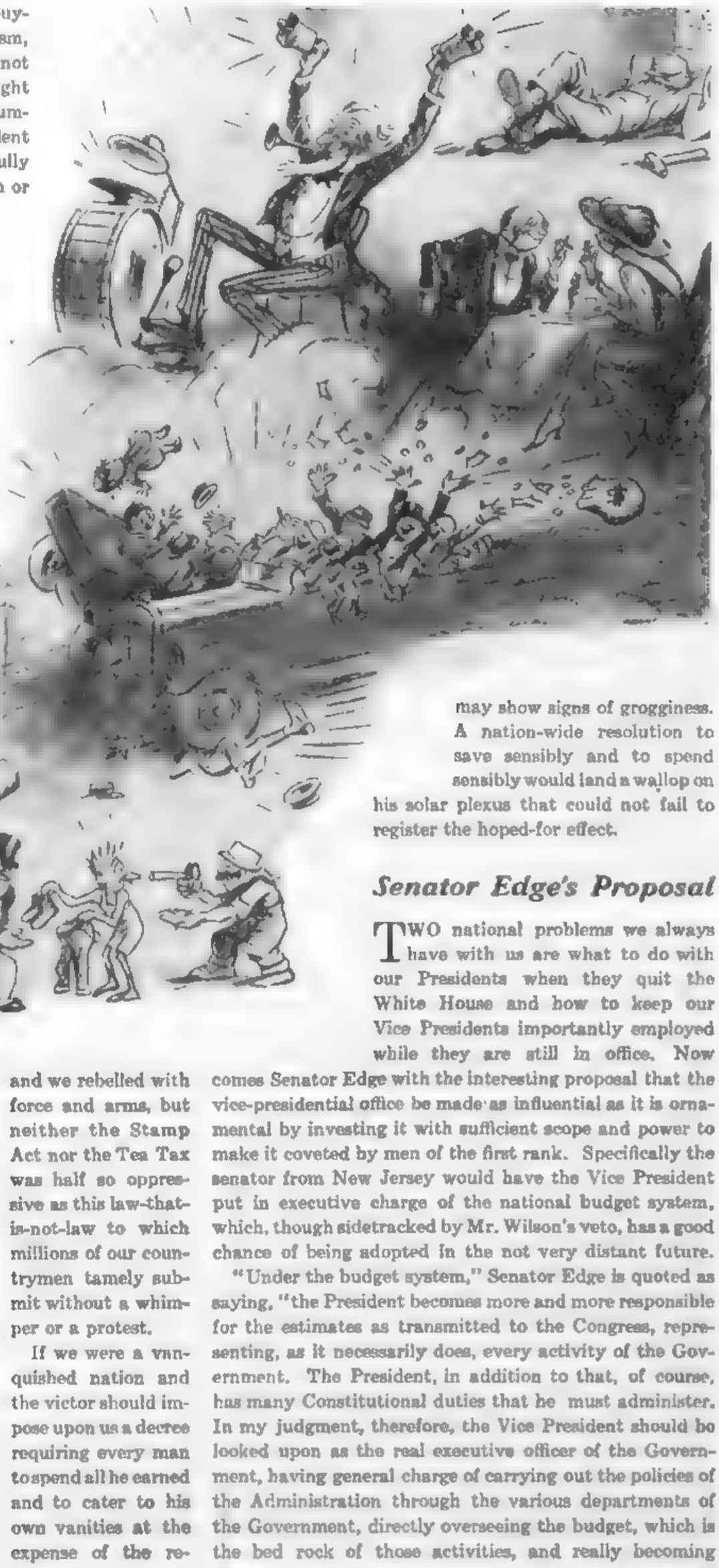
SOME of the benefits of wealth are paradoxical. Presumably the chief advantage of a large income is the power it confers to indulge freely in the good things of life that money will buy, but it is none the less true that a man who is known to be rich is subjected to much less pressure from neighborhood opinion to spend for mere show than the man who is suspected of being poor. A man of known and obvious wealth deservedly forfeits common respect if he gains a reputation for being niggardly in his charities, but there are few to cast up against him the simplicity of his domestic life.

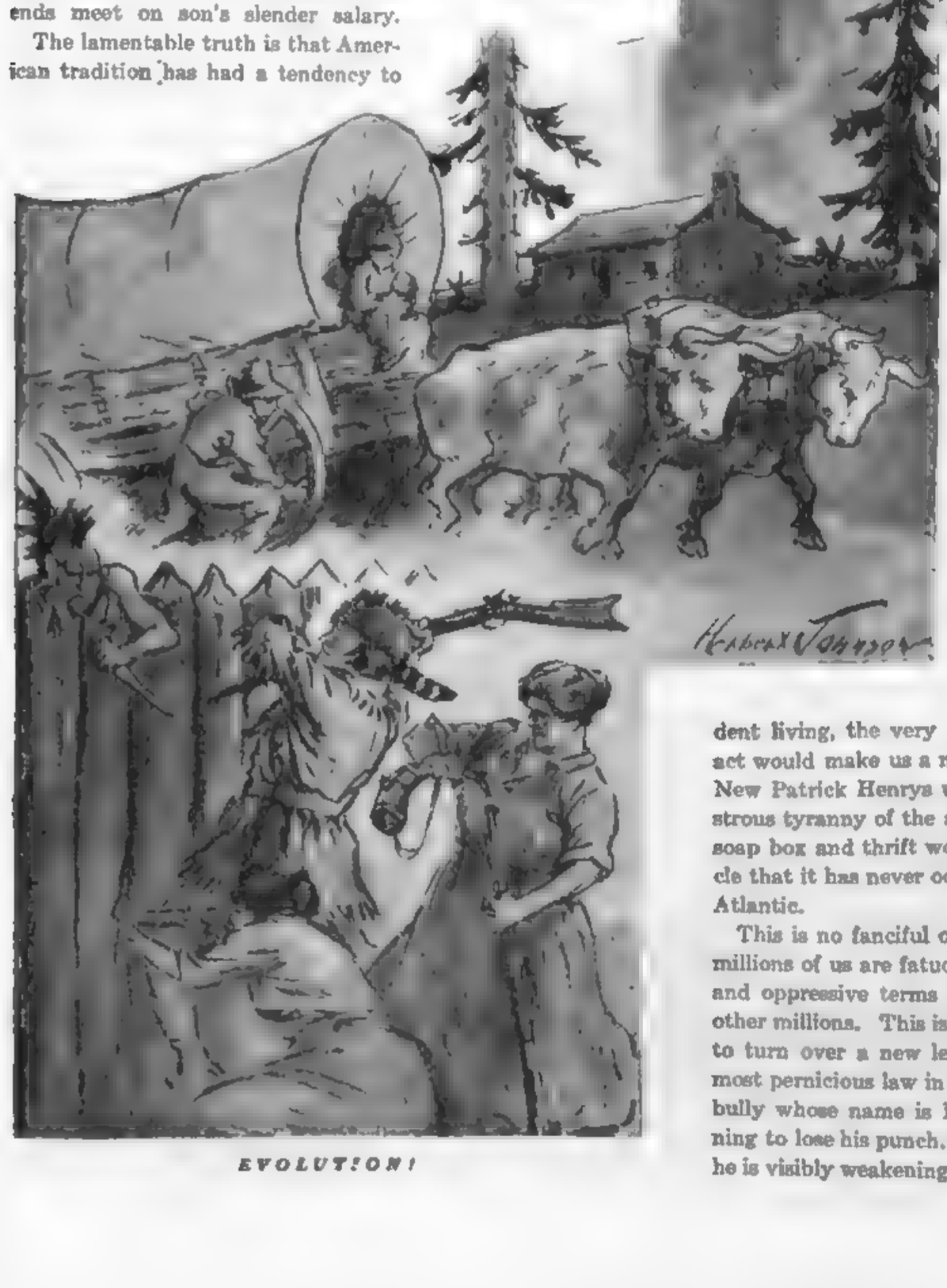
The head of the house may wear trousers that balloon at the knees and an overcoat that has begun to turn green along its seams, and no one except his tailor will think the worse of him; but his youngest salesman would not set foot in the office so shabbily dressed. The Old Man's wife wears synthetic pearls, and gets away with it; but the office manager's bride must have real jewels or none at all. The wife of the boss is as pleased as a half-scraped carrot if she can pick up a smart hat at a department-store basement sale, though his stenographer would scarcely care to run the risk of being caught in the act of pricing such plebeian merchandise. And so it comes to pass that persons of small means, through fear of what their neighbors may say, deny themselves a prerogative that the prosperous and affluent are glad to exercise Those who skate on the thinnest financial ice are often ashamed to practice, even in private, the economies that the rich make their public boast.

Worldly-wise mothers rarely regret seeing their boys marry the daughters of well-to-do families. Such girls, they reason, have been brought up to know the value of money; to have a clean-cut notion of just what a dollar ought to buy, whether in food, clothing or articles of household utility or personal adornment. It is fortunate, they argue, that the bride-to-be should have learned these lessons at home, instead of being obliged to get the same knowledge by her misdirected attempts to make both ends meet on son's slender salary.

The lamentable truth is that American tradition has had a tendency to attach a certain odium to careful buying. Judging by common criticism, the disgrace of penny pinching lies not in the act itself, or even in being caught at it, but in yielding to the circumstances that make the practice prudent or necessary. Let a man buy carefully or sparingly because it is his whim or his hobby, and no one criticizes him. Let him do so because high prices, family obligations and a limited income compel him to, and he is likely to lose what little caste he has.

This is one of the preposterous unwritten laws by which millions of us Americans are tyrannically governed to the very verge of enslavement. Somehow we have never had the grit and the good sense to repeal it or to ignore it. German George III and his Tory supporters loaded us with unjust and intolerable burdens





EVOLUTION!

and we rebelled with force and arms, but neither the Stamp Act nor the Tea Tax was half so oppressive as this law-that-is-not-law to which millions of our countrymen tamely submit without a whimper or a protest.

If we were a vanquished nation and the victor should impose upon us a decree requiring every man to spend all he earned and to cater to his own vanities at the expense of the requirements of prudent living, the very publication of the odious act would make us a nation of savers overnight. New Patrick Henrys would denounce the monstrous tyranny of the statute from every empty soap box and thrift would be set upon a pinnacle that it has never occupied on this side of the Atlantic.

This is no fanciful overstatement; yet to-day millions of us are fatuously forcing these ruinous and oppressive terms upon ourselves and upon other millions. This is the year of years in which to turn over a new leaf and do away with this most pernicious law in our unwritten code. The bully whose name is High Prices is just beginning to lose his punch. He can still hit hard, but he is visibly weakening. Before the snow flies he may show signs of grogginess. A nation-wide resolution to save sensibly and to spend sensibly would land a wallop on his solar plexus that could not fail to register the hoped-for effect.

Senator Edge's Proposal

TWO national problems we always have with us are what to do with our Presidents when they quit the White House and how to keep our Vice Presidents importantly employed while they are still in office. Now comes Senator Edge with the interesting proposal that the vice-presidential office be made as influential as it is ornamental by investing it with sufficient scope and power to make it coveted by men of the first rank. Specifically the senator from New Jersey would have the Vice President put in executive charge of the national budget system, which, though sidetracked by Mr. Wilson's veto, has a good chance of being adopted in the not very distant future.

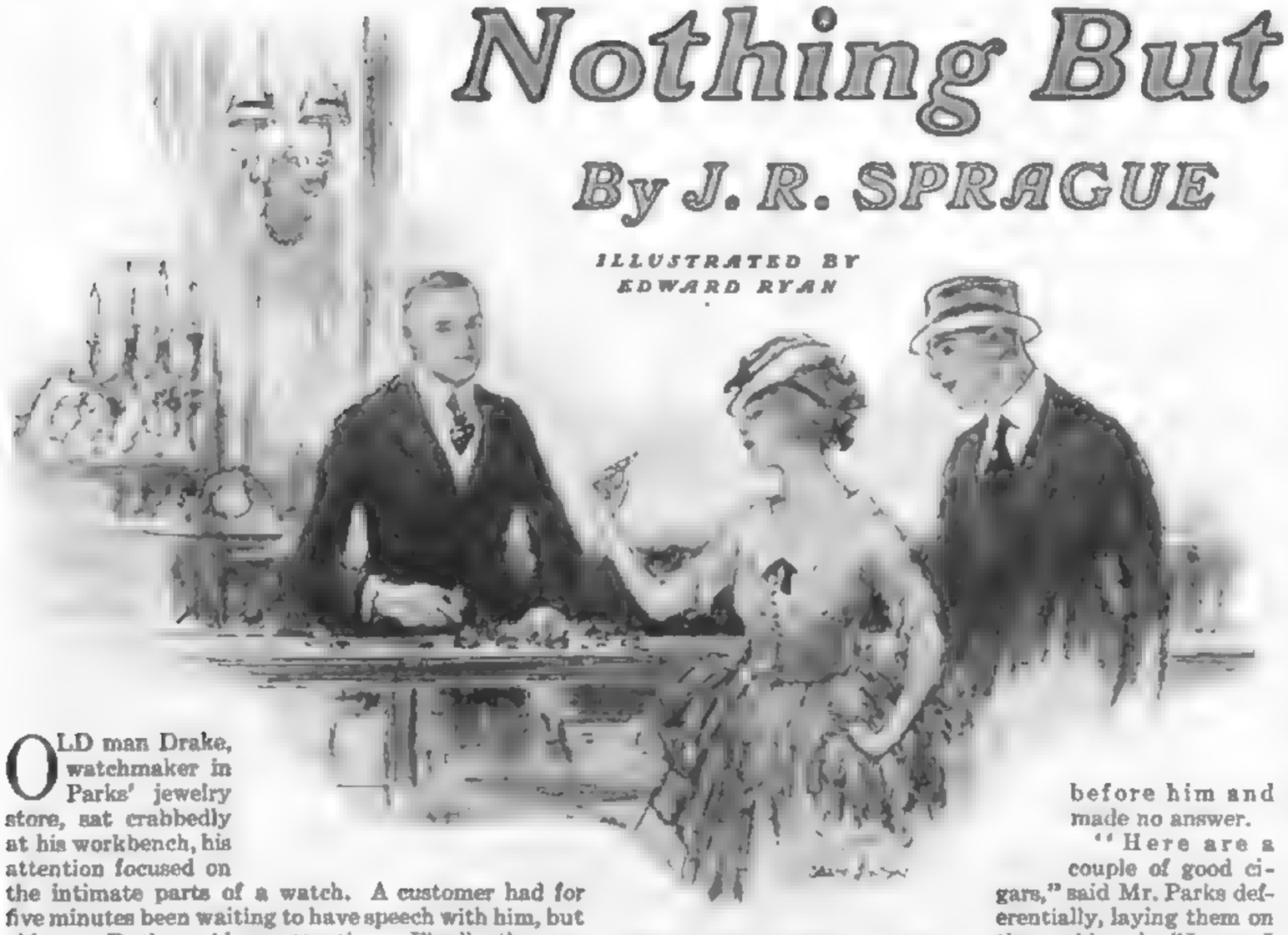
"Under the budget system," Senator Edge is quoted as saying, "the President becomes more and more responsible for the estimates as transmitted to the Congress, representing, as it necessarily does, every activity of the Government. The President, in addition to that, of course, has many Constitutional duties that he must administer. In my judgment, therefore, the Vice President should be looked upon as the real executive officer of the Government, having general charge of carrying out the policies of the Administration through the various departments of the Government, directly overseeing the budget, which is the bed rock of those activities, and really becoming what a chief of staff, executive officer or vice president in any successful corporation in the world would be."

Whether or not the direct overseer of the budget should change with every Administration or be a permanent officer of the Government is not a matter for snap judgment; but it cannot be denied that in its larger aspects the New Jersey senator's idea has much to commend it. There are bound to be occasions—and during the past few years such occasions have been especially numerous—when the routine business of carrying on the Government must give way to emergency calls and be slighted or left undone. The most robust of our Presidents are not immune from accident, indisposition or prolonged illness; and our present system is wrong in that such untoward circumstances have it in their power to halt the nation's business or make it slacken pace. The executive power should never sleep or be unready for instant functioning.

Nothing But Business

By J. R. SPRAGUE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN



"It's a Perfect Dream! I Could Just Die With That Ring on My Finger"

OLD man Drake, watchmaker in Parks' jewelry store, sat crabbedly at his workbench, his attention focused on the intimate parts of a watch. A customer had for five minutes been waiting to have speech with him, but old man Drake paid no attention. Finally the customer rapped sharply on the counter.

"Can't I get waited on here?" he asked irritably.

Old man Drake slowly turned his head and regarded the customer stonily through his little black eyeglass.

"Yes, you can get waited on all right," he said; "that is, if you ain't in too much of a hurry."

Then he deliberately turned his attention back to his repair work.

The business relationship thus established was not cordial. The customer's voice took on a disagreeable note.

"I left my watch here last week to be repaired," he said. "I am in a hurry and I want to get it."

Old man Drake glanced briefly up at the army of watches hanging on his repair rack. Then without bothering to look at the customer he said tonelessly: "It ain't ready."

By this time the customer's basest instincts were roused. He thumped on the counter and violently told old man Drake what he thought about watchmakers who had no manners and who did not have people's watches ready when promised. He demanded to have his timepiece on the instant so that he might take it to some other place where they knew how to treat customers decently.

Old man Drake always welcomed a good row. He got the customer's watch down from the repair rack and slammed it on the counter.

"I guess you had better take it to some of these blacksmiths round here who think they are watchmakers!" he said hotly. "It's nothing but a seven-jeweled old biscuit anyhow."

The sound of strife reached the ears of the proprietor, Henry Parks, busy on his books at the rear of the store. Hastily dropping his work Mr. Parks flung himself forward to act as peacemaker. He got the customer's arm in a friendly grasp and led him gently away from the scene of conflict, confiding to him that first-class watchmakers are often temperamental and must not be hurried too much. It was a tribute to the young merchant's pleasant personality that the customer's indignation subsided and he left the store promising to wait a few days longer for his repairing.

According to all rules of business there should have followed a severe session with old man Drake. That representative of the downtrodden mechanic class sat aggressively at his workbench, breathing heavily from the last encounter, but ready to carry on with anyone else. It needed only a word of disapproval from his employer to make him begin packing up his tools and quit his job.

Henry Parks did not say the word. He sighed as he thought of the thousands of young men throughout the country who prefer to learn to fix automobiles instead of watches, thus making it necessary for many jewelry-store proprietors to treat expert watchmakers like prima donnas. He sauntered back to old man Drake's cage and said sympathetically that customers ought to be more reasonable about giving a man time enough to fix their watches properly.

Old man Drake stubbornly focused his little black eyeglass on a tiny 'scape-wheel pinion that lay on his bench before him and made no answer.

"Here are a couple of good cigars," said Mr. Parks deferentially, laying them on the workbench; "I guess I am smoking too much, and so I'll get you to smoke these for me."

Old man Drake busied himself fitting the 'scape-wheel pinion into his lathe to keep from making a regular reply. He did, however, grunt slightly, and thus encouraged Mr. Parks proceeded.

"Oh, yes," he said cheerfully; "that customer agreed to give us a little longer on his watch. I sort of promised we would have it ready to-morrow. You can do it, can't you?"

Old man Drake would not go so far as to lift his eyes from his lathe, but he gave in.

"All right," he said gloomily.

Henry Parks went back to his own work, victorious, but thinking how pleasant it would be if he could afford to pound with clenched fist on old man Drake's workbench and coarsely tell him to pack up his tools and get out.

Parks' jewelry store occupied the most prominent corner in the city, where the two principal lines of street cars crossed, and where all day long a traffic officer manipulated his red and green signs to start or hold back the long processions of automobiles. Real-estate men often brought moneyed strangers to that particular corner to show them how much like New York a city of a hundred thousand population could really look. There was always an interested crowd before the jewelry-store window, comparing their watches with the chronometer, looking at the goods displayed, or using the big plate-glass window as a faint mirror to see how they appeared to others.

Henry Parks, standing tall and well dressed behind his diamond counter, looked a picture of easy prosperity; at thirty-two he had been a merchant more than five years and was generally regarded as a coming man. But he was having his troubles. Crowds on the sidewalk always mean high rent, but do not necessarily mean money in the cash drawer. There were notes falling due at the bank and past-due accounts with his manufacturers; that very morning he had been obliged to turn down a draft made by an impatient wholesaler. He was fighting hard to keep his head above water.

As Henry Parks stood thinking of his troubles a young man and girl disengaged themselves from the crowd outside and came into the store looking like ready money; Mr. Parks went hopefully forward to wait on them. The young man wore a ready-made suit, but a four-dollar knit tie; a fountain pen sticking out of his vest pocket suggested that he was an office man. The outstanding characteristics of the lady were a pretty complexion and a flat round hat that looked exactly like a pancake, worn jauntily over one ear. Her chin was perhaps a shade too sharp for perfect beauty.

"We want to look at some diamond rings," said the young man bravely.

"Something suitable for engagement purposes?" suggested the jeweler pleasantly.

The young man and lady looked at each other and laughed, delighted to have been found out.

Henry Parks sought some clew to guide his salesmanship; it will not do to come right out and baldly ask a young lover how much he wants to spend for an engagement ring when the lady herself is present. Mr. Parks ran quickly over the evidence in the case. The young man probably had a pretty good office job; his clothes and general appearance denoted it. Probable salary, a hundred and fifty a month. In white-collar circles the ethical amount to spend on the engagement ring is one month's pay. Certainly the young lady in the pancake hat was not one who would be satisfied with less. Parks reached down in the show case and set a ring in its little velvet box out for inspection.

"Here is a pretty one," he said. "The price is a hundred and fifty dollars."

It was a good guess. The young man was interested at once. He took the ring out of its velvet box and slipped it on the lady's finger, gayly demanding to know if she didn't think it a beauty.

She looked at it thoughtfully, holding it at arm's length and waggling her fingers to get the sparkle.

"Oh, yes, it's pretty enough for a small stone," she said. "Let's see some others."

Henry Parks got out other rings at the same price, and the young man tried them on the lady's finger one after the other, looking pathetically into her face for some sign of approval.

But she did not warm up. She would look coldly at each ring as it was placed on her finger; then she would silently take it off, put it in its velvet box and push it back across the counter as though she never wanted to see it again. Her chin seemed to be growing imperceptibly sharper. One ring which had a platinum setting she considered a little longer than the others.

(Continued on Page 32)

"Then You Admit That You Can't Pay? You Deliberately Bought Valuable Merchandise on the Mere Chance That You Might Get the Money Before the Bills Fell Due?"

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Summer belongs to women too!

In summer the wise housekeeper eases up her work indoors. She takes advantage of every short cut to enjoy her vacation. One of her big helps is Campbell's. With a case of Campbell's Beans in her pantry, she serves many a meal easily, quickly and to everybody's satisfaction. Campbell's are famous for one reason—because they are good.

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

"This is rather pretty," she said lightly, "but it doesn't fit my finger."

Mr. Parks hastened to tell her that it would be a trifling matter to cut it down to her size. He offered to have it done while she waited. The young man said earnestly that he had often seen a ring made smaller, and it didn't amount to anything.

But she took off the platinum-set ring and pushed it back among the others.

"I wouldn't think of having a ring that had been made smaller," she said. "It's unlucky."

Then the young lady moved along in front of the show case in a discontented sort of way, looking at the goods displayed. Her attention was drawn to a ring in a fancy setting, the diamond larger than those already shown her.

"That's a pretty ring," she said, pointing to it. "Let me try it on, please."

The jeweler set the ring out for her inspection. The young man winced as he noticed the price; it was marked in plain figures on the tag: $400.

This time she did not lack cheerfulness as she waggled her fingers to get the sparkle.

"It's a perfect dream!" she said enthusiastically. "I could just die with that ring on my finger."

The young man was in a bad fix.

Henry Parks tried to help him out by saying it was of course a very nice ring, but the diamond was really not quite so good a quality as some of the smaller ones she had already looked at. The young man said earnestly he thought it was good taste to have a small stone that was blue-white and perfect.

The young lady's chin became decidedly sharp, as she plumped the four-hundred-dollar ring down on the show case.

"You can buy any ring you please," she said bitterly. "It makes no difference to me."

Then she walked away two or three steps toward the door, where she stood with her back to her fiancé, looking gloomily out at the passing throng.

The young man regarded her helplessly for a moment or two; then he went to her and began to talk earnestly. Henry Parks could not hear what he was saying, but presently the young lady spoke up in an exasperated voice.

"We ought to have gone to Lampsons' in the first place," she said. "They keep the best assortment anyhow."

The young man turned and spoke to Henry Parks.

"It Ain't Nothing But Business," He Said Tersely. "Just Business, That's All"

"Probably we will come back," he said apologetically, "but I guess we will look at Lampson Brothers' before we buy."

Henry Parks looked regretfully after the young man as he went out of the doorway, his coat buttoned tightly over his hundred and fifty dollars, heading up the street toward Lampson Brothers' big jewelry store. Every day people said they would probably come back, but they seldom did. Lampsons' swallowed them up. The public likes to buy where it can see big assortments. Where Henry Parks could show a prospective customer half a dozen platinum wrist watches, Lampsons' would have fifty, all decorated up with diamonds, emeralds and sapphires. No sooner would Parks put a silver tea set in his show window than Lampsons' window trimmer would see it and make a display of twenty tea sets. Henry Parks was being slowly crushed by the power of merchandise. His hard work and salesmanship could not make up for lack of capital. Lampson Brothers had prospered because of their connection with Jonas Abeles, the big New York diamond importer. It was a proverb in the trade that old Jonas Abeles' customers were successes. His methods were simple. He backed only one retailer in any community; if this retailer needed a hundred thousand dollars' worth of merchandise to make him the leading jeweler in his city he could get it from Abeles and pay the bills whenever he got the money.

Nevertheless, old Jonas Abeles was temperamental; he insisted that his customers treat him as well as he treated them. He had once closed one of his best accounts because the retailer had taken a six-dollar discount to which he was not fairly entitled; a telegram sent collect when it should be prepaid was like a red flag to Jonas Abeles. But the sky was the limit for any customer who observed the rules.

It was no wonder that Henry Parks found it a hopeless job to fight against the competition of Lampsons' big establishment, which had the backing of old Jonas Abeles' twenty millions of dollars.

Twelve years before, Henry Parks, a country boy, had come to the city to learn the watchmaking trade. Having learned it he opened a little store on a side street. His entire stock in trade consisted of a couple of dozen alarm clocks and enough jewelry to fill sparsely a single eight-foot show case. His workbench was at the front window, where he sat all day repairing watches when there were no customers to be waited on. There was nothing remarkable about this little store on the side street except its proprietor; he could be cordial to customers even though engaged on mechanical work. People who had been rebuffed by preoccupied bank tellers, garage men or hotel clerks, were happily surprised when Henry Parks would get up promptly and cheerfully from his work to wait on them. It was not long before he had a profitable business on a modest side-street scale.

Then he had fallen in love with Mary Talbot; her family was of the professional class. Henry Parks had felt a foolish shame in asking a girl like Mary Talbot to marry a little storekeeper on a side street who sat at the workbench and fixed watches when there were no customers to be waited on. So he did the unwise thing that so many men have done before—he expanded his business before he had enough capital.

It is so easy to figure on paper that expenses don't amount to anything if you do the business. The corner location in the high-rent district was to let, and Parks leased it at a price ten times greater than he paid on the easy-going side street. He engaged repairmen, salesmen and a bookkeeper, where before he had personally performed all these functions. He went into debt for the attractive merchandise which filled the pretty show windows and cases. On the occasion of his formal opening, with an orchestra playing all day and souvenirs for each visitor, both newspapers alluded to Henry Parks as one of the city's successful and enterprising business men.

He and Mary Talbot were married. Henry Parks felt a happy pride in his cultivated wife and his position as one of the city's leading merchants. But six months after he had entered the leading-merchant class he knew that he was up against financial trouble. People do not suddenly change their habits of buying because someone opens a new store on Main Street.

Parks fought hard, but his bank balance could never keep up with the accounts due and payable. For two years he had kept afloat by main strength, hoping to make his way to solid ground. Given time he knew he could win out; meanwhile he financed himself the best he could.

He might have had a chance if his chief creditor had not been Bailey & Jacobs, Inc. At first, when his prospects were brightest, nothing could have been pleasanter than Bailey & Jacobs' attitude. They inclosed cordial little notes with their monthly statements; at Christmas they sent a big box of cigars; they invariably prepaid the charges on express shipments. But things were different when Parks began to be a little slow in his payments. All cordiality vanished from their correspondence; every time he got a letter from them he felt like a criminal. His ears still tingled whenever he recalled the letter they had written on one recent occasion when he had suggested that he would like to renew a note.

It was half an hour after the young lady in the pancake hat had led her fiancé up the street toward his big competitors' that Henry Parks looked up to see three well-dressed men enter his doorway. He went hopefully forward to wait on them. All three men were smiling ingratiatingly, and one of them carried a tightly rolled sheaf of papers. Hope faded from the jeweler's eyes. Strangers who mean to spend money do not smile when they enter a store; spending hard-earned money is too serious a business for that. The tightly rolled sheaf of papers alone was enough to warn any experienced merchant. Mr. Parks glanced round to see if it were still possible to effect an escape by the back door, but it was too late. The three well-dressed men were up on him.

(Continued on Page 34)

Then He Had Fallen in Love With Mary Talbot

En Route with Robt. Burns

AS the conductor works his way on down the aisle, a-punching tickets and inhaling the aroma of *full Havana filler*, he begins to think the whole "braw" clan of Robt. Burns is off for mountain, woods or seashore, as the case may be.

And he is right. More men are smoking Robt. Burns today than ever. Somehow, they find his fine Havana flavor mighty friendly.

Full Havana filler gives Robt. Burns fine flavor. Special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. His neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

Robt. Burns' adherence to such high standards explains why experienced dealers seldom try to palm off substitutes on customers who ask for Robt. Burns.

General Cigar Co., INC.

DEPENDABLE CIGARS
119 West 40th Street, New York City

Robt. Burns Cigar

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY*?

ROBT. BURNS
Longfellow (actual size)
Foil-wrapped
15c
Box of 50—$7.00

(Continued from Page 32)

"We are speaking to the proprietor?" the spokesman questioned.

Mr. Parks was tempted to reply that they were speaking to the porter and that the proprietor was away on a three months' vacation, but appearances were against him. He admitted his identity.

The spokesman shook the jeweler's hand heartily, introducing himself and his two friends. The man with the sheaf of papers spread them out on the show case.

"This committee has called on you," said the spokesman impressively, "to give you an opportunity to get some splendid publicity. We are selling advertising space in a little program here——"

Mr. Parks broke in hastily.

"I'm not doing any advertising now," he said.

"Maybe you're not doing any ordinary advertising," the spokesman countered, "but when we show you our proposition you can't help liking it. We are going to print more than a thousand copies."

Parks looking round for relief saw a colored girl enter the front door.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said politely, "but I am really not interested in advertising. And here is a lady I must attend to. Good day."

He went to wait on the customer. The committee did not move.

The colored girl wished to look at some nice earrings if same might be had for about twenty-five cents. There were no earrings in stock at that figure, but Mr. Parks waited on her cordially. If he could hold her long enough the committee would surely get tired of waiting. The colored girl tried to get away when she learned that the cheapest earrings were fifteen dollars, but the jeweler held her by the power of his will. The committee waited.

After ten minutes the colored girl stated positively that she must be going, but Mr. Parks suggested hastily that she might be interested in some of the new things in cut glass. A nice jewel case, for instance. After that, as the committee still waited, he showed her some amethyst rings and gentlemen's watch chains.

It was no use; the committee stuck. Parks released his customer and went to take his medicine. The spokesman of the committee went right on from where he had left off.

"This program we are getting out," he said, "is for the benefit of our lodge. We are going to have a minstrel show next week to raise money to send our delegation to the big convention out in California this summer. We expect to sell every seat in the Opera House for the minstrel show. You should really have a full page in the program."

"Here are a couple of tickets, too," said one of the other committeemen enthusiastically, "only two dollars apiece besides the war tax."

"No, gentlemen," said Parks courteously but firmly, "I can't afford an ad in your program now. Business is too dull."

"It is your duty as a citizen to advertise in our program," said the spokesman severely. "Our delegation is going to the convention all dressed in white uniforms and taking a band along. Just think of the publicity it will give this community when our delegation of forty men marches round the streets out there during the convention! Every man will wear a hatband with the name of our city printed on it. Publicity like that can't be bought. People from all over the country will see them and want to come here to live. Now an ad in this program——"

Mr. Parks reflected that a hundred other communities would be represented by marching men with hatbands and making just as much noise as the local delegation, but he didn't want to throw cold water on such optimism.

"Really, I can't afford an ad," he said.

"You can't afford not to advertise in our program," retorted the committeeman with the sheaf of papers heatedly. "Maybe you don't know that our local lodge has more than four hundred members. We patronize those who patronize us. Fair play is our motto. I know one of our members right now who is thinking about buying a gold watch and chain. He will probably buy it at Lampsons' because they have just signed up for a full-page ad."

Henry Parks weakened a little. It is hard to see business going to a competitor.

"How much does a full-page ad cost?" he asked.

"Only a hundred dollars," said the three committeemen in unison.

The jeweler reflected that a hundred dollars would be a lot of money to pay, even for the sale of a gold watch and chain. But the ill will of several hundred members was a serious matter.

The committee finally solved the problem for him. After a short consultation one of them spoke up.

"We've decided to let you off with a half page," he said. "Just sign this blank and let us have a check for the fifty dollars."

The committee went out with his check, leaving Henry Parks in that unhappy frame of mind which always follows the investment of money in a debatable proposition. Fifty dollars might have softened the feelings of some creditor. He knew he had done a foolish thing and he felt relieved when his regretful thoughts were interrupted by the approach of customers.

They were two pretty girls of the débutante class, who signified their desire to look at some wrist watches.

Parks reflected that the trade of pretty débutantes was not to be taken very seriously in the jewelry business. As a rule their personal property is all out of proportion to their cash holdings. A star-sapphire little-finger ring or a platinum lavallière on a pretty girl did not signify that she ever had the money to buy such things herself; a solid-gold vanity case often conceals a pitiful thirty-five or forty cents. At the same time, showing things to a pretty débutante is not always wasted energy; sometimes a young man will come in later and buy an article thus shown.

"What sort of wrist watches shall I show you?" Henry Parks asked his customers.

"Oh, I don't know. Let's see all you've got," replied the smaller and prettier débutante.

Parks made a show of trying to sell something as he set his wrist watches out on the show case, one after the other. The débutantes showed appreciation of his offerings by politely saying each watch was sweet. An animated discussion rose between them as to whether platinum or green gold was really in best taste. The matter was eventually settled by both débutantes deciding that any girl who really amounted to anything should have a green-gold wrist watch for street use and a platinum one for evenings.

A man in overalls came in, looking as if he might have a couple of dollars to spend on an alarm clock or something; Parks was chained to his job of showing wrist watches, and the clerks were busy. The man waited a few minutes discontentedly and went out. The prettier débutante was telling a thrilling story.

"The last time we were in New York," she said exuberantly, "father saw a wrist watch in a window on Fifth Avenue that he was perfectly crazy to buy for me. It was two thousand dollars. He was mad as could be because mother wouldn't let him do it."

Parks reflected that the prettier débutante's father must be a good actor; he had seen the gentleman turned down for a loan of twelve hundred dollars by the cashier of his bank less than a month before. Another customer came in and lingered a while over the scarfpin case and then impatiently went out.

The débutantes still tried on wrist watches and talked big to impress each other. They agreed that a person simply had to go to New York to buy anything really smart. The prettier débutante dropped one of the watches on the show case, cracking its crystal; she laughed pleasantly and said she was always dropping things. The phone rang; one of the clerks answered it and said Mr. Parks was engaged. The person at the other end said something disagreeable and rang off.

The prettier débutante pushed back her sleeve and displayed a wrist watch.

"We're ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Parks, for showing us all these things," she said. "Someone gave me this watch for my birthday and I just wanted to compare it with yours to see how much he paid for it."

Parks reflected that certainly business was not very encouraging to a man whose creditors were insistently demanding cash money; only the day before a letter had come from Bailey & Jacobs stating in no uncertain terms that they would take drastic action unless something definite should be done about their twelve-thousand-dollar account. Henry Parks had the helpless feeling that comes to every man who sees trouble inexorably coming and can do nothing to stop it. As he watched the débutantes go lightly out the front door a boy in the uniform of a telegraph messenger came in. He removed his cap as he approached Mr. Parks and took therefrom an envelope.

Telegrams are disquieting things to a hard-pressed business man; Parks' fingers trembled ever so slightly as he fumbled in his pockets for money to pay the charges, signed the delivery sheet and tore open the envelope.

His nervousness was well founded; the message was dated New York and signed by Frank Bailey, head of the firm of Bailey & Jacobs. It read:

Arrive in your city to-morrow morning with attorney. Meet me St. Agnes Hotel, eleven o'clock.

He read the message a dozen times. There could be no doubt that they were coming to close him up. Wholesale merchants do not go riding round the country with attorneys for mere pleasure. The crisis he had been looking for had arrived.

Parks went to the telephone and called up his wife, asking her to come downtown for lunch. An hour later she was in the store.

Mary Parks was a pretty woman of twenty-eight who knew how to wear good clothes and to appear well in any society. Her husband was proud of her easy good breeding; he looked up to her for her knowledge of social conventions. As a business man Henry Parks impressed people as being forceful and self-possessed; but when meeting the same people after business hours all his assurance vanished and he was glad enough to trail after his handsome wife. He had been proud of his ability to support her well; his first thought in the present crisis had been how she would take it.

Together they went out to lunch. As they sat down at a table in the handsome hotel dining room Henry Parks remembered an incident that had happened at that very table when they were first married. A woman friend had stopped for a moment to speak to his wife. Back in the country where he had been raised men considered it effeminate even to take off their hats to a female; he knew nothing of any rule compelling a man to stand up just because a lady happened to be on her feet, and so sat eating pleasantly while the friend stood and talked. Afterward his wife told him of his social offense so gently that there was no sting.

As Henry Parks looked round the room he reflected sadly that it might be a long time before he would be able to bring his wife into the handsome hotel dining room again. What he had to say to her was hard.

"Probably I should have told you before," he said, "but business hasn't been going very well lately."

"I'm sorry, dear," she answered, "but most likely it's only temporary. I wouldn't let it get on my nerves."

"It is more than a case of nerves, Mary," Parks said soberly. "I have just received a telegram from Frank Bailey saying he will be here to-morrow, bringing his lawyer with him. I am afraid they are going to close me up. The truth is, I haven't enough capital to compete with Lampsons' big stock."

"Why haven't you told me this before?" she questioned, all sympathy. "It wasn't right for you to carry the worry alone."

"There was no use to trouble you with it," answered Henry, "so long as you couldn't help it any. But now I want your advice. If they close me up there are two courses for me. I can go to work as salesman for some other firm or I can start a repair shop on the side street as I did before and work my way back into the merchant class. If I take a position as salesman we can live pretty much as we have been doing; I know I am good enough to command a regular salary. But if I start in as a mechanic on a side street we will have to get right down to bed rock. No hotel luncheons, no bills at the department stores, no country club. A show about twice a season. Just a few of the friends who like us well enough to respect our economies. I shan't be a very imposing figure sitting at a workbench, but it won't hurt me any. The decision is up to you."

She reached for his hand across the table in view of the whole dining room.

"I didn't marry you, Henry," she said softly, "so as to be the wife of a leading merchant. I did it because I loved you. I don't know much about business," she went on, "but I believe a man is better off to work for himself if he can. As to the country club and all that, it isn't worth talking about. We want to do what seems best for the future. If they close you up we will go back to the side street and begin over again together."

Henry Parks went back to his store feeling there was at least something solid under his feet. But he would not give up the present battle yet. He might still make a few good sales and get in enough money to satisfy Bailey & Jacobs for a while longer. Anyhow, he would keep on trying.

It was midafternoon when Parks, glancing out on the street, saw a fat elderly man standing in front of his show window looking interestedly at the display. The stranger put on a pair of big horn-rimmed spectacles better to examine the different articles. He threw his head clumsily back to read the sign above the window. Then he walked heavily into the store and approached Henry Parks.

"Let me see that stone you've got in the window—the one in the gent's setting," he said; "the blue-white one."

The fat stranger did not look like one who would appreciate the delicate beauties of a blue-white diamond; a large yellow stone would seem more in his line. But Parks got the ring out of the window and handed it over for inspection.

"The price is six hundred dollars," he said.

"That's too much for it," said the customer with a wave of his fat hand. "I don't even need to look at it to tell that it's too much for such a stone."

Soft answers and salesmanship go hand in hand; Henry Parks could be polite though his customer was not.

"I'm sure you don't mean that," he said pleasantly. "Really fine diamonds are getting scarce, you know."

"That's the line of talk everybody is getting off these days," replied the fat man gruffly. He took the valuable bauble and held it at arm's length, looking at it critically.

"Worth about four hundred," he said disagreeably.

Parks still kept his good nature.

"I am glad everyone doesn't think as you do," he answered, laughing.

Then the fat stranger did something that is calculated to upset the temper of the best-natured jewelry salesman in the world. He dug down in his vest pocket and produced another ring about the size of the one in question. Holding the two close together he examined the stones from all angles, comparing the size, cutting and brilliancy.

(Concluded on Page 107)

Has Your Letter a Firm Grip?

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Much depends upon the paper on which your letters are written. It should reflect essential business attributes which you cannot write into the letter itself—integrity, dignity, strength, briskness. Systems Bond does this. Its crisp freshness, firm texture and rich finish stamp it with character—the kind of character you want your letters to have.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Motor Fuel

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THE nation is greatly concerned over the growing scarcity of gasoline. We now have approximately 8,000,000 registered automobiles in this country, and the automotive industry is still in its infancy. The price of gasoline is getting to a point where the operation of pleasure cars will be an expensive luxury, while the cost of motor haulage in commercial practice has already attained alarming heights. The peak of gasoline production is in sight. The common questions are: What of the future? Is the development of the automobile industry going to be curbed by the scarcity and high cost of gasoline?

An examination of the problem seems to indicate a brighter future than now appears. For the moment things are serious. In fact, the outlook for two or three years is dubious. Looking farther ahead, however, there is good reason for hope that the situation will be relieved and the difficulty surmounted. Experts tell me that motors can be built to run on kerosene. That would help, and in such case it is certain that stations would quickly be established where kerosene could be procured as easily as gasoline is to-day. It is also likely that some relief will come from advances made in engine construction that will enable motorists to get more mileage out of a gallon.

An Italian chemist claims to have discovered a method of cheaply producing liquid hydrogen that may be used in driving motor vehicles. The claim is made that one gallon will drive a car 250 miles. This may be a false alarm, but it is in the line of present research, and though the idea should not be considered a forlorn hope, such a discovery—if true—could not help us out of our dilemma for many years. What we need are remedies that may be quickly applied.

Let no one forget, first of all, that the United States has an abundance of coal. Only a few years ago no steamships or railroad locomotives were equipped with oil-burning engines. When the price of oil gets to a certain point coal will again be substituted as a fuel on steamships and railroads. This will reduce the consumption of oil materially. Let us also look for some saving in oil through the electrification of ships. Recent tests have shown that electrification of our big battleships has given us a fuel saving of from twenty to thirty per cent in the amount of oil burned on each electrified ship.

All of these things, however, are not in themselves sufficient. What we must have—and quickly—is some liquid fuel to substitute for gasoline or to mix with it. Of all things, alcohol offers the greatest hope. We have already found ways easily to produce alcohol from nearly any available source of saccharine or starchy materials. Just before the war the Germans were producing about 100,000,000 gallons of alcohol annually. More than two-thirds of this was obtained from potatoes, one-sixth from grain distilleries, and the balance from yeast, molasses and fruits. In 1913 France was producing nearly 70,000,000 gallons of alcohol each year, of which nearly two-thirds came from beets and the remainder from molasses and grains. In Switzerland alcohol has been obtained from the calcium carbide process, but the production of alcohol by this method requires a source of cheap power, such as is available from the water resources of Switzerland and Norway.

Practice in the United States has shown that alcohol can be obtained commercially from a number of materials. The chief source of industrial alcohol in this country is cane, or blackstrap, molasses. It was only a few years ago that the sugar mills in Cuba and Porto Rico found the disposal of molasses a serious trade-waste problem. To-day in many parts of the world molasses is used as the principal raw material for alcohol manufacture. The conversion of molasses into alcoholic liquor, especially rum, is an old enterprise. New England has been a consumer of West India rum for two centuries. Chemists say that in ease of manipulation molasses surpasses any other material used in the manufacture of alcohol. Though the price of molasses has advanced considerably during the last two years, this material is still a waste product in many parts of the world, due to the difficulty and expense of transporting it to commercial centers.

For many years maize was the chief source of industrial alcohol in the United States, and it is likely that alcohol will continue to be produced from it. Two plants in the United States produce alcohol from sawdust, and hope is expressed that a much larger quantity of alcohol will be manufactured from wood and wood waste in future years. The high price of the various grains for food materials has practically stopped the production of alcohol from this source. About the only time that we will be able to use grains for the production of industrial alcohol is when a crop has been so damaged that it cannot be used for food.

Investigators have found that potatoes cannot be grown economically enough in the United States to compete with trade wastes as sources of alcohol. It is also a fact that fruit in this country is too valuable for food purposes to be used in alcohol manufacture, and fruit wastes do not occur in sufficient quantity in any one section to help us out. Sugar beets and beet molasses are also out of the running so far as alcohol is concerned, for these materials are utilized for feeding purposes and cannot compete with trade wastes.

As to new sources of raw materials for use in alcohol manufacture, experiments indicate that several vegetables and roots of common origin provide interesting possibilities. The plant sorghum contains from six to fifteen per cent of sugar, and can be easily grown over a wide area of our country. Alcohol can easily be obtained from it. The tubers of the artichoke also contain a large quantity of levulose and starch, which can be converted into sugar and later into alcohol.

Down in Mexico several varieties of the agave and cactus have been used for the production of alcoholic beverages, and can be used as sources of industrial alcohol. The juice of these plants contains a large amount of sugar. Recent experiments on the sotol plant of Mexico also gave hope that here was another alcohol-producing material. The root of the cassava contains twenty-five per cent starch and, according to the Bureau of Chemistry, will produce an average of about forty gallons of alcohol per ton of roots. The question here is, how cheaply can these roots be grown?

A British committee states that sufficient ethylene can be obtained from the gas works and coke-oven gases of Great Britain to yield annually about 150,000,000 gallons of ninety-per-cent alcohol. The present scarcity of petrol in Great Britain has caused the establishment of extensive laboratories designed solely for investigations with respect to the production and substitution of some fuel for petrol. Efforts are being made to extract power alcohol from a number of vegetable substances, and the most recent report states that power alcohol can be produced more cheaply than the present selling price of petrol.

Prof. H. B. Dixon, of Manchester University, who is a member of the Interdepartmental Committee on Alcohol Motor Fuel, says: "If prompt action is taken by the British Government the motor users of the empire will soon be independent of all imported motor fuel. In any case, provided that some action is eventually taken, the days of the $1.78 tin of petrol are numbered."

Professor Dixon believes there is no limit to the quantity of excellent motor fuel that can be extracted from common vegetation that can be constantly grown afresh. He says that the present enormous fuel demands of motor transport throughout the world can be met by taking sun power as it comes, instead of draining away the limited store of petroleum still available. One difficulty that is worrying the British is just how to render power alcohol unfit for human consumption. When this is not done the alcohol is in a form that is heavily taxed and therefore would be too expensive for use as a propellant. If issued untaxed it might be used instead of tax-paying drinks, and would result in an enormous loss to the national revenue.

Here in the United States alcohol for motor fuel or industrial purposes may be produced by any one of a number of formulas that completely denature the alcohol, which may then be used free of tax and without any regulations or restrictions by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. These grades of alcohol are of a composition that makes it impossible for anyone to use the liquid as a beverage.

It is true, however, that no method has been found to prepare a grade of alcohol which persons with sufficient chemical knowledge cannot separate into its components and obtain therefrom pure ethyl alcohol. To the great majority of people, nevertheless, any of the formulas of completely denatured alcohol now being produced in the United States are sufficiently different from pure ethyl alcohol to justify the prevailing assumption that the industrial products are wholly unlike beverage alcohol.

The uses of alcohol other than as a beverage are far wider than is generally supposed. There is scarcely a manufacturer in the country who does not use alcohol in the production of his goods to a greater or less extent. If the United States becomes a great exporter of dyes, chemicals and allied products the use of methyl alcohol will continually increase. Denatured alcohol is used as an antifreezing solution, carbon remover, metal polisher and fabric cleaner, fruit tester, and is an ingredient in the manufacture of disinfectants, cements, insect powders, cartridges, soldering flux, hats, paints and varnishes, shoe blacking, soap, ink, explosives, imitation leather, isinglass, imitation ivory, many toilet preparations, celluloid, and so on.

The present view is largely held, however, that the greatest future field for alcohol is as a fuel

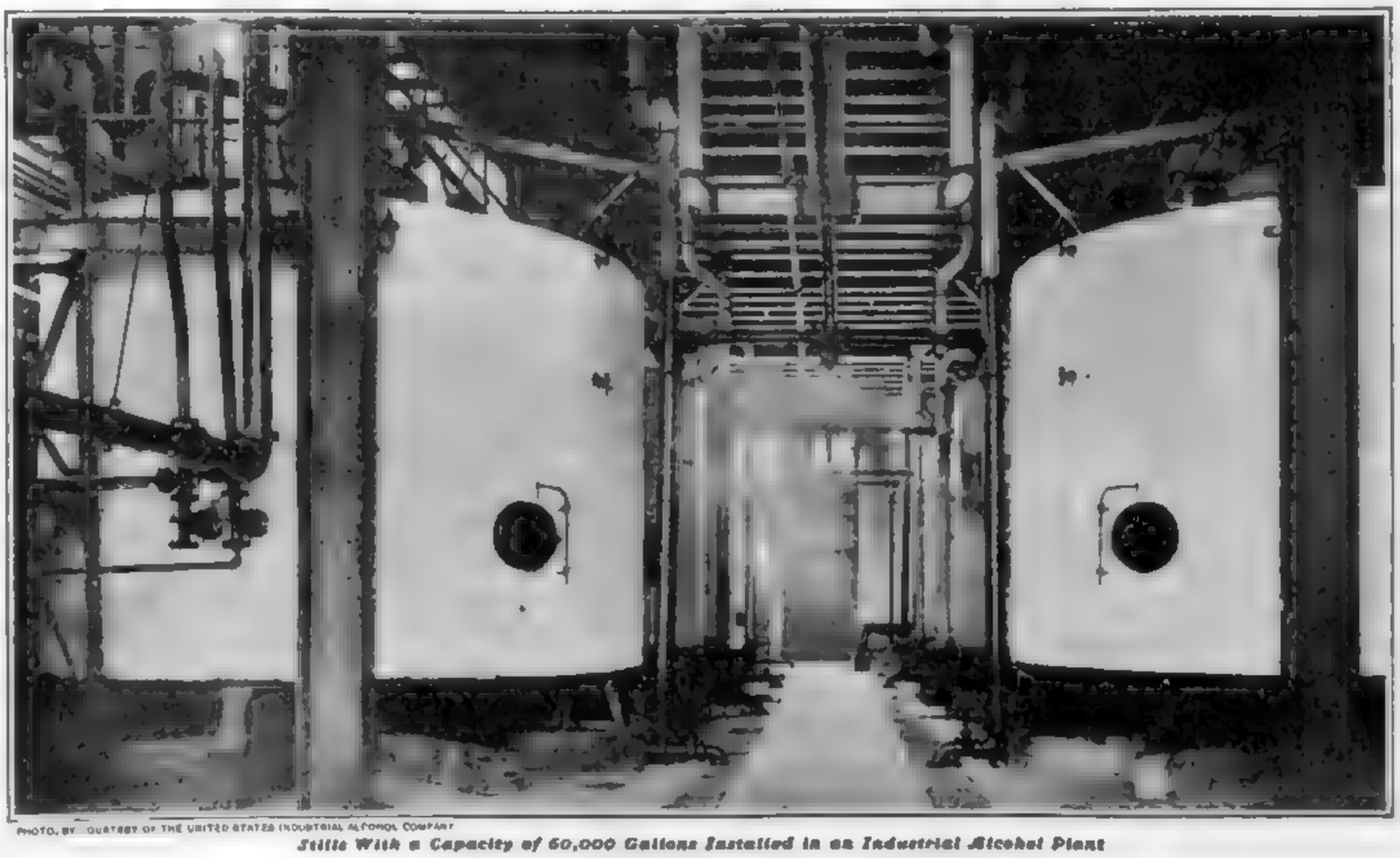

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL COMPANY

Stills With a Capacity of 60,000 Gallons Installed in an Industrial Alcohol Plant

for internal-combustion engines. Both France and Germany have used alcohol in considerable quantities for automotive and power purposes. In the United States, however, we have done very little more than talk about the value of alcohol as a fuel.

Many word pictures have been painted telling how in future years every farmer and manufacturer will have a small processing plant that will convert the farm and factory waste into power fuel which will furnish energy to substitute machines for men, thus eliminating for once and all that bogy of the times—the labor problem.

In this connection it is interesting to know that a small alcohol plant producing no more than 100 gallons daily will consume about 200 gallons of molasses, or one ton of shelled corn, or eight tons of sweet apples, or four tons of potatoes. As it does not pay to run an alcohol plant irregularly, the supply of raw material must be constant. Among the determining factors in the successful operation of such a plant is the question of whether the material will stand transportation and storage.

Though it may be several years before alcohol alone will be used as a motor fuel, there is every reason to believe that this important liquid, in admixture with other fuels, will be employed more and more in coming months as a propellant in pleasure automobiles, trucks and airplanes. The alcohol fuels that are used at the present time do not require a specially designed engine to obtain good results. Recent tests indicate that these fuels when used in automotive engines produce greater mileage, no knocking, more power, no preignition and more uniform application of power during the stroke of the piston. Even though the alcohol has a lower B. T. U. value for the heat of combustion, the combustion of the fuel is more complete, and greater efficiencies are obtained.

If there is one industry in the United States at the present time that should be given every encouragement in its development, that industry is the manufacturing of industrial and power alcohol. We know that the whisky distillery is a thing of the past, and we also know that there is no guaranty against future wars. A nation without a sufficient supply of alcohol in case of war would be about as helpless as a nation without guns. During the last war the distilleries of the United States came to the rescue. In the future it is our industrial-alcohol plants that we will have to depend upon. Just now it looks as if alcohol is one big remedy for many of our industrial ills; and since it is a form of potential energy that can be produced from the soil in ever-increasing amounts, it would seem the better part of wisdom to lose no time in entering more largely into this new and promising field of business.

Control Floor of Still House in a Big Industrial Alcohol Plant. The Valves Here Shown Regulate the Flow of 60,000 Gallons of Alcohol Per Day

The Health of Children

DURING the Boer War the British people were alarmed to learn that three out of every five men who applied for service were physically unfit. Here in the United States we have just passed through a similar experience and were greatly shocked by the figures showing how high was our percentage of young men who were deficient in the matter of health. Experts have been making a careful study of the causes underlying such a condition in our present civilization and the conclusion has been put forward that the greatest cause of physical disability in our mature population is due to the malnutrition of children.

I am not wholly in sympathy with our scientific and efficiency experts who view the rearing of a child as a purely economic problem. However, there is no better way to interpret our present conduct in the bringing up of children than by reducing the whole subject to a basis of national wealth. It is better to provide that kind of education that will bring children to their fullest development rather than to lay down such principles of training as will simply furnish the child with the ability to become a more efficient producer. Nevertheless we make a mistake when we assume that ethical appeals are interesting to an empty stomach. Words are of no avail in a home where there is need for action that will relieve poverty and distress. It is for this reason that child training must have a background that is more economic than æsthetic.

As an instance of what may be accomplished in a national way through the better care of infants, it is interesting to note that in New York City if the infant mortality rate of 1910—the year prior to the establishment of baby health stations—had prevailed in the succeeding years the cumulative result of infant mortality would have been 25,000 more infant deaths than actually occurred. One of our economists places a money value of ninety dollars on each newborn baby, so that New York City has made the tidy little saving on her babies alone of about $2,000,000 in eight years.

But this does not represent the total saving effected, for the same economist tells us that at five years of age a child is worth $950. Estimating that 10,000 of the 25,000 babies saved have now reached the age of five, their value in dollars would be $9,500,000. Stating it another way, it is true therefore that New York City's baby-saving work in eight years has increased the money value of her child population by something like $12,000,000.

Innumerable diseases observed in older children and adults begin in infancy. Healthy babies make strong men and women. Every community in America should provide for the full and free training of mothers. Thousands of women with infants have not even been taught the necessity of caution in the most elementary things, such as conveying a cold from the mother to the child. Many mothers with bad colds kiss the baby or sneeze and cough in the child's face.

Tuberculosis often gets its start in infancy. Kissing, coughing and sneezing are common ways of infecting the infant. Many children are allowed to sit on the floor, where they can easily get hold of objects which carry various disease germs to the child's mouth. One expert suggests that at least a part of one room shall be fenced off as the baby's play room and that the floor of this room should be covered with a clean sheet each day. Dozens of similar precautions could be suggested if time and space permitted.

Nothing is more important in the matter of child welfare than proper medical inspection in schools. The conditions under which children assemble in our public schools are largely responsible for the sickness that pervades our life. Failure to care for deficiencies of hearing, vision, and so on, seriously restricts the business and industrial opportunities of the person in adult life. Some people object to health supervision of school children and the treatment of their physical defects on the ground that such a practice is detrimental to the regular business of the country's doctors. These same critics maintain that such control not only raises the tax rate but decreases the sense of responsibility on the part of parents in the care of their children.

The simple answer to this is that practically all communities that have adopted such measures have found that the plan has resulted in the more regular attendance of children at school and has so benefited the standard of health of the community that the expenditures have been trivial when compared with the benefits derived.

Of all important things in the matter of child welfare nothing is so serious as a deficiency in proper nourishment. Any child who is habitually ten per cent under weight for height is malnourished. A noted child expert considers ten per cent under weight for height from six to ten years and twelve per cent from eleven to sixteen years indications of undernutrition.

A recent investigation in New York City of 171,661 school children gave the following results: Grade I—excellent—17.3 per cent; Grade II—passable—61.1 per cent; Grade III—poor—18.5 per cent; Grade IV—very poor—3.1 per cent.

In England one investigator concludes that fully ten per cent of the school children are ill nourished. A recent estimate covering the United States contains the statement that between fifteen and twenty-five per cent of our American children—3,000,000 to 5,000,000—are undernourished.

Heredity is far less to blame for malnutrition than is generally supposed. Most children are born healthy, and if they are raised in the proper surroundings and are given the proper care such children will attain normal healthy growth. Without any doubt the chief cause of undernutrition is insufficient or unsuitable food and drink. Every child must have a sufficient quantity of body-building material, or protein, to help form his muscles, blood, brain and lungs. The child's body also needs minerals, such as lime, to build bones and teeth, and iron to make red blood. If the food contains too little lime and phosphorus the bones will be weak and the teeth defective; if there is too little iron the person will likely become anæmic. It should also be remembered that insufficient sleep is a common cause of malnutrition, and fatigue that results from classroom work frequently brings about a similar injury.

The first and most important step toward the removal of malnutrition is the elimination of poverty. The ranks of undernourished children will be greatly depleted when the incomes of their parents have been raised to a basis that will insure proper and decent subsistence. Ever so many people blame undernutrition on ignorance, forgetting that poverty is the chief cause of ignorance. One thing is certain: Any nation that overlooks the proper care of the health of its child population will pay the price in having an inefficient and physically unfit citizenry to carry on the industrial battles of life. No parent should forget that the child who is in splendid physical condition will often withstand the attack of a disease and recover rapidly, while the undernourished child succumbs. A very high percentage of the mortality among children is due either directly or indirectly to deficient nutrition. There is plenty of opportunity in the United States for the institution of a better scheme of living.

Counterfeit Prosperity

LET us suppose that through the exercise of economy and industry a citizen of the United States had saved $10,000 by the commencement of 1914. From that time up until the beginning of this year the same individual had added $1000 annually to his wealth. He now has $16,000 put away for a rainy day, and is $2000 or more poorer than he was six years ago, when the world war commenced. Ten thousand dollars in 1914 would buy more goods than can be purchased with $20,000 to-day. To be exact, the index numbers of the United States Department of Labor show that retail prices have doubled during the last six years, while wholesale prices have advanced approximately 150 per cent.

The abnormal financial and economic situation that prevails in this country and throughout the world has not only cut a man's savings in half, so far as dollars in the bank are concerned, but has reduced in like proportion the value of mortgages, insurance policies, the funds of building and savings associations and the majority of securities that were once considered gilt-edged because of their fixed and stable rates of interest. In other words, it is practically true that the more conservative an investor was in 1914 the more he would be injured to-day if compelled to liquidate his investments. His only salvation is in holding on until conditions have become more normal.

(Continued on Page 40)

ONE of the things which makes the Hupmobile essentially a family car, is its very marked economy.

Its daily service costs so little in gasoline and oil and tires, that the average family really counts itself money in pocket.

But the Hupmobile's true economy comes from its ability to stay right—to continue to give the utmost for the very least in repairs and overhauling.

If people needed confirmation of their belief that this is the best car of its class in the world, we should say it had been found here.

(Continued from Page 38)

Many people view the present problem of high costs as unpleasant but not serious. These same individuals say that because of a scarcity of workers, coupled with high wages, poverty to-day is rare and the average citizen is enjoying benefits never before equaled. The fact is that the salaried classes during the past five years have been steadily slipping back, and are suffering from the most unfortunate conditions that have been visited upon them in a generation. More than eighty per cent of the workers of the United States are wholly unorganized and therefore are unable to make an effective stand for just treatment. This great majority class of our citizens is the part of our population that ought to be given first consideration by those who control and direct the nation's affairs

Millions of words have been spilled by writers and talkers in discussing high costs. As a result, a large number of people appear to have gained the idea that profiteering is the cause of all our ills. It is true that many corporations are now managed by shortsighted officials. As an example, one large manufacturing concern showed a net of nearly $2,000,000 in 1918. Last year this same company earned more than $5,000,000, and instead of giving their customers, the public, the benefit of at least a part of their prosperity the directors of the corporation boosted the price of the product they made.

Such a policy is not only unethical but unscientific. The officers of such a company prove their incompetency through their failure to build their business on a solid and broad-based foundation. They ignore the fact that there are other years coming, and that no work is of greater value than the building of goodwill. There are very few businesses that can afford to follow a course of utter independence. Foreign competitors may come in and walk away with trade, while a public that has been ill treated may refuse to extend sympathy or help. The history of the present-day conduct of many an American industry will be recited over and over again in the halls of Congress when such things as the tariff are being discussed. Goodwill and a good record will count in the future just as they have in the past.

But let us not think that profiteering, even of the rankest kind, has been responsible for our troubles. It is an effect and not a cause of present conditions. The great cause of high prices has been the enormous increase in the world's money and substitutes for money. The past few years have been an era of excessive loans. Each loan that has been made by a bank to an individual or corporation has been added to the checking account of the borrower and has become a real addition to the credit of the country.

The policy of the Government during the war encouraged this business of borrowing, so that to-day we have twice as much money to carry on the nation's business, while at the same time we have only the same amount of goods and services to be exchanged. This doubling of credit without a corresponding increase in the things money buys has created what we term inflation.

Though a great many people are firm in the belief that our financial leaders made a mistake during the war in permitting the banks to use smaller percentages of reserve against the credits they gave, and in allowing them to substitute other securities for gold as a reserve, it is only fair to pass over in charitable fashion our actions during the days of stress and direct our close scrutiny to financial operations since the signing of the armistice. All students of finance knew that our plan of encouraging an increase in the country's supply of money must result in rising prices, but we had to win our fight irrespective of the cost. Since the war ended there has been no excuse for further inflation, and yet we have continued up until recently on the same way of folly.

We were justified during the war in feeling great concern over the success of our Liberty Loans, and no doubt we followed the proper course in a plan that made it easy for bond buyers to pay for the government securities with bank credits. However, when the trouble was over and the nation's leaders found themselves facing the future with a debt of billions it certainly was unwise to go on creating additional credits, thereby adding to the already abnormal total of money in circulation. Of course it was easier for the Treasury to continue supplying itself with money through short-time borrowing than by filling its needs through placing loans with real investors, yet such a course only aggravated an already distressing situation.

Second only to inflation as a cause of high prices has been the decrease in the physical production of the chief necessities of life. It is a strange but serious fact that nine-tenths of the people in the world to-day are producing less goods than they did prior to the war. The value of the output in some lines is greater, but in nearly all cases the quantity is less. The majority of people do not take time to calculate just how much advanced wages and shortened hours have added to the selling prices of things.

Hundreds of people are saying: "The whole world owes us money, but where do I figure in the profits that have been made?"

A large part of the present ill feeling and unrest is caused by a false view of existing wealth. Thousands of workers have never been brought to understand that the wants of the people can be supplied only by a steady stream of newly made consumable goods. The workman is told of large personal incomes, and is informed that these mean deprivation for him and his family. He reads that less than four per cent of our population paid an income tax last year, and is led to the conclusion that the wealth of the nation is in the hands of only a few people. He is not acquainted with the truth that only about twenty per cent of our population are heads of families and own property, and therefore that practically one family out of every five or six paid an income tax to Uncle Sam.

We would be better off if everyone understood that the real distribution of wealth is by consumption, and not by ownership or income. It is only as an individual consumes wealth or uses it exclusively that he reduces the common supply and deprives other people of it. The place to measure distribution is at the point of consumption, and not at the point of ownership or production. There is no greater economic fallacy than the idea that all the wealth employed in industry benefits only the owners. The whole consuming public is the principal beneficiary of increasing production.

It is just as injurious for a nation to have within itself a body of ill-informed people as it is for such a nation to try to succeed in attaining its high industrial ambitions when a large part of its richest lands are uncultivated and unproductive. Production must always come ahead of distribution, and you cannot have the latter unless capital becomes a factor in industry. China and India are good examples of what happens when capital is not present. In the United States, in a recent decade, the population of the country increased twenty-one per cent, while the amount of capital invested in manufacturing increased 105 per cent. This increasing investment has meant more machinery and greater output, with higher pay and less labor. Surely such a result should not be belittled.

When the income of an individual is invested productively it should not be considered as though it was devoted exclusively to the interests of the man himself. All of a man's income above what he consumes, if put back into production, is actually in the service of the public. No line of business can be made to grow unless new capital is constantly created and put into it. The only system that has ever been effectively used to do this is a plan that offers an incentive for each and every person to produce and to invest his savings. Russia has broken away from this idea, and as a result no kind of money in Russia to-day, except gold and silver, has real value. The only way that business can be done under the Russian system is for people to meet and swap goods.

Perhaps there is no greater mistake in the common thought of America than our vague ideas concerning the importance of food and the size of the industry that produces it. The principal preachers of unrest have failed to understand that the backbone of the nation is to be found not in the big cities, but on farms and in rural communities. Forty per cent of the wages of labor goes for food. Nearly one-third of the people in the United States live on farms, while 20,000,000 more live in towns of less than 2600 people. We are producing more than $18,000,000,000 worth of foodstuffs from farm properties having a value of nearly $60,000,000,000.

For many years there has been a drift away from the farms and toward the cities, which has caused higher prices for the things we eat. Forty years ago each of our American farms produced only enough food for its owners and part of another family; now each farm supplies not only its owners but two other families. Better roads and such things as automobiles, telephones and labor-saving machinery are attracting new attention to the business of farming, and it is likely that the next few years will usher in an era when the drift will be toward the country rather than away from it. Such a tendency would be beneficial beyond measure in our national life.

New York and other large American cities are inhabited in small part by a class of people who appear to believe that the course of the nation can be shaped through molding the opinion of a metropolitan street-corner crowd. These men and women, mostly of foreign extraction, came to America to escape absolutism and oppression, and they see in our institutions only counterparts of the autocratic systems they ran away from. The fact that they have not discarded their European backgrounds or modified their views to accord with new conditions has caused them to mistake liberty for license.

The lesson these troublesome individuals must learn is that America is largely owned and controlled by its rural population. Very little of national importance happens in the United States unless the farmers want it to happen. These country people are not ignorant or easily influenced, and 1,250,000 of them own farms of more than 100 acres each.

In New Zealand a short time ago a group of dissatisfied dock workers shut off exports, and the agricultural interests were threatened with ruin. After some days of patient waiting the farmers decided the thing had gone far enough; so they all picked stout clubs, got on their horses, rode to town, and the strike ended.

Let us not overlook the farmer in our calculations concerning the future of America:

I have tried to point out the chief cause of high prices and to show that the United States is a nation composed largely of sturdy, intelligent and prosperous people who are devoted to the strict maintenance of American ideals. Being thus assured that we will stick to the ship and weather the storm, no matter how high the seas may run, let us briefly examine some of our present conditions and mention a few remedies.

Reference has already been made to profiteers. The woods are full of them. Some run little shops, while others manage great corporations. All of them, and particularly the big fellows, give us beautiful explanations to show how lamblike they are and how righteous are their practices. Unfortunately for them, the American public is able to read and understand the statements of earnings now being published in the daily press.

The public can hardly be blamed for expressing indignation over the cost of clothes when they note that the prices of wearing apparel have been steadily advanced, while the manufacturers have been tripling their earnings. In 1918 one of the largest companies showed a profit of thirteen dollars a share; last year this corporation earned nearly forty dollars a share. The present surplus of the same company now exceeds the entire cash so far invested in its business. Explanations have been forthcoming, but they fail to explain why consumers have not been permitted to benefit from the unprecedented profits.

Another sore spot is the housing problem. Recent estimates indicate that approximately 377,000 permits for building operations were issued in 1919. This work was to cost about $1,300,000,000, or more than three times what was spent on building in the United States in 1918. The average cost per operation was $3600 in 1919, as compared with $2100 in 1918. The increase in the number of operations last year over the preceding year was in the neighborhood of eighty per cent. Contrary to popular belief, the building industries of this country in 1919 enjoyed greater activity and prosperity than ever before.

As to the cost of building, a government statement provides the information that a modern six-room house built of wood in an Eastern state in 1913 cost $2932. In July of last year the same house cost $4930, or sixty-eight per cent more than it did six years ago. The increase in the wages of labor was sixty-five per cent, while materials advanced seventy-one per cent. The figures do not include contractors' profits and overhead, but are based on average prices, average work and the union scales of wages.

If the same house had been built of hollow tile, stuccoed, the cost would have been $5665, or sixty-eight per cent more than in 1913. If built of brick the cost would have been $6038, or seventy per cent more than six years ago.

It is pointed out that relief in the matter of high building costs will likely come from the following economies: The overhead charges of contractors and architects will be reduced by building large groups of houses under one contract; materials will be purchased in carload lots; standard designs will be used, at the same time making the houses look different; speeding up construction through the more efficient utilization of specialized labor; art inside and out will be employed to overcome the objections created in the minds of prospective tenants by higher rents.

In the meantime the majority of owners of old houses have advanced their rents to cover not just increased taxes and expenses, which amount to less than twenty per cent, but to correspond with the rents that are demanded for houses built to-day.

No matter where we turn, high costs confront us. We have noted the effect of the abnormal prices on our incomes and savings, but we are just now commencing to discern the wider and more important effect of present conditions on our future national life. Practically everything has its elastic limit, and when stretched beyond this limit it breaks.

One thing we need above most other things in America to-day is more roads and better roads. Our progress and prosperity are linked closely with our development of highways. But the high prices of road-building materials are putting a stop to highway construction in many states. The commissioner in one large Eastern state found that it now costs $47,000 a mile to build a substantial highway, whereas the cost last year was only $32,000. As a result, this year's program has been limited to repair work, and there is no new construction. Let us not underestimate the importance of such a course or fool ourselves into the belief that a similar serious curtailment is not being forced in dozens of other vital lines of development.

Our present counterfeit prosperity has provided us with a labor shortage on our farms. A recent survey showed that the supply of farm labor is away below normal, while the wages in most sections are averaging from seventy-five dollars to eighty dollars a month, with board included. It is true that our cotton acreage at the present time

(Concluded on Page 78)

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DOESN'T matter where you get *on*. The thing is to know where you get *off*. All trolley cars stop at theatres showing Paramount Pictures.

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NEW YORK

Cast Upon the Waters

By Viola Brothers Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"Will it rain next Sunday a week? Could I tell something with that *mischugene?* A beauty she never was—money she ain't got—and thirty she wouldn't see again. But she picks like she was Lillian Russell hung round with diamonds and in high school yet. I ask you—what is she got to pick so much?"

"She's considered very bright," Bessie gave a last pat to the once fractious tie, now lying in docile orthodoxy beneath the square chin of its late antagonist.

She Found Him Singing a Nameless Croon Unhampered by Either Words or Melody

IRVING APFEL'S rather good-looking countenance screwed itself violently toward the left and then jerked spasmodically toward the right in an involuntary effort to follow, in the bathroom mirror, the erratic contortions of a particularly unreasonable full-dress tie.

"What's the matter with this damn thing anyway?" he exploded at length.

Bessie—for all the world suggestive of the rays of a fading sunset reflected across a foaming glass of vanilla ice-cream soda—at once so ethereally poetic and so materially delectable did she look in her new evening dress—stepped out of the bedroom, where she had been testing at different angles, on her snug, well-filled little bodice, the effectiveness of the diamond-and-platinum bar pin which her mother had given her, almost eight years before, as an engagement present.

"Matter, dear?" she asked; and catching sight of the distorted face of her lord above the wreck of his full-dress tie she turned him about and began with cool deft fingers to undo the abortive fruit of all his labors, nimbly piloting the ends once more into preliminary position.

"Are you going to wear your high hat?" she inquired, measuring the two ends, one against the other.

Irving squirmed, uncomfortably conscious of her strangle hold upon his tie.

"No," he answered at length, defiantly. But he kept his glance well above her head, all snowed in under drifts of fluffy hair. "The Junior League ain't such a swell affair—away up there in Harlem; and anyway"—gathering conviction as he went along—"who sees it if I have it on or I don't? We go in Yittelman's car and we come home in Yittelman's car, don't we?" he concluded.

To his surprise and relief Bessie did not pursue the subject.

"Do you think your sister Rae will like Leo Yittelman?"

Irving scowling at himself in the mirror smoothed imaginary violations of the patent-leather smoothness of his hair, which rolled, shiny wave on shiny wave, straight back from his square, sloping forehead.

Bessie, lingering against the bathroom door, swung idly to and fro.

"I don't think he's very bright," she admitted.

"You're telling me?" Irving ran a tentative finger over his closely shaved chin. "Between you and I, he's a damn fool."

Bessie did not contradict him. "But," she suggested hopefully, "lots of bright women marry simple men. And he hasn't a bad face, dear."

"My enemies should have such a face," retorted her spouse ungraciously.

"He makes a lot of money too." She preceded him into the bedroom, and picking up her bar pin tried it once more across her low, tightly draped little bodice. "And he's got a nice disposition."

Irving transferred his change from the dresser to his pocket. "Listen, Bessie, no matter how much you talk him up I wouldn't marry him. And I bet Rae don't neither. To tell you the truth I don't know why you begun this business."

Well, Bessie thought it would be a favor to both sides.

"You and your favors. Ain't you got enough to do without always looking round how you can do for everybody favors? Favors? And for such a lemon like Leo Yittelman."

"He's not so bad, really. And he has good manners."

"Save your compliments to tell Rae. And the same time, you could remind her she ain't such a *mazir* herself, even if she does earn forty dollars a week stenographing."

The bar pin in place, Bessie picked up a silver mirror and regarded her back hair. "It would mean a lot to your mother to see her settled down, and she might like Leo—especially if he was a little more stylish."

"Him? Stylish?" Irving reached for his vest. "Like my Prince Albert, he's stylish."

"So I thought," Bessie went on, ignoring his cynicism, "we'd better fix him up a little. I'm sure, with your high hat ——"

"Bessie," cut in Irving firmly, "you don't begin that. He don't get my high hat."

"But, Irving! You're not going to wear it yourself."

"Is that a reason I got to leave him have it?"

"Think what it would mean to your mother to see Rae married!"

"How does by my lending him a hat make Rae right away get married to him?"

"Don't forget how much first impressions count! And you know how people always look at you when you wear it. Of course"—she helped him into his coat, smoothing it across the shoulders—"he can't possibly look like you do in it! Still ——"

Bessie could feel his defenses wavering.

"You just ought to see how nice he looks in it," she announced, jumping into the breach.

"What? He's got it already?"

She reached up and kissed him on the chin. "I knew you wouldn't wear it unless I made a scene. So when he came over before and he had on a brown derby and a ready-made tie ——"

"You right away loaned him my high hat. And"—he faced her accusingly—"you loaned him my best full-dress tie!"

Bessie was busy with her long gloves.

"Bessie, this is got to stop!"

"Oh, Irving," she remonstrated, "you always make such a fuss about a little favor."

"There you go again—'little favor.' We're always doing everybody favors. Especially them Yittelmans. If it ain't him it's her. And now it's the brother. What do they ever do for us?"

"Isn't Leo driving us in?"

"Ain't we introducing him to a grand girl—smart, stylish, from a nice family? Don't he have to drive himself in? If you could even call it driving. He ought to thank us yet we take a chance with our life with such driving."

"Don't talk so loud, dear. I left the back door open, and I think that's Leo now."

"Listen, Bessie, I warn you, if anything happens to that hat ——"

"What could happen to a high hat?"

"It ain't what could—but if it does—I warn you——"

"Sh-h! That's Leo"

"I warn you"—he lowered his voice but refused to leave his warning unuttered—"it's the last time you get me to loan anything. You could stand on your head."

"That you, Mr. Yittelman?" Bessie called down the back stairs.

Irving followed her into the hall. Again he warned her: "Remember now, if anything happens to that ——"

"I heard you. Now be still."

"If anything happens to ——"

"We'll be right down, Mr. Yittelman," called Bessie, and picking up her coat she started down the stairs. Irving followed.

"Remember if anything happens to that ——"

"Good evening, Mr. Apfel. I got to thank you for the loan of your hat ——"

"You're welcome," replied Mr. Apfel, impelled more by custom than a strict respect for the truth.

"It's no use to argue, Bessie; you heard what I said."

Bessie picked up the black cotton which had rolled to the floor and went on darning.

"Some day," continued her husband, slapping the mahogany music cabinet, "you'll learn when I say a thing I mean it."

"Don't be silly." Bessie regarded the gaping heel of a sock. "How could you go through life without ever doing anyone a favor?"

"How could I? I'll tell you how. When I'll need an umbrella I'll have one. When I'll need a monkey wrench—remember how your friend Blumenfeld loaned my monkey wrench to move with? And then he invites us over for supper and gives me back the monkey wrench and I got to *schlepp* it from Staten Island to Flatbush in the middle of the night? Remember?"

"Yes, I remember," sighed his wife.

Irving walked up and down the living room, one fist pounding the other palm behind his back.

"Never did I loan a man a dollar yet that I didn't right away have from him a enemy. Am I telling the truth?"

"But you can't be a crab just because some things turn out wrong. How can you enjoy having things if you don't share them with others?"

"And how could you have them to enjoy if you do? Anyway I don't see nobody sharing theirs with us."

"Why, only yesterday you borrowed an egg from Mrs. Fisch ——"

"Sure! And it was a rotten one. We could do without such *mitzwos*. And for that she uses all the time our telephone. It's cheaper to keep on hand a extra dozen eggs. I tell you, I'm done. I don't want to loan from the neighbors, and they shouldn't loan from me. I told you if anything happens to that hat ——"

"Irving, don't talk any more about that hat!"

(Continued on Page 44)

"Mr. Yittelman," Observed the Visitor Tactfully, "Used to Have Once Such a High Hat—It Went Together Like a Oldersleeve"

A PERSONAL PLEDGE OF SERVICE

Black Cat
HOSIERY
Reinforced

&

Allen A

Coopers-Bennington
UNDERWEAR
Spring Needle

WOMEN do most of the buying of hosiery and underwear, whether for men, women or children.

Women are careful buyers. They like to know what they are getting, where it comes from—the intent and responsibility of the makers.

Ask the average woman about hosiery and underwear; she will tell you she is less settled in her buying habits and convictions than in almost any other merchandise she buys.

Too often she feels that values are accidental, depending upon what she can find in the stores.

When she finds just the goods she likes she is not always sure of getting them a second time.

Stores carry too many lines. Their stocks are mixed and changing. Responsibility for quality is thus scattered and divided.

Often the brand or trade-mark you see on hosiery and underwear is not the name of the maker, but the mark of the jobber or middleman who buys from the mill and sells to the stores.

Responsibility should be direct from the maker to your dealer and you.

It is the purpose of the Allen A Company to put real conviction into the minds of hosiery and underwear purchasers everywhere.

To produce standard merchandise of known merit and unchanging quality, with the name of the maker on every piece.

The Allen A mark is the maker's pledge of responsibility to you.

It means the merging of such famous brands as Black Cat Hosiery and Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear—great mills with thirty years of established reputation and the good-will of millions of consumers.

It means adding to these brands the owners' name as a personal earnest of uniform quality and dependable value.

"Allen"—the name of the owners; and "A"—the standard mark of first and finest grade.

Ask for Allen A Black Cat Hosiery in silk, lisle, wool and cotton, for men, women and children.

For Allen A Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear for men and boys, in all weights, for all seasons.

Tell your dealer to concentrate on these goods, keep up his assortment and sizes—buying from the mills *direct*.

An advantage to him and to you.

The Allen A Company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

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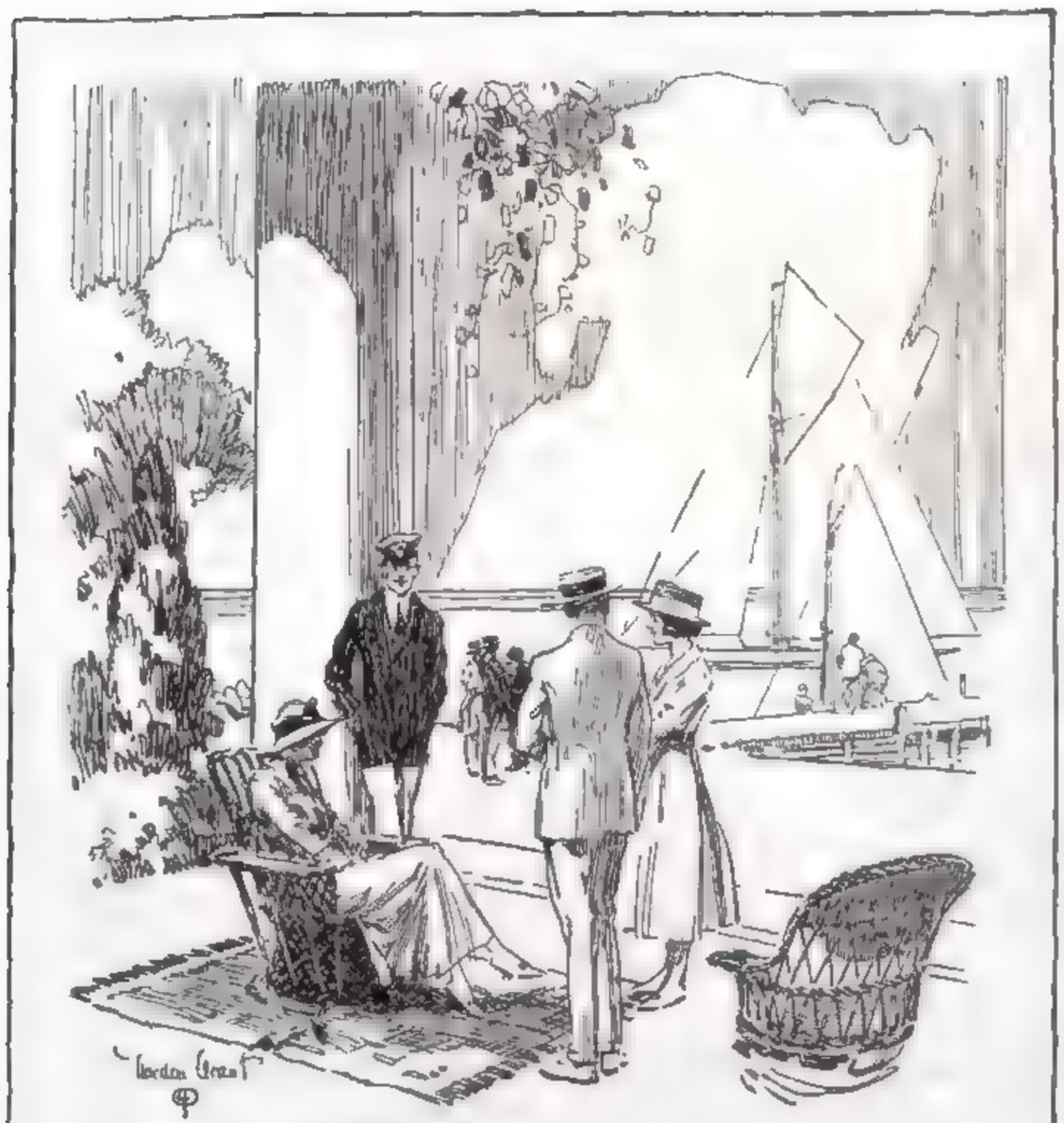

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Rosenwald & Weil

Clothing Specialties

PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York

(Continued from Page 42)

"Sure. He bust my hat and I shouldn't even talk about it."

"But you don't talk of anything else!"

"Well, I got a right to talk, ain't I? You loan him my hat and he busts it ——"

"But he couldn't help it."

"Does that buy me a new hat?"

"You ought to be glad he wasn't killed."

"Who, me? Do I have to pay his funeral expenses? Believe me, I wouldn't miss him. But my hat, which I paid eleven dollars for ——"

"Eight years ago."

"Sure! To-day you wouldn't get it for twenty."

"He felt so sorry."

"Believe me, not half so sorry as me. He needed to wear my hat! My sister Rae needs him—such a lobster—such a high-hat smasher!"

Bessie picked up her darning and departed.

"I ought to sue him," continued her husband, following her into the kitchen. "Such a feller ought to get sent to jail."

"If you only speak a little louder," remarked Bessie caustically, "Yittelmans will hear you."

"Leave them. I bet you he didn't even tell them what he ——"

There was a knock at the back door, and Bessie, with a warning look at Irving, opened it. A stout, middle-aged lady with small steel-rimmed spectacles stood bowl in hand on the threshold. She was Mrs. Yittelman, sister-in-law to the smasher of high hats and foster parent to one fat, watery-eyed and pampered old fox terrier, name of Tootsie. Tootsie was the sworn pal and crony of little Ruthie Apfel and the implacable enemy of her father, Irving. The mere sound of Irving's voice set her to rumbling ominously. And though the Yittelmans by dint of scoldings, threats and whippings had brought her to the point where she no longer went into the canine for apoplexy at the sight of him, this truce was merely military necessity, and she showed the true state of her feelings by snapping at his ankles whenever her parents were not about.

"Excuse me," began Mrs. Yittelman mildly, "but could you ——"

"I suppose," interrupted Irving, "you heard what happened last night?"

Bessie sent him an eloquent but utterly wasted look.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Yittelman pleasantly. "Leo was telling me you had *eppes* a little misfortune."

"Little!" roared Irving. "Did he tell you what he done to my hat?"

"No," answered the sister-in-law of the vandal innocently.

"Say, if your brother-in-law could run a automobile, then I could run a Chinese laundry! First, I tell him: 'Go Bedford Avenue.' No, he knows better—the park! You know Prospect Park, how it's full of bumps? Well, you could believe me, Mrs. Yittelman, I don't exaggerate it, if there was one bump he missed he went back and done it over again! And he ain't satisfied that he nilly bumps my wife out the back seat. It ain't enough I bite off the end from a quarter cigar and swaller it. No. He ain't satisfied till he finds himself a bump like a Adirondack Mountain. Then he gives a jump up in the air—and God knows maybe he would be flying yet if not for the top of the car."

"Th-th." Mrs. Yittelman's head wagged concern. "He could have smashed out his brains."

"Not him," said Irving bitterly. "He couldn't do nothing to his brains. But, oi, what he done to my high hat! Could you imagine," he went on, carried away by the tragedy he was depicting—"could you imagine what it looks like—my high hat—all smashed in?"

"Mr. Yittelman," observed the visitor tactfully, "used to have once such a high hat—it went together like a okkordeen."

Irving gave her a withering look. "If I want such a high hat like a accordion, Mrs. Yittelman, believe me, I know enough to buy it in the first place from a hat store. I don't need your brother-in-law to make for me no hocus-pocus with the other one."

Mrs. Yittelman strove to present matters in a more hopeful light. "You're lucky nothing worse didn't God forbid happen, Mr. Apfel. All your life you shouldn't get nothing worse smashed, please God, then *effsche* a high hat."

Irving glared at her a moment, too outraged for speech, then turned on his heel.

"Ain't I right, Mrs. Apfel?" she continued placidly, at the same time holding forth her bowl, all unconscious of how she was piling Pelion on Ossa. "Could I borrow, please, a little milk for Tootsie?"

Irving swung round in the doorway. "No!" he shouted before Bessie had a chance to answer. "We ain't got none left."

Bessie, taken aback, held her peace.

"Oh!" Mrs. Yittelman was all upset. "Leo drank up the last glass before he went away, and I got no one to send to the avenue."

"Ain't that too bad?" said Irving hypocritically.

"Poor Tootsie," sighed Mrs. Yittelman. "She ain't allowed to have no meat and she wouldn't take her puppy biscuits only soaked in milk."

Bessie eyed her spouse sternly behind Mrs. Yittelman's departed back. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? There's a quart of milk in that ice box, and Tootsie will have to go to bed hungry."

"It wouldn't hurt her. She's too fat already. I told you if my high hat ——"

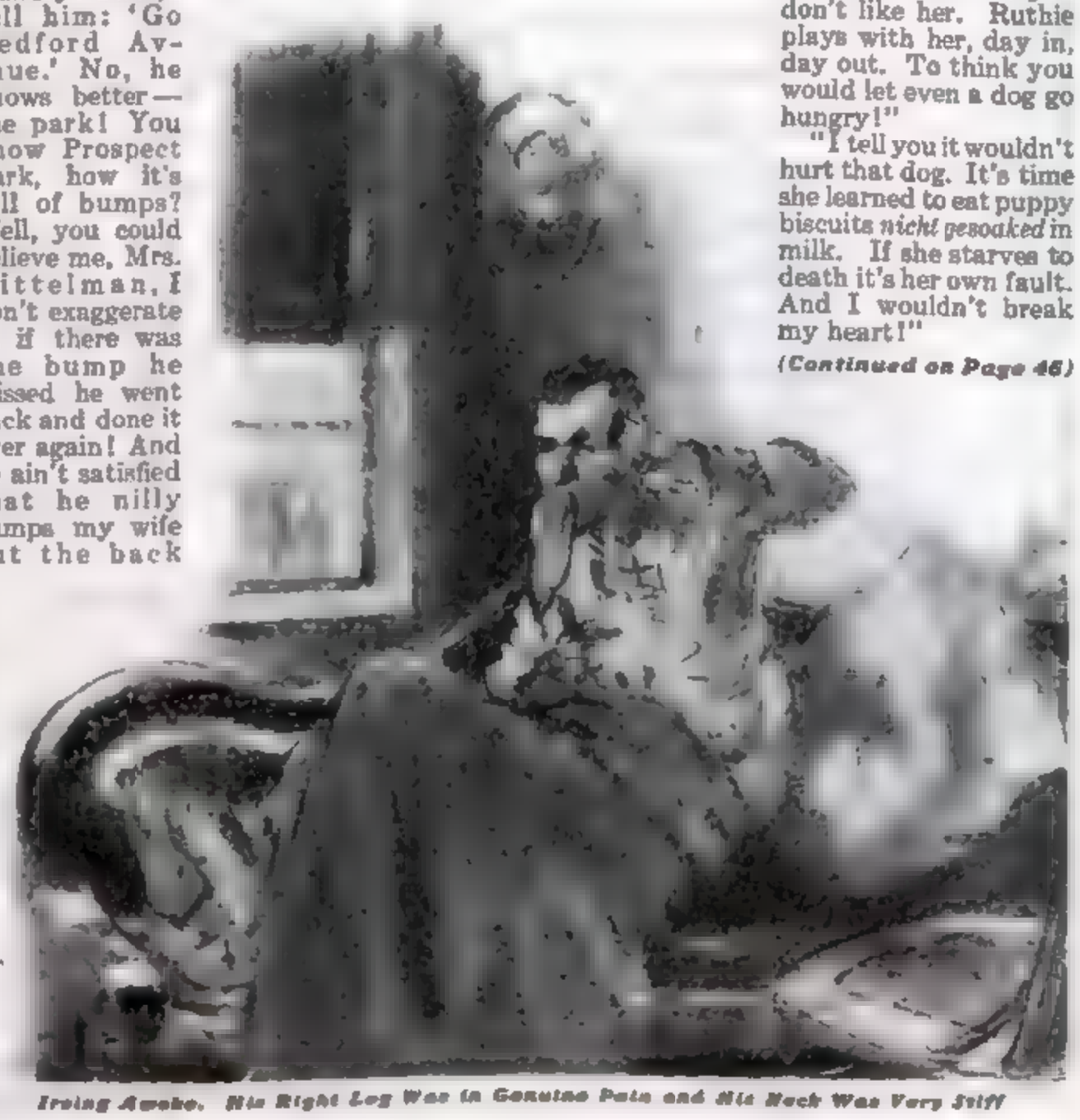
"Oh, oh!" Bessie gave a little shriek. "If you mention that high hat again I'll jump out of the window!"

"Well, I stick to my word. Anyway, I should feed yet such a vicious animal that's always trying to bite me in the leg."

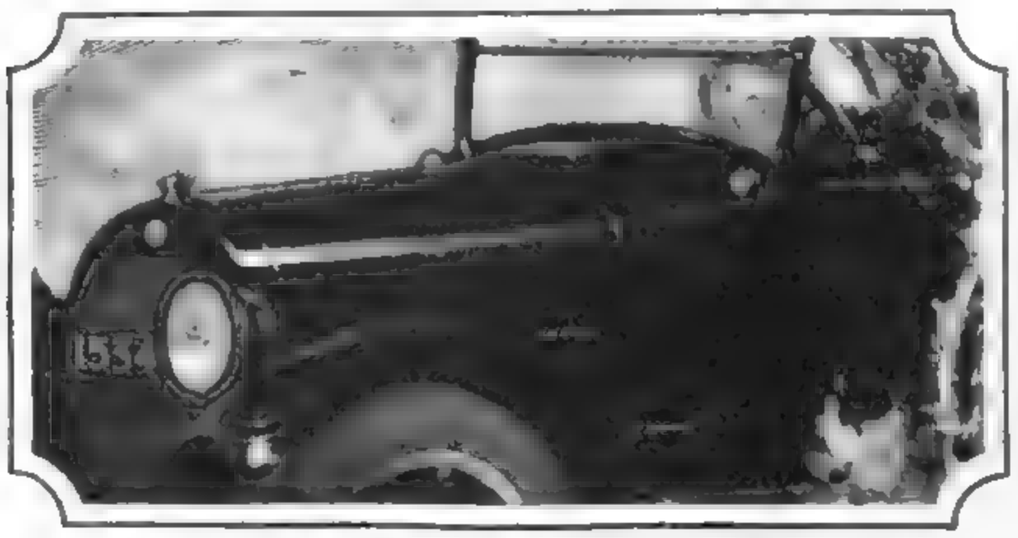
"That's because you don't like her. Ruthie plays with her, day in, day out. To think you would let even a dog go hungry!"

"I tell you it wouldn't hurt that dog. It's time she learned to eat puppy biscuits *nicht gesoaked* in milk. If she starves to death it's her own fault. And I wouldn't break my heart!"

(Continued on Page 46)



Irving Awoke. His Right Leg Was in Genuine Pain and His Neck Was Very Stiff



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(Continued from Page 44)

"No, but your child would."

"*Nicht so gefährlich.* All my life I lived without dogs and I got big too. If Tootsie dies Ruthie'll get a husband anyway. Anyhow I told you I'm done with this lending."

"Some day you'll want to borrow something from Yittelmans ——"

"What, for instance? A high hat, maybe? Or Tootsie?"

"You never can tell. You might even need a dog some day."

"I should live so long," said Irving Apfel.

Next morning Irving rose late, for though when questioned accusingly by Bessie at four A. M. he stoutly maintained that he did not hear anything, and she must be dreaming if she thought she heard Tootsie wailing, still something caused him to pull the covers over his head until the arrival of the milkman next door. And for some reason he overslept.

That was how he happened to be eating his breakfast when the telephone rang at a time when he was usually New Yorkward winging via the Brighton L. Bessie was upstairs putting some finishing touches to Ruthie.

"Hello," said a strange voice, "would you please call Mrs. Fisch on the telephone?"

"No!" Irving was himself surprised at the vehemence with which he replaced the receiver. But he was just sick of them Fisches making a pay station out of his telephone. Annie was forever running across the street to call Mrs. Fisch on the phone while his dinner got cold and he got hot.

"For me?" called Bessie over the balustrade.

"No," growled Irving; "not for us."

Bessie went back to Ruthie.

The telephone rang a second time. All the muscles of Irving's throat grew tense, and a mouthful of coffee almost went down the wrong way. He snatched the receiver.

"Hello!"

"Hello," came back an equally bellicose voice, "I'd like to speak to one of the Fisches."

"Say, what do you think this is—th' aquarium?"

Irving banged up the receiver once more.

The hand that picked up his coffee cup trembled so that the amber liquid splashed into the saucer.

"Wrong number again?" inquired Bessie, opening Ruthie's door.

"Same feller," replied Irving, just as the ringing recommenced.

An outraged moment Irving hesitated. Then a crafty light came into his eyes, and lifting the receiver he answered in a low voice: "Hello."

"Hello. Would you please call Mrs. Fisch on the telephone?"

"Who?"

"Mrs. C. Fisch."

"Oh!" Irving's voice was all misleading softness. "You want 2-1-5-6."

"No, I don't. I want ——"

"That's the best place if you want sea fish. That's the King's Highway Fish Market."

Far from being out of humor now, Irving was all amiability. Not so the other fellow.

"Is this Apfels?" he bellowed.

"Apples? Oh! Why didn't you say so right away? If you want apples I could recommend you Malkin's Veg'table Store; 2-2-2." And hanging up the receiver he actually did a little hop and skip on the hardwood floor. With genuine relish he responded to the next summons.

"Is this 2-1-3-2-J?"

"No."

"Well, Central says it is."

"Well, then, it is. I wouldn't make a liar from a lady."

"Is that you, Mr. Apfel?"

"Sure. Is that you, Mr. Banana?"

Hearing Bessie in the hall he reluctantly discontinued this scintillating barrage of wit. There was another ring.

"I wouldn't answer it," advised Bessie, coming downstairs with Ruthie all slicked up for school.

A wicked smile illumined Irving's countenance. "You're right. Leave them ring. After a while, when they had enough, they'll stop."

As a prophet Irving was a great success. After a while when they had enough they did stop.

"Where would you like to go to-night, kid?" he asked when Bessie met him at Opper's for supper.

Bessie wondered what could have induced this reckless mood. She did not know how the recollection of scintillant bits of the morning's repartee coming to him at odd moments had kept his spirits soaring all day. Maybe he was rotten, huh? Maybe you could impose on him, what? A coupla more times the same treatments and maybe after a while Mrs. Fisch puts in her own telephone. How mad that feller got! He had to chuckle every time he thought of it. The only hard luck was he had no one to tell such a joke to. Even Bessie wasn't just the right one.

"Let's go to the opera." Bessie smiled at him across the table. "Caruso's singing to-night."

He gave her a quick look, but seeing no trace of pernicious earnestness behind her jesting he replied in kind:

"Sure, kid, we'll take a box. By the way, what's the matter with your friend Mrs. Fisch? I thought her brother the fluter was going to give her tickets for the opera and she was going to take us sometimes?"

"Oh, she will."

"Sure! You believe everybody. She only says that so she could use our telephone!"

Bessie frowned. "I admit it's a nuisance having to call her to the phone. I almost wish I knew of a way to stop it."

For some unaccountable reason her husband suddenly began to laugh.

When he came home the next night, Bessie was waiting for him at the door.

"You see, Irving"—she could scarcely wait to kiss him to tell him the good news—"Mrs. Fisch wasn't bluffing about those opera tickets!"

"What do you mean—she really is going to take us?"

"Well, she would have, only yesterday morning when her brother phoned to offer her tickets for last night—well, you know how rotten the telephone service is nowadays? Well, a couple of times he got a wrong number and then one of those idiots that like to kid over the telephone got on his line—one of the boys from the vegetable market or somebody—and began to —— Why, Irving, what are you doing?"

"Doing? Me? What should I be doing?"

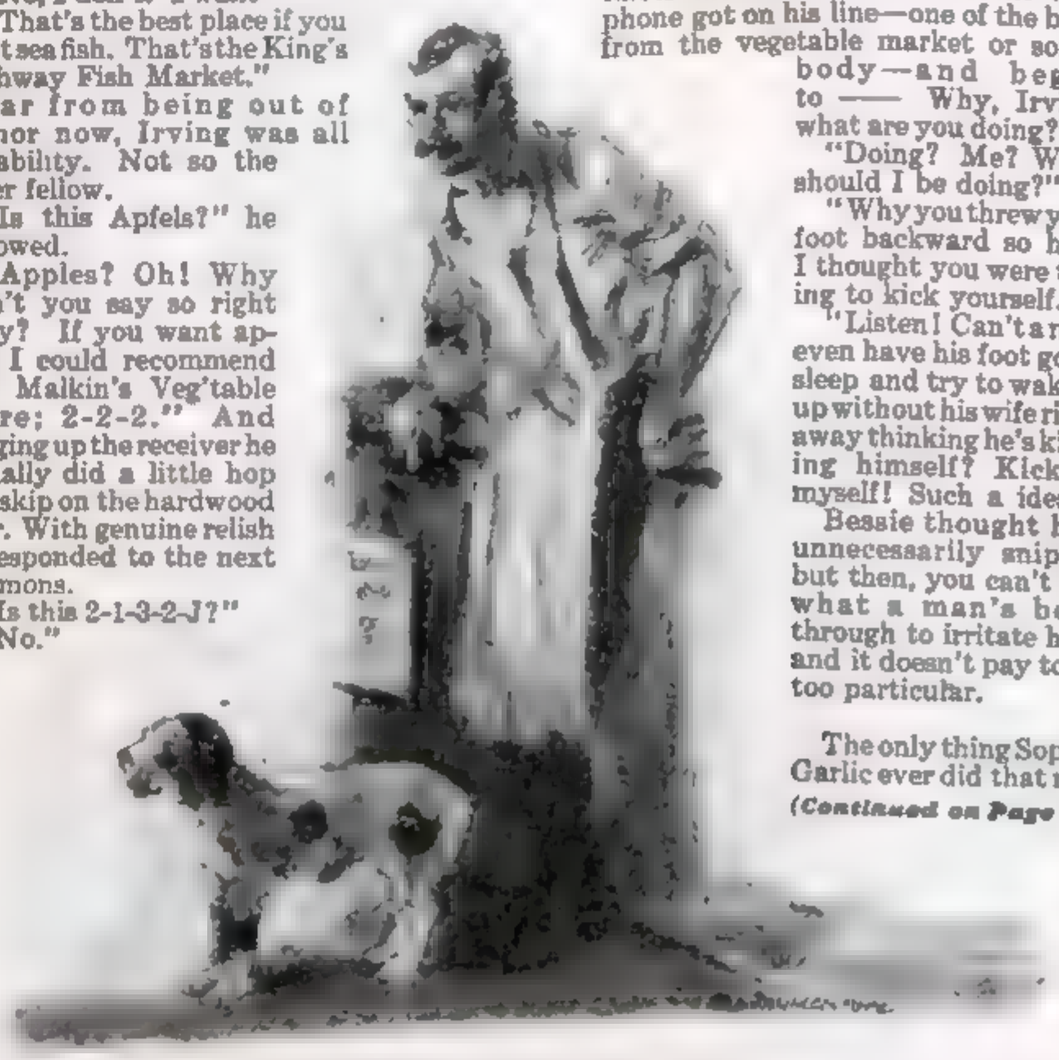
"Why you threw your foot backward so hard I thought you were trying to kick yourself."

"Listen! Can't a man even have his foot go to sleep and try to wake it up without his wife right away thinking he's kicking himself? Kicking myself! Such a idea!"

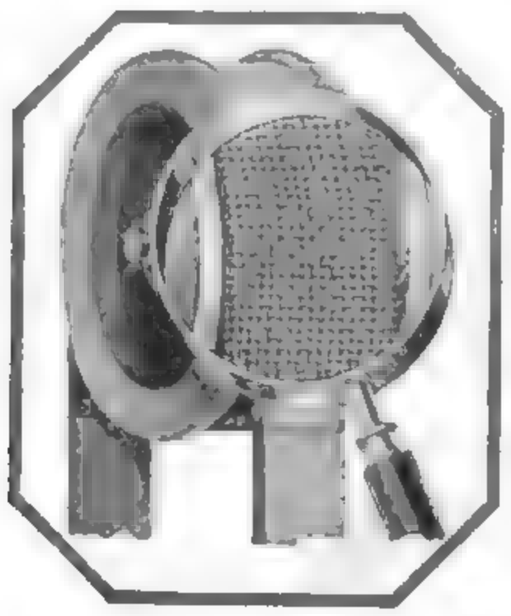
Bessie thought him unnecessarily snippy, but then, you can't tell what a man's been through to irritate him, and it doesn't pay to be too particular.

The only thing Sophie Garlic ever did that met

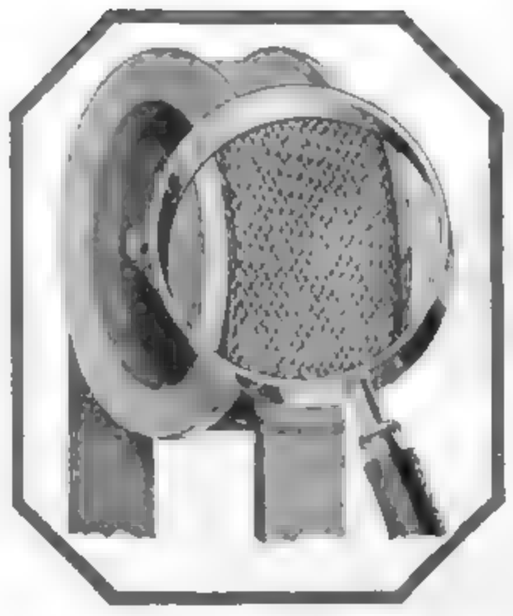
(Continued on Page 49)



"You Can Call Him Beauty if You Like. He's Seven Dollars"



The thread of the belt here shown runs lengthwise and across. Being without resiliency it soon stretches; therefore it is always slipping, needs adjustment often. Breaks quickly. A poor belt that increases repair bills.



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(Continued from Page 46)

with Irving's entire approval was when she moved away from Flatbush. The fact that she named her first-born after him didn't make her cousin love her any more. To have your relations name after you such a loafer like Oivy Garlic is *osser* a compliment.

"And you had to begin with such people again," he grumbled. "Such spongers—such ——"

Bessie spoke through a mouthful of invisibles with which she was pinning on her net.

"They're your family, dearie."

"You don't need to get personal, darling," replied Irving, selecting a tie. "I was only inquiring what you needed to begin with her again?"

"I didn't begin. Sophie phoned and asked if we were going to be home Sunday."

"And you had to say right away yes."

"Well, if I said no, they'd make it next Sunday. You know how Sophie is."

"Do I know? And I suppose she's gonna bring along that wild Indian—that street loafer—that ——"

"Irvy? Of course. What else can she do with him?"

"Believe me, I could advise her. That *fresser*. Remember the last time how he et up the whole box of *matzoth* cookies my mother sent over extra for me? Sure. Laugh. By you it's nothing. Everyone could walk on you!"

"I can't help laughing. You got so mad. But cheer up, there are no *matzoth* cookies in the house."

"Never mind, he'll find something else. He's the worst I ever seen. Remember what he done to the piano bench with the driller? And the hall paper? Don't invite them overnight."

"Heaven forbid! I couldn't stand him more than a day myself. And poor Ruthie ——"

Irving's face grew purple. "If he lays a finger on that child I ——"

Bessie patted his arm soothingly. "Maybe he's not as bad as he used to be."

"Sure." Her husband pinched her under the chin to convey that he did not hold her entirely responsible. "Sure, maybe he's worse."

And he was right. If Oivy at five was the worst child Irving had ever seen it was only because he had never been privileged to behold Oivy at six. And you think the parents bothered their heads about him? *Yo!* Otto Garlic, the fat, was incased in a lethargy which nothing but the sight of food seemed to penetrate. And Sophie Garlic, the terror of the family, could never bring herself to say anything more scathing to her young hopeful than "Oivy dolling!" in response to which he was apt to consign her to a place to which nice little boys do not usually consign their parents—at least not out loud.

Dinner was a howling success—if you put the accent on the adjective. The only way Irving, at the head of the table, could eat at all was by turning halfway round in his chair so his eyes could not behold the depravity beside him. But nothing could keep his ears from hearing the lusty and almost continuous serenade Oivy's feet beat against the mahogany table.

"Sophie!" he had to plead once or twice. "Please! Tell the boy he shouldn't knock with his feet on the table. It makes a mark."

Whereupon Sophie, with a look which did not conceal her opinion of people who thought more of mahogany tables than of little boys, would deliver her futile "Oivy dolling!" and all went merrily as before.

Irving began to fray all along his nerves. And when a forkful of spinach plus hard-boiled egg so far failed of its original destination as to land on the Chinese blue rug, even Bessie was shaken somewhat from her position of perfect hostess and uttered an aggrieved "Oh!"

As for Annie, from the moment the contents of a tilted soup plate profaned the virgin whiteness of her clean cloth and centerpiece she had never been the same. Only Otto Garlic, napkin under chin, continued placidly to consume food, unmoved by the atmospheric disturbances about him.

It was Ruthie, however, who suffered most. Her instinct, inheritance, training—her most sacred feelings and traditions were outraged. Her mutely questioning eyes traveled continually from the persistently averted glance of her mother to the breath-destroying spectacle opposite, and so great was her horror that she almost forgot to eat her ice cream.

"Mamma!" was wrung at length from her well-ordered, six-year-old little soul when the prodigy picked up his almost empty plate and, applying it like a plaster to his face, proceeded to eradicate the final traces of ice cream. "Mamma! Ain't he a goop!"

The pent-up suffering in Irving exploded. "Ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! Haw ——"

"Ruthie! Irving!" began Bessie, but the young iconoclast needed none of her championing.

"I ain't a goop, you ——" he retorted, at the same time propelling his now superfluous plate in the direction of his youthful critic.

It was only after the two youngsters had been sent upstairs to play that apparent harmony was restored with the coffee. And even then it was not so apparent as to be palpable. Sophie Garlic still bore on her face traces of her opinion of a cousin who could be so rough and shake a little feller that was only mischeevious, but didn't have a bad bone in his body. Irving, still ravaged by the rage in which he had risen to the defense of his own, sulked at the recollection of how he had been called off before he had shaken more than half the life out of that young loafer that smashed one of the best ice-cream plates and nilly—very nilly, mind you—did so on the countenance of Irving's only child! Even Bessie's fingers itched with the desire to shake somebody, were it only her own husband for being such a boor! Only Otto Garlic, raising his watery eyes one moment to the carnage, found no difficulty in regaining his accustomed poise, and you could hear how he really enjoyed his third cup of coffee after he had poured it into his saucer.

However, it has often been stated with undeniable logic and truth that all things come to an end in this world, and so did dinner and the afternoon and even the supper, less hectic but quite as uncomfortable as dinner, with Ruthie tearful and Oivy truculent, and everyone's nerves on edge—that is, everyone who had nerves—and the ghosts of the dinner's unpleasantness hovering in the air. Right after supper Bessie propelled in the direction of her room her outraged daughter, smarting for the first time in her young career under contact with the injustice of a world wherein so much wickedness could go unscathed—a world wherein the good and pure were sent to bed at seven o'clock while monsters of evil who called out bad names and broke dishes and kicked with their feet and hit their mothers back were permitted to stay up, apparently, ad lib.

At last the Garlics decided to go, and Bessie called Irving, who had disappeared upstairs. Otto opened the front door.

"It's raining," he remarked, making a discovery which Irving had made somewhat earlier. Sophie pushed Otto aside as though his opinion were utterly worthless on so weighty and subtle a matter.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "so it is! You'll have to loan me an umbrella, Bessie."

Bessie glanced at her husband, who remained strangely passive.

"Of course we'll let you have an umbrella."

"I don't think," casually remarked Irving, absorbed in the intricate problem of blowing air through a faulty pipestem, "that we got a umbrella in the house."

"Not ——"

"No. You see"—he turned confidentially to his guests—"she's always loaning them away, and you know how it is with umbrellas."

"But, Irving ——"

By that time Bessie had opened the closet. Diogenes himself would not have undertaken to find an umbrella in Apfel's hall closet!

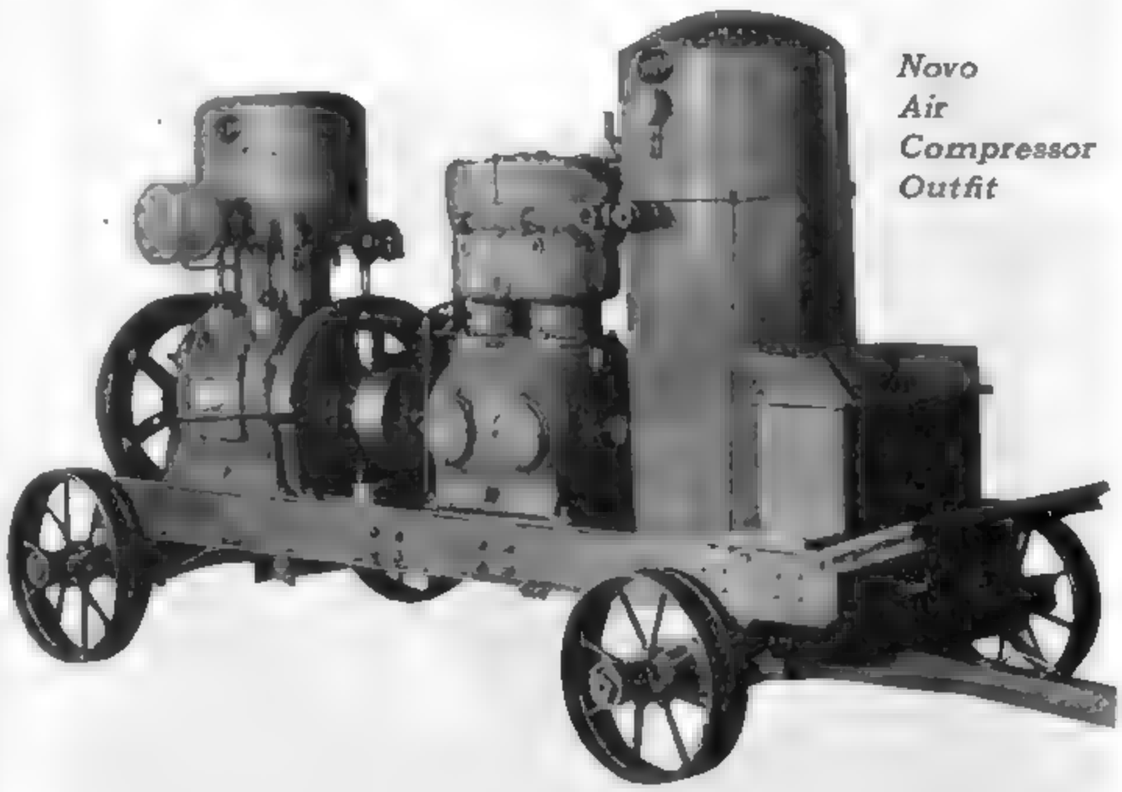
Bessie, her head a mortified red, sent her husband a long look, which he, unfortunately, failed to receive because of his great preoccupation with his pipe.

He did not deem it necessary, furthermore, to reply to her next remark, to the effect that she could have sworn she put three umbrellas in that closet. But Mrs. Garlic vouchsafed bitterly that her hat would be ruined without an umbrella.

"Irving!" Irving with a look of unimpeachable innocence met her gaze: "Look upstairs and see if you can't find an umbrella anywhere."

"There's none here," he called down later in a voice which fairly vibrated with distress.

A few moments passed and then he heard the front door bang. A weak, shuddering sigh escaped him.



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"Bessie!" He couldn't wait to come downstairs. "Bessie!" he called. "You'll die laughing when you hear how I fooled them son of a guns ——"

There was a moment's heavy silence. Then: "Come down and tell us all," said Bessie evenly. "The folks are staying overnight."

Irving stood there—turned to stone—the ghastly mask of a laugh frozen on his features. At last, still in a daze, he descended the stairs.

"Fooled who?" inquired Sophie Garlic.

Heaven knows what he would have said if not for his Bessie!

"You mean the time you fooled the Marian Feather Company? You told me about that this morning."

"Oh!" said Irving.

"Oh!" said Sophie.

"I'll tell the folks, while you go next door and ask the Yittelmans if you can use their spare room. The folks are going to sleep in our bed."

Still somewhat dazed, he started to do her bidding. A need for steadying himself made him pause in the kitchen.

"Hate to put you out," he heard Otto say.

"Well, we couldn't very well go home in the rain." From Sophie.

"You're not putting us out," Bessie replied. "Irving doesn't mind asking the Yittelmans. We always exchange favors with the neighbors."

Irving did not go to the Yittelmans'.

After having prepared for herself the narrow couch in the card room Bessie came downstairs in her kimono and slippers and tried to reason with him:

"Why don't you go and sleep at Yittelman's, dear?"

"I don't want to. I rather sleep here. This couch is very comf'table."

"But you'll get all cramped. It's too short for you."

"Well, I got to get used to a little inconvenience if I got a wife that invites spongers to stay overnight in my bed."

"I didn't invite them, darling. Sophie managed to invite herself. But why are you so obstinate? Mrs. Yittelman won't mind doing us a favor."

"No! I don't want no favors."

"Oh!" said Bessie suddenly; and she started to add something, but thought better of it and refrained.

In spite of his avowal that the couch was very comf'table Irving found it rather difficult to find a position that would accommodate his legs and at the same time do justice to his neck. He began to ponder whether, after all, it wouldn't have been better to have loaned them an umbrella, and considered it the price of getting rid of them. And cheap at the price. Why, what they'd eat for breakfast alone was worth the cost of an umbrella, especially the busted cotton one he loaned from his mother's once. Why didn't he think of that busted cotton one of his mother's?

But no—what's right is right. It's the principle of the thing! He was glad he had not been weak enough to ask the Yittelmans the favor of a bed. Rather stick to his principles even if his neck wasn't exactly so comf'table.

At last he fell asleep. So right away Tootsie, who some way had found out it was he who had refused her the milk, comes and grabs his right leg in her teeth, and she don't want to let go at all. And while he has his hands—not to mention his right leg—full with her, who should come along but young Oivy, and commences to call him names and at the same time begins to *klopp* him in the neck with a busted cotton umbrella that he found.

Irving awoke. His right leg was in genuine pain and his neck was very stiff. But it was not that which caused his heart to contract and a feeling of nausea to creep like an insidious wave over his entire body. No. It was a terrible thought, driving like a knife into the farthest tortured recesses of his soul—a thought the taste of which was as gall and wormwood on his tongue. The thought that if the Garlics should—and he could see no reason why they shouldn't—by chance happen to move the pillows of their bed they could not fail to be edified by the spectacle that would greet their eyes. For bungler, idiot, *schlemiehl* that he was, he had forgotten, *z'allen schlemazel*, to remove certain things which in a moment of inspiration he had placed under those pillows for safekeeping. Certain things which the Garlics, unless they were suddenly stricken with total blindness and malignant amnesia, could not fail to recognize as umbrellas—two silk and one busted cotton. The three umbrellas, in short, that Bessie could have sworn she had put in the hall closet!

Is it a wonder Irving couldn't sleep so very well that night?

In April, all means of checking Ruthie's cough having failed, Doctor Stone recommended a change of air. So Irving had to commute to Myrtle Arbor, a farm owned by some friends out in Jersey. The reason the Danzigers had named their farm Moitle Harbor was probably because there was no sign of either myrtle or arbor on the place—on the same principle as those riddles wherein something always barks like a dog to make it harder to guess.

One Sunday afternoon the Yittelmans drove up in their car with Tootsie. Irving could *grad* have lived without them, but if it made Ruthie happy, *schon*, *schon*, let them come. Even Tootsie. Ruthie certainly had a *gedille* with Tootsie. She didn't want to let them take her away at all. She wanted them to leave her up there. Did you ever hear such a nonsense? Irving was reasoning with her out on the porch, when Bessie joined him.

"Irving"—she spoke under her breath—"it's blowing up cold. Don't you want to lend Mr. Yittelman your gray sweater?"

"What? My new gray sweater that I just got?"

"It's the only one we have to offer him."

"And you know why."

"It's not Mr. Yittelman's fault that your brother Miltie took the red one on his vacation and lost it."

"I suppose it's mine? No, Bessie, you know my feelings about this."

"He might get pneumonia."

Irving had no chance to reply, for at that moment Mr. Yittelman appeared.

"Well," said that gentleman, his benignant smile breaking through his stubby gray beard, "off we go. Thank you for a pleasant day and I wish Ruthie soon better—she don't look so good to-day. Here, Toots!" he called, raising his voice. And Tootsie obediently left Ruthie's side and waddled over.

Ruthie's eyes, a trifle heavy all day, grew dangerously moist.

"Let Tootsie stay. Please! Don't take Tootsie away."

"Oh, Ruthie!" Bessie's voice had the proper reproachful inflection. "Tootsie has to go home."

Irving chimed in. "Mrs. Yittelman will bring her again sometime."

"Sure," agreed Mrs. Yittelman. "I bring her again sometime."

"I don't want her sometime. I want her now."

"But, darling!" Bessie was the mortified parent. "You couldn't take Tootsie to bed with you, could you?"

"But I could play with her to-morrow."

"To-morrow they'll bring her again. Won't you, Mrs. Yittelman?"

And Irving bore her, tearful and protesting, to bed. Bessie waited to see their guests off. Returning to the room later, she found him seated in an old rocker, rocking as though history depended on the number of oscillations he achieved, and singing in a voice which barely rose above the complaining monotone of the rocker a nameless croon unhampered by either words or melody.

"Bzhumm," it sounded like—"zhumm—zhumm." And the tune was as free from meaning as the words. But Ruthie had doubtless found in it both significance and charm. For her eyes, still shadowed by recent tears, were closed in contented slumber, and her flushed little face, silhouetted against his dark vest, had relaxed, with the exception of occasional quivering half sobs, into serene repose. From the quilt which enfolded her a little bare pink foot had escaped, and a little bare tan arm had slid confidingly from his neck to his chest. Irving's head was bent forward so that his droning "Bzhumm—zhumm—zhumm" came muffled through the filter of her curls.

At the sound of Bessie's footsteps he looked up and she caught before it vanished from his eyes the light that had been kindled there by that warm, relaxed little burden in his arms. Most mothers and some fathers have at some time been transfigured by that look of exalted happiness shadowed by the brooding ghost of some nameless, unreasoning, unfathomable dread.

Closing the door softly, Bessie leaned for a moment against it, her own eyes luminous with something which welled over from a suffocating fullness in the region of her heart. *(Continued on Page 53)*

The Leland Contributions to Motordom

Pioneers of the Industry, Henry M. Leland and Wilfred C. Leland, Organizers of the Lincoln Motor Company, have been outstanding factors in Motor Car Development

Henry M. Leland
President
Lincoln Motor Co.

Wilfred C. Leland
Vice-Pres. & Gen'l Mgr.
Lincoln Motor Co.

Looking back over the progress of a generation, it would be difficult to recall anything which has contributed to the welfare of civilization and to the healthful enjoyment of mankind more than has the motor car.

Recalling the achievements which have marked the beginnings of various epoch-making periods in motordom, where do you find examples more impressive or which have been more far-reaching in their influence than those inaugurated by the Lelands during the past eighteen years, with the co-operation of thousands of skilled and loyal associates;

—the first practical, enduring car, made in large numbers;

—the thorough standardization and interchangeability of parts;

—close and fine workmanship, expressed by accuracy measured in thousandths of an inch and even in fractions of a thousandth;

—the initial adoption in motor car workmanship of the Johanssen gauges, accurate to the one-hundred-thousandth part of an inch—instruments which have helped to make possible such wonderful precision;

—scientific practices and methods in manufacture, which made possible a car of highest quality, at a price then far below prevailing figures for a comparable product;

—the electrical system of starting—lighting—ignition;

—the thermal regulation of the water circulating system;

—the V-type, *high-speed*, *high-efficiency* engine, the influence of which upon the industry has been almost immeasurable?

As a crowning achievement, one has but to observe their record both as to quantity and quality of Liberty aircraft motors.

And to the Lelands is due a multitude of other things—in manufacturing practices and in motor car refinement—some seeming small in themselves perhaps, but almost limitless in their influence and incalculable in their value in making motor cars the wonderful mechanisms they are today.

The Lelands have been favored by an additional advantage in that usually they have been afforded first opportunity to consider new devices developed by independent and unaffiliated genius.

This because it was realized that the seal of Leland approval spelled success in motordom, and that generally it meant ultimate adoption by other good-car makers.

Entering the industry practically at its inception, the Lelands soon became recognized as possessing two predominant traits: first, to achieve and to surpass—for the sheer satisfaction derived from those accomplishments; second, to strive unceasingly for the betterment of motor cars, in everything that betterment signifies—to make them more trustworthy, to make them more enduring, to make them a source of greater comfort, to provide greater conveniences, to make their care and their operation unirksome—in short, to make their possession more desirable from every viewpoint.

Is it not logical, therefore, that men recognized as foremost exponents of advanced ideas will guard and preserve that enviable distinction?

In the light of past accomplishments, could anything be more logical than that the new Leland-built car will embody refinements naturally to be expected of men occupying positions in the forefront of advancement—positions to which the serious-minded in the industry are wont to aspire?

And in the light of past accomplishments, could anything be more logical than that the new Leland-built car will uphold Leland traditions; and that it will evidence, more impressively than ever before, Leland determination and Leland ability to achieve—and to surpass?

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

REGAL SHOES

And now—for Women
The "NEWPORT"

An exquisite Wing Tip Oxford tailored by the Regal MEN'S bootmakers

Confirming Regal Values of Today and the Future

RIGHT at the time of most acute questioning about future shoe values and prices—here is a shoe that typifies what may be expected from the time-tested Regal program of making many pairs, with only a conservative profit on each pair.

The "Newport"—freshest of Wing Tip styles; made of fine Russia calf in that smart medium light tone so much the vogue. Priced only on the basis of *cost, value* and *service.*

Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Agency Stores in other Cities and Towns

(Continued from Page 50)

The next morning when Irving, considerably worried, left for his office Ruthie had developed a fever, and he admonished Bessie she "should be sure and have the doctor in."

All day he kept thinking about her and he took an early train for Myrtle Arbor. Ruthie was in bed. At sight of him she brightened.

"Where's Tootsie?" she inquired when he bent to kiss her.

Bessie signaled him into the next room. "She's been calling for Tootsie all day," she explained. ""You know you told her Yittelmans would bring her back again to-day."

"Oh, for heaven's sake! What can we do?" . . . . . .

"What can we do?" demanded Bessie practically.

"Did you have in the doctor?"

"Yes. Doctor Brown. But he couldn't seem to find anything the matter."

"*Auch mir* a doctor!"

"He gave her something and said if that didn't help we'd have to wait until something showed up"

"We need a doctor for that? If she ain't better to-morrow we have Stone out."

"Will he leave all his other patients?"

"If Ruthie's sick?" Irving had to laugh at the idea that a doctor wouldn't leave everything if his Ruthie was sick.

"I think it's just something she ate. You know how easily ——"

At that moment Ruthie called, and Irving dashed into her room.

"Papa, why didn't you bring Tootsie?" Her eyes were filmed with tears.

"Papa didn't know, darling ——"

"Mamma said you were going to bring Tootsie." And the whole flock of tears spilled over and headed south. Irving was so distressed he had to leave the room.

The next afternoon Irving sat at his desk chewing on the end of a cigar. He was in a vile humor. He had just phoned Bessie, who told him the fever was going up again and the child was crying incessantly for Tootsie. And Doctor Brown had advised that they get Tootsie. He had phoned Doctor Stone, whom he had always considered not alone a good doctor but a friend, too, but who had shown himself—well, Irving was through with him, that's all. He couldn't see his way clear to leave all his patients and go up to Myrtle Arbor to-day. However, if the child was no better in the morning Irving should phone him again. In the meanwhile, if she was grieving over the absence of a playmate it seemed to him a very simple matter to remove the cause of grief by procuring the playmate.

Yeh. Very simple! Irving threw away the end of the cigar. Sure! A cinch! He should go to Yittelmans and loan their dog that was like a only child, when he wouldn't even loan them his sweater, they shouldn't catch a pneumonia.

"*Wenn lacht Gott?*" he pondered bitterly. It had to be *grad* that dog, too, that he wouldn't give a cup of milk to, one Sunday evening, he remembered. And he remembered, too, that the dog cried half the night till the milkman came. And now his child was crying for that dog.

A horrible sensation manifested itself inside his vest. And curious chills went sneaking down his spine.

Such a luck he had! Why couldn't his child be crying for something he could get without going to Yittelmans—something he could buy? He wouldn't stand on a dollar, you bet, if it was only something he could buy. But a dog that you ——

A sudden golden ray of hope pierced the shroud of his thoughts. Why not? Why couldn't you buy a dog?

The more he thought of it the better it appealed to him. A dog of her own for Ruthie instead of a loaned one! Why, the child would be tickled to death! A real dog instead of a *stück machshoufes* like Tootsie. And he could be independent from them Yittelmans! I tell you, a *chochem* you had to be!

He slapped on his hat and headed for Fifth Avenue. He had often passed an animal store there. It should cost him something. He should worry.

In spite of his own indifference to the species he felt a real thrill at the prospect of the dog he was about to purchase. Tonight when he would come home and Ruthie would turn her big brown eyes to him and ask him: "Papa, did you bring along Tootsie?" he would answer her: "*Yo!* Tootsie! Do I want to insult my darling? Look what papa brought you—a real dog!"

And to-morrow she would be better! And then they could give away the dog. Or maybe they wouldn't need to give it away? Maybe they could sell it for a little less? Why not? Wouldn't people be glad to buy such a dog for a little less? Though, on the other hand, why should he take less? What's to get second-handed on such a dog if you use him a little? To tell the truth, you don't even use him. The child plays with him and he has it good. Maybe if he has it good fresh air and good food like by Danzigers—no dog store could give such food like by Danzigers—maybe he gets worth more. It's like any other investment—such a animal. You got to figger original investment, depreciation and upkeep. How much could Danzigers charge for feeding such a dog? What does such a dog eat? A coupla bones and some garbage maybe? Maybe Danzigers wouldn't charge nothing and the transaction would even show a profit.

He had now reached Fifth Avenue and paused, uncertain whether to turn up or down. He tried to remember. It was a swell store—on a corner. Lord knows what they soak you in such a store on Fifth Avenue! They got to make their rent! But with dogs there's no styles or no seasons or nothing. A dog is a dog. Downtown he could probably get one for half.

But where should he go looking round downtown for such a dog? He could walk his feet off. Dog stores ain't sitting on every corner waiting for once your child should begin hollering for a dog.

He stopped and consulted a Red Book. He found no dog stores, but plenty of dog kennels and breeders of fancy toy dogs. A kennel he wouldn't need. The dog could sleep in Danzigers' barn. And such a fancy dog he didn't need neither. A plain one would do. Guided by the Red Book he located a place near Third Avenue. Such a place near Third Avenue, he figgered, couldn't be so *gefahrlich* fancy.

It was a small store with an assortment of fluffy white dogs in the window in varying stages of ambition, ranging from complete somnolence to the most exaggerated vivacity.

Long after the last reverberations of the din precipitated by the opening of the door had died away, a leisurely, sandy-looking individual appeared from behind the partition marked Private.

"I want such a dog," announced Irving.

"What kind of a dog?" inquired the man, just as if Irving was some kind of a drummer or something instead of a customer.

"It's got to match one that belongs to some friends of ours. It's such a white animal with black spots. A fox terrier!" he achieved by a terrific feat of memory. "Something cheap," he hastened to add as the man disappeared behind the partition. "It's only to play with."

The man reappeared with the kind of animal kind-hearted little boys are always bringing home on muddy days for mamma to adopt just when mamma has had the rugs cleaned for the holidays. His skin was a quasi-white with a few black and a few brown spots. Even Irving's unskilled eye noted certain architectural defects. Tootsie, for instance, was built much closer to the ground. And the prospective purchase was very blunt as to nose and long as to ears.

"Is that a fox terrier?" inquired Irving.

The man scratched his head. "Well, he's more of a fox terrier than anything else."

"I bet," suggested Irving ironically, "his name is Beauty."

"Nope; Prince," replied the man. "But you can call him Beauty if you like. He's seven dollars."

"Do I pay you the seven dollars or do you pay me?"

The man didn't even know enough to laugh at a customer's jokes! You wonder how such fellers could make a living. Such salesmanship! And such a stock!

"He ain't much to look at, but he's got a nice disposition," said the man. You'd never think he was trying to sell something.

"He's got to have more then that before I give out seven dollars," said Irving.

"That's the only fox terrier I have just now."

He didn't even think to show him something else! Irving had to think of that himself. It occurred to him suddenly. *Wie heisst* he must get a fox terrier? Was Tootsie such a picture and did he love her so much that he should lay out good money to have her *mischpoche* snapping round his feet? And such a *mischpoche!* He looked

Triangle keeps shoes new-looking

This white canvas shoe dressing

Won't Rub Off

The Triangle Line

Presto-White (liquid) Won't rub off—For all articles of white canvas, and duck.

Presto-White Cake—For all articles made of white buck leather, canvas, and duck.

Cameo White Kid Cleaner—For all white and delicate colored kid leathers.

Super-White (cleaner)—Cleans and whitens buck, nubuck, suède, and canvas shoes. Also scuffed and badly soiled kid shoes.

Milady (cream) All colors—For glazed kid and shiny leather.

Carbolene (dry cleaner)—For cleaning all articles made of white or colored kid, of calf, satin, silk, and fabrics.

Lusteron (black) Self-Shining—For kid, vici kid, and all finished leathers.

Ebony-Oil (black-friction)—For box calf, kid, vici kid, and black leathers.

Shine-Well (paste) Black, Brown, and Tan—For shoes in all leathers.

Dri-Foot—The Shoe Waterproofing—For men's, women's, and children's leather shoes. Good for harness.

Here is a package of Presto-White, the liquid dressing that keeps canvas shoes snow-white and won't rub off on your clothes.

It's one of the Triangle Brand, a complete line of pure polishes, cleaners, and dressings for every kind of *leather* and *fabric* footwear, from dainty slippers to sturdy work shoes.

Triangle Dressings protect expensive footwear and keep it from getting shabby-looking.

Be sure of quality shoe dressings. Look for the distinctive Triangle box like the illustration shown here. Triangle sold in most all good shoe stores.

FITZ CHEMICAL CO., Phillipsburg, N. J.

Makers of Triangle Shoe Dressings and Dri-Foot

This Triangle Product cleans quickly without harm to the skin

FITZ
PRESTO
HAND SOAP

Takes off Grease, Grime, Ink Stains, and Paint. Leaves the Skin Smooth and Soft

Patrick
DULUTH
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Bigger than Weather"

Outdoor and Sport Garments

NO matter what your outdoor recreation, there is a Patrick Sweater, Cap, Hose, Blanket, Shooting Vest, Hunting Suit or Golf Suit to give you better service and protection.

Each is made of the genuine north country wool which has made Patrick cloth famous.

There is no other cloth just like Patrick cloth It is essentially a north country product, made of the thick, warm, long-fiber wool from "sheep that thrive in the snow."

Look for the Patrick label. It is sure identification of these weather-resisting garments

Ask your dealer for Patrick Wool Products. If he does not handle them we will refer you to one who does.

Send for new Patrick Style Book and also for "Bigger Than Weather"—a book by Elbert Hubbard. Both are free

PATRICK-DULUTH
WOOLEN MILLS
15 Avenue A, Duluth, Minn.

Patrick-Duluth
Sweater
No 7491

at the dog he might call Beauty. No! "I wouldn't take him *geschenkt*," he announced.

The man stood there as though he should worry if he made a sale or not. It was Irving who had to ask, nodding in the direction of the window, "How much is such a little feller?"

The man reached over and picked up a little ball of fluff and held him aloft. "Cute, ain't he?"

"Well," responded Irving, who wasn't such a fool as to praise goods he intended to buy, "there ain't much of him. But how much you want for him? The big feller I wouldn't take at no price."

"Two hundred dollars," replied the man, just as if he was in his right mind.

Irving walked out of the store leading by a string a quasi-white dog with brown and black spots, which he might call Beauty. Æsthetically he was, perhaps, deficient, but he had a lovely disposition, and that was the main thing in a dog that you were only getting for a child to play with. They weren't going to make style with him. And anybody that could go crazy over Tootsie, anything was good enough for.

Irving never in his life had taken a dog out on a leash. He became suddenly aware of the extraordinarily large number of dogs with which the streets of New York are peopled. It occurred to him that his dog was taking advantage of his lack of experience.

Angrily he pulled at the cord. The dog sat down and commenced to skid.

Irving made another observation about New York. The people are terribly nosy! And the nosiest ones live round Third Avenue. Whoever knew there were such a lot of people round Third Avenue? A million people at least, and not one could mind their own business! They looked at him as if he had *eppes* a little rhinoceros on a string. What was so funny about a man taking out on a string a brand-new dog that he just laid out seven dollars for?

He glanced down at the dog. The cord had tightened about his neck and he seemed in a fair way to end his earthly miseries. Irving had a momentary vicious hope that he would—then and there. If the *hund* rather choke than move his legs—but then he remembered his seven dollars, so he stopped tugging and permitted the dog to set the pace. For the sake of the passers-by who couldn't mind their own business he made it appear that he was only out for the air and did not care how long he took to get it. But in his heart, if he wasn't crazy about dogs before, you can imagine how he began now to get in love with them animals!

And by the time he reached Myrtle Arbor! It is no pleasure to ride from New York to Myrtle Arbor in a baggage car, I can tell you! Especially before the warm weather sets in. And Irving, who had never even suspected the railroad regulations concerning dogs and passenger trains, could tell you too! But how could he leave the dog alone in the baggage car where them big loafers would liable drop a trunk on him? You know how gentle them fellers handle your baggage! So what would they do to a dog that he just paid seven dollars for and made a damn fool out of himself dragging for twenty blocks on a string because the conductor of a Third Avenue car wouldn't let him get on with it and he wouldn't give the *hund* the satisfaction to take a taxi.

But after he laid out his good money and *schlepped* such a ki-yi all the way out to Myrtle Arbor, Ruthie wouldn't even look at it.

"I want Tootsie!" she insisted.

It was as though she had been crying for her mother and somebody had offered her a nice new lady she had never seen before.

And she seemed very sick. Irving stood beside her bed, and there were times when she did not know him. Her little cheeks were very red and her little arms flinging about restlessly tossed off the covers quicker than Bessie could put them on. The doctor had said not to worry. Some children ran up a very high fever on a slight attack of intestinal absorption. He could not find anything else the matter. When they got the poison out of her system she would be better.

Meanwhile Irving tied the dog to a post outside the farmhouse, where he bawled until about three A. M. Then he ceased suddenly, for a reason which Irving discovered later in the morning. For a fragment of frayed rope tied to a post outside the farmhouse was all that remained to Irving Apfel of the dog that he might have called Beauty!

All day Irving couldn't put his mind on his work. His head throbbed from loss of sleep and worry.

He could think of nothing but Ruthie, tossing on a bed of fever, and calling "Tootsie! Tootsie!"

Again he got Doctor Stone on the wire. He could not get away that day either. But to-morrow, if there was no improvement——

To-morrow! What couldn't happen till to-morrow?

And in the meanwhile she was lying there—his baby—his little Ruthie—and calling—calling.

And he, her own father, who pretended to love her more than a piece of his own heart—he wouldn't raise a finger to get for her the one thing in the world she wanted; maybe the one thing in the world that would make her better!

He didn't deserve to have such a rose—such a goldfish—such a angel! He was a dog—a spite-face—a slaughterer!

In an agony of self-loathing he called up Yittelman.

"What do you know! Such an attachment the child has for our Tootsie! Sure you could have a loan of her! I'll go home and bring her in to your office."

Almost there were tears in Irving's eyes. "How could I put you to so much trouble, Mr. Yittelman!"

"Don't say a word about it, Apfel. For a friend nothing is too much trouble. Like what they say—to give is more a blessing then to get. I'll bring her in."

Not only did he bring her in to Irving but he drove all the way up to Myrtle Arbor in his car. Which is some better than sitting in a baggage car, with Tootsie trying to make a meal off your ankles—I tell you!

Later when Ruthie, who that afternoon had taken a decided turn for the better, had fallen asleep with Tootsie in her arms and a happy smile on her face, Irving saw Yittelman to the garage where he had left his car.

"Say, Yittelman," said Irving, "I don't know how to begin to thank you for what you done to-day."

"Tush!" sa d Yittelman. "It's nothing."

"It was such a favor——"

"I'm glad you think so, Apfel. I like to do somebody a favor. It's like what they say—throwing a piece bread on the water. You don't know what day it comes back to you when you're hungry. Maybe you couldn't see it at the time how it's going to do you good—but my motto is 'Bread casted in water turns around again and comes back.'"

Irving shifted to the other foot uncomfortably.

"You never know," continued Mr. Yittelman, getting into his car, "when you could need people. Even such a dog."

"Ain't it the truth?" said Irving humbly. "By the way, Yittelman, wouldn't you be cold going home? Couldn't I loan you something—a sweater maybe?"

"Oh—I'm glad you reminded me. You should talk to me about thanks yet! If not for you I maybe, God forbid, had a pneumonia by now. I was only saying to Mrs. Yittelman on the way home Sunday, 'Mamma,' I was saying, 'there's nothing I wouldn't do for that Mrs. Apfel!' Of course you too, Apfel. But your wife, she should keep in good health; in the whole neighborhood there's nobody like her. I couldn't get over her, with all she had on her mind Sunday and how she was nervous with Ruthie and all, she thinks about me yet, I shouldn't get, God forbid, a pneumonia!

"Put your hand please in the sidepocket there in the back. I'm really ashamed I forgot to return it after I promised I'll send it right away back, possels post. But, so long you didn't miss it, no harm done. A thousand thanks for the loan, Apfel. If not for that sweater I maybe wouldn't be driving out here to-day with Tootseleh, heh, Apfel?"

Irving, deep in thought, regarded his new gray sweater. Mr. Yittelman threw in his clutch.

"Well, so long, Apfel. I got a long ride home."

"So long, and again thanks for the dog."

"Don't mention it. I'm only sorry she ain't more friends with you, Apfel—our Tootseleh. I know you ain't on such good terms with her teeth! But you know how they say, 'A gifted dog you shouldn't look in the mouth!' Heh, Apfel? So long!"

A Quality Group

All the packages shown here contain chocolates and confections of precisely the same high quality as those that are put in the Sampler.

The difference is in the kinds and assortments packed in each box, not in the quality.

It is never easy to keep constantly faithful to high standards of quality. During the war, and this trying reconstruction period, it has been unusually hard. Our success is made possible only by the constant, daily, faithful attention to the countless details that go to make perfection on the part of the workers associated with us.

The quality originally put into the Whitman products is maintained also by our plan of distribution direct to selected stores in every locality acting as agencies for the sale of Whitman's.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

THE whole wide world knows the bed-rock operating economy of the four-cylinder motor.

The world is likewise fully familiar with the flowing flexibility of the eight.

But how many people know which motor combines these two virtues?

The Apperson Eight has achieved this engineering triumph.

How? By eliminating eighty parts. Wear, upkeep and gas consumption are reduced proportionately.

The Apperson Eight operates with a single camshaft—a single pair of cam gears, meshed direct. There is no chain.

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Hence you get four-cylinder economy plus eight-cylinder flexibility.

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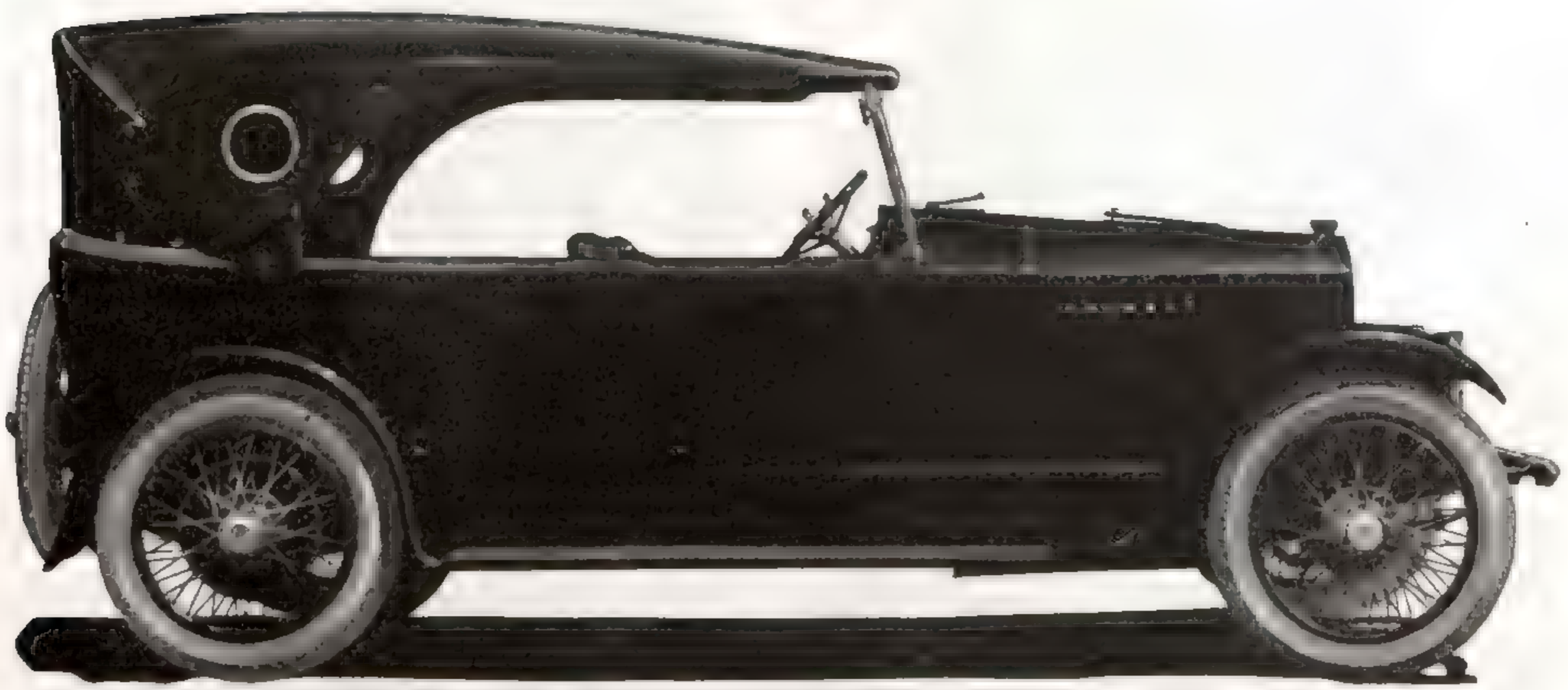
The Apperson is one of the few fine cars built complete in one plant. The Apperson ideal is thus carried out to the smallest detail.

APPERSON

Apperson bounds in high from 8 mile an hour to 40 in 20 seconds. From a 40-mile speed comes to a dead stop in 4 seconds. Turns in 38¼ feet.



APPERSON

THE EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS

Sense and Nonsense

Thrift

WITH a view to encouraging thrift his father promised a cadet of the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario, that he would give him a dollar for every dollar saved between the Christmas and Easter vacations. When the holidays arrived the cadet came home with his chest out and his swagger stick doing some particularly snappy action.

"Well, dad," he said jovially, "I've saved sixty dollars."

This gave the old man pause.

"How on earth did you do that?" he demanded.

"On the Toronto-Montreal game."

The Male

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD Vancouver boy overheard his mother talking with an aunt about her family of three young sons.

"What a pity," exclaimed the aunt, "that one of them couldn't have been a girl."

Every hair on the child's tow head rose in horrified resentment. With his feet wide apart and his face red he confronted the two women.

"Yes," he shrilled, "and who would 'a' been 'er? I wouldn't 'a' been 'er. Jack wouldn't 'a' been 'er. Harry wouldn't 'a' been 'er."

The Same Everywhere

IN NEW YORK the other day a young woman walked into a news stand and stationery store, much agitated.

"Have you got a good make of ouija board?" she inquired of the clerk.

"Wasn't the other one satisfactory?" he asked after assuring her that he had more expensive ones.

"No, it isn't. I can't speak to anybody on it any more. Last night I tried to communicate with a dozen different people that are in spiritland. The best I could get was a jumbled up J-C-K-L and things like that. The service on these cheap boards is getting to be something terrible."

Fresh Chicken

TOM CRANFILL, of Texas, prominent in oil circles of late, tells the following on a minister who had discovered oil on some land he owned. The minister invited some of his deacons to go with him to the new field, so that they might share in the opportunities.

They were breakfasting at the local eating house and had decided that they would order chicken.

When the waitress, a calcimined and peroxided miss, came up, the minister inquired, "How is the chicken this morning?"

"All right, kiddo!" she retorted. "How are you?"

Equal to the Job

A PRIMARY teacher was recently giving her children some exercise in the development of imagination. She said beguilingly, "Now, each one of you tell me the one thing he'd like most. Johnny, what do you want most of all?"

"I want a v'locipede!"

"And you, Mary?"

Mary beamed shyly. "I want a doll!"

"And, Bobby, what will you choose?"

Bobby stood up with erect determination. "I want the world!"

"Oh, but you can't have the whole world," the teacher admonished. "Choose something smaller."

"You tol' me to choose what I want, an' that's it. Gimme the world."

"But what would the rest of us do if you owned the whole world?" she expostulated.

"I'd let you live on it if you acted nice."

"But you couldn't manage the world, Bobby."

"I'd hire a man to run it for me."

"Where could you find a man who would try to run the whole world?"

"Wilson!" triumphantly retorted Bobby.

Well Fixed

KENTUCKY has its labor troubles as well as the other states of the Union. One steel company which has to depend upon the labor furnished by the rural district finds the independence of the mountaineers a constant source of annoyance.

An employee was found smoking when he should have been at work and, after listening to the foreman's criticism of his action, he stiffened up and replied: "Fire me. Go ahead and fire me. I don't have to work. We just killed a hog up at our place."

Quite All Right

A SCHOOL-TEACHER in a small town in one of the Southern States was handed a note by one of her students. The note was from the pupil's mother, who explained why Sally had not been in school that morning.

The note read: "dere teacher, pleze exkuse sally for not being in skule this morning but her beau.came saturday nite and they went out for a joy ride and didnt get back till this noon."

No Respecter of Persons

A SCOTCH policeman in London was keeping the crowd away in front of the Houses of Parliament. A stout, excited woman endeavored to pass, but he restrained her.

"I'm the wife of a cabinet minister!" she insisted. "You must let me pass!"

The Scot eyed her unperturbed. "Madam, you couldna pass if ye were the wife of a Presbyterian meenister!"

"For Value Received"

YOU get the best obtainable leathers in your Crossett Shoes, but there is more to shoe value than leather. The linings and even the thread used in Crossett Shoes deliver unusual service as the months pass by.

But shoe value is not complete unless the dealer's knowledge enables him to help you select a model exactly suited to your foot. The dealers who assist you in the selection of Crossett Shoes are men of wide experience, who have this need clearly in mind. Let them help you to secure full value when you select your next shoes.

Wear in a shoe is hidden. Hence the necessity of a brand that means something to you when selecting a shoe. The name CROSSETT on your shoes is a definite guarantee of full value and longer wear.

Ask Crossett Shoe Dealer for booklet: "Shoes -their Care"

The CROSSETT Shoe

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

Lewis A. Crossett Co.
North Abington, Mass.

It is cheaper to paint than repair

Paint is the best kind of insurance. It protects your house against that destructive force which is always at work—the weather.

All peeled or unpainted surfaces are prey to the elements. They eat away, night and day, unseen and unknown, until finally you are face to face with a repair bill.

It is much cheaper to paint than repair. So paint now. Give your house a protecting coat of Acme Quality House Paint. Check the elements at the surface. ***Save the surface and you save all.***

When you think of surface saving think of ACME QUALITY. There is not a surface that will take paint—not a surface to be saved—but there is an Acme Quality Paint, Varnish, Stain, Enamel or Finish for its protection.

For your intimate knowledge of just what should be used for each surface, get our two booklets, "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." Ask your dealer or write us.

ACME QUALITY

PAINTS & FINISHES

Acme White Lead and Color Works

Dept. A Detroit, Michigan

Boston Chicago Minneapolis St Louis Fort Worth Salt Lake City
Cincinnati Toledo Nashville Birmingham Portland Los Angeles
Dallas Topeka Lincoln Pittsburgh

Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork, and similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

The Poets' Corner

The Recompense

WHAT roses through the years have kept their trysting—
And yet you never came.
What curious trick the days had of resisting
The quest to know your name!
Only in dreams, a shadow born of shadows,
I glimpsed your face,
Vague as the wraiths of roses in the meadows
Swept into space.

How did I live my days before I met you?
Placid, but not content,
Unknowing all the perils that beset you,
Or how, forspent,
Life's meed of grace for me had spun too slender
Its tenuous thread;
I dreamed the end of all things and surrender—
Now this, instead!

So commonplace that hour, that time of meeting,
So friendly strong your hand;
Mere formal words were ours, that earliest greeting,
I do not understand!
Did you, as I, have neither hint nor warning
Of that exceeding grace
By which God on that brilliant April morning
Let us meet face to face?

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Sorcery

WHAT magic in your finger tips
Translates the old forgotten years,
Till from the land of wraiths there slips
A day too sweet for death or tears,
And singing in my heart again
The old joy hymns its dear refrain?

Love's Old Sweet Song—I sang it when
The hours lay light upon my heart;
I had no withered roses then,
My soul and sorrow walked apart;
But all the haunting words were yet
Prophetic with some strange regret.

Oh, old-world loves of long ago!
Wild winds upon the Scottish glen,
And purple heather trampled low
By feet of marching Highland men;
The skirling pipes play loud and clear
To hail the darling chevalier.

Or slipping down the thread of dreams
A latticed window wails the sun;
A lover gone to dust; the gleams
Of moonlight on a cloistered nun;
A slender ring of ruddy gold
Upon a hand too white and cold.

Out of a vanished time they rise
Like shadows on a moonlit sea;
These days and dreams and memories
Your magic art brings back to me.
Till, shrived of sorrow, reft of pain,
I live my golden youth again.

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Waiting

A LITTLE wind blows down the world
As from some twilit lane
Of rifted roses half uncurled,
And darkening pools of rain;
A little wind whose breath is sweet
With Mayflowers starred with dew—
Across those shadowy fields of wheat
That lead to home and you!

The city's fiery heart's ablaze,
The white night's rent with din;
But far beyond the jeweled maze
A candle glows within
A dark old farmhouse still and gray
Beneath the listening sky,
Where roses dream the hours away
And all the world goes by.

The gypsy wind it knows the word,
The trail, the patteran
That lures my heart straight as a bird
Beyond the city's span,
To orchard aisles and gillyflowers
And night moths in the dew;
A window open to the showers,
The dreaming night—and you.

But oh, what wind will ever find
The cloister of your heart
And stir and thrill some memory kind,
Some thought of me apart?
Until your smile across the space
Is sweet as dreams come true,
And calls me to a trysting place
The night winds know—and you!

—Mary Lanier Magruder.

Only a Woman's Hair

ONE lustrous, curling hair strayed there
From locks aflutter;
How can it quicken such despair
I may not utter?
Well, say, I never did like hair
Served with my butter!

—Dorothy Scarborough.

Is this a YALE key?

No - it is not !

If it's YALE made it's marked "YALE."

That *shape* in a key does not mean YALE.

It merely means that that key looks like some YALE keys.

That shape is little more than flattery of you and us. Of you, because you like keys so shaped. Of us, because it resembles *some* of the YALE shapes.

Is the name YALE on the key or lock? That's the identifying thing, that *only*.

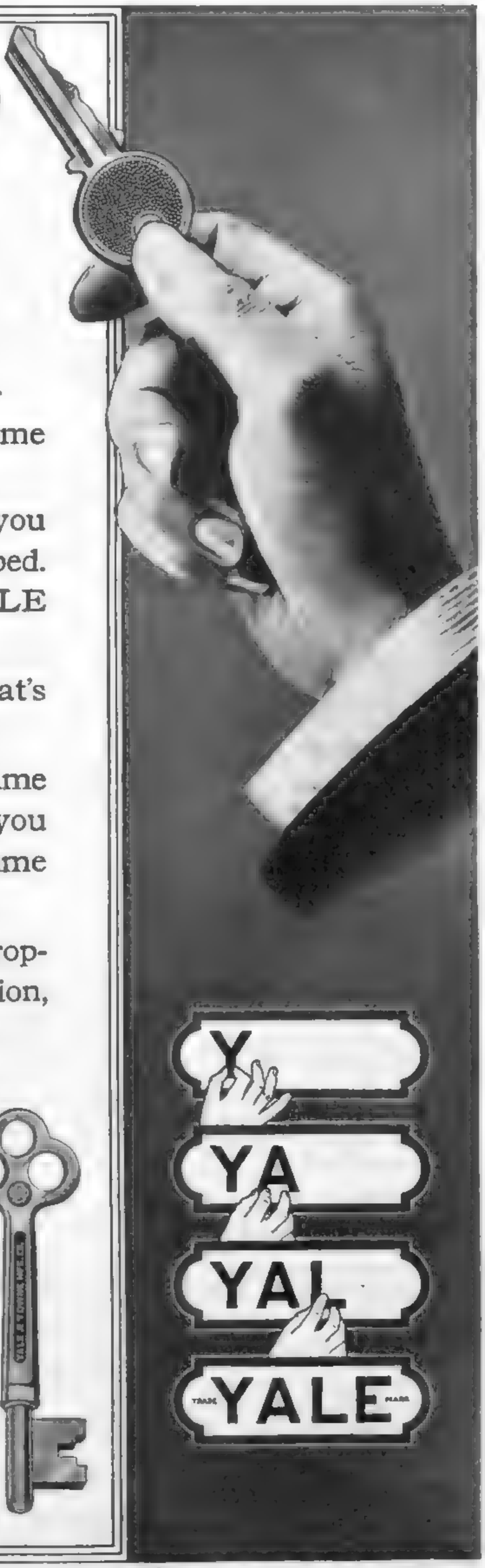
Men are often careless enough to mis-name things in ordinary conversation, but when you are spending your money, look for the name YALE on the product.

The name YALE is our trade-mark and property as applied to all that is best in invention, design, workmanship and material in

Builders' Locks and Hardware
Padlocks
Night Latches
Cabinet Locks
Door Closers
Bank Locks
Time Locks
Chain Blocks
Electric Hoists
B. O. Lock Boxes

That is why this trade-mark is worth finding on the product you buy.

Some Types of Yale Keys



The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., *Makers of the Yale Locks*--Works & General Offices: Stamford, Conn.
New York Office: 9 E. 40th St. Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St Catharines, Ont. Chicago Office: 77 E. Lake St.

Control of Raw Materials

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

WHICH nations will be dominant among the peoples of the earth a generation or so from now? Where will the United States rank in the business and commerce of the world in the future? These are questions that are occupying the minds of many long-headed Americans at the present time.

The pages of history reveal a rapid series of changes in the supremacy of races. The United States to-day is a powerful nation. Shall we profit by the story of the ages and maintain our high position, or shall we do as other nations have done and surrender the palm of leadership to countries possessed of greater wisdom and foresight than we are now exercising?

Without doubt the greatest national deficiency in the United States is the lack of a wise and vigorous governmental policy that persists in its single aim, year in and year out, through one administration after another, irrespective of what political party happens to be in power. The only two policies America has ever adhered to are the Monroe Doctrine and the protection of our industries by tariffs. These two policies may have been wise in their day and may still possess virtues untold. However, they are both policies of isolation, and the time has come when such measures must be supplemented by a strong foreign policy that will encourage American interests to go abroad and pick up while we may a goodly share of those great natural resources that soon will be vital in the sustaining of our industrial life if we desire to continue to wield power in world affairs.

Here in the United States there never has been any definite public opinion concerning foreign investments and our commercial relations with other countries. When Americans have gone abroad to take part in the development of valuable resources they have not only been left to take care of themselves and work out their own salvation through the sole exercise of their individual ingenuity, but they have been refused aid in dark hours and practically have been told that they should have stayed at home. If such a policy had been followed by Great Britain during the past century that kingdom to-day would hardly be more than a stopping-off place on the way to Europe. But the British have a definite foreign policy with respect to finances, shipping, overseas trade and raw materials. We have been strong on processes, while the British have been strong on policies that never swerve. The result has been a great empire and a long day of leadership.

The United States has been blessed with a bountiful supply of the basic materials essential to industry. Great Britain and the other nations of Europe have been shy on many of these things, and consequently have been obliged to seek control of needed supplies without the borders of their own dominion. Unfortunately for us, past and present generations of Americans have been raised in the belief that we are self-sufficient and self-contained in all those things that are essential to life. Typical of this attitude is the story of the American who visited Vesuvius.

"You've nothing like that in your country," said the native.

"No," replied the Yankee, "but we've Niagara Falls. That would put the darn thing out in five minutes."

It is this satisfied frame of mind that is leading us to the same abyss over which have toppled many of the proud races of the world's history.

The Fuel of the Future

WITHOUT going into lengthy details, let me present a number of facts that are deserving of careful thought by all Americans who are earnest in their desire that the United States shall maintain her place in the sun and be a country of great opportunity for coming generations, whose future happiness and prosperity will depend largely on the skill and foresight of to-day's builders.

Most of our good old-fashioned Americans would resent any charge of being unpatriotic, yet our present course with respect to insuring our industrial future justifies the accusation of some of our plain-spoken citizens that we are lacking in intelligence. Charitable folks would probably be less severe, and attribute our shortcomings in our foreign operations to a disease made up of equal parts of egotism and carelessness.

We have coal in abundance, but the larger part of our easily worked, high-grade bituminous fuel has already been mined, while our valuable anthracite has passed the peak of production. Relief in the matter of solid fuel must come sooner than most people imagine, and the earliest benefits will likely result from the electrification of our railroads and the consequent yearly saving of 115,000,000 tons of soft coal now needlessly consumed in steam locomotives. One ton of coal in an electric engine does the work of four tons in a steam engine. The charge for power on an electric road amounts to but one-tenth of the total operating costs, while on a steam system the motive-power costs are nearly one-third of the total. In less than a decade the cost of coal on American railways has risen from $250,000,000 to $750,000,000.

The power systems of to-morrow will be superlines running for hundreds of miles and furnishing energy to thousands of big industrial plants along the way. These lines will be connected to both mines and water projects, and arrangements will be made so that in case of emergency our great electric battleships, like the New Mexico, which carries 1,000,000 gallons of oil, can be moved quickly to any convenient point along the coast and there connected up to the main superpower system to take the place of any important central station that for any reason has been put out of service. The electric ships, of course, will have to have the same current frequency as the supersystem on land.

And speaking of oil, let us fix firmly in our minds the important truth that right now petroleum is the most important substance on earth, and the nation that rules petroleum actually rules the world. We are producing sixty per cent of the world's petroleum, but already our home consumption has passed our domestic production, and we are compelled to look to other nations to supply our deficiency. Worse still, our oil reserves, so far as ground oil is concerned, will likely be exhausted in sixteen or eighteen years, and unless we have developed other sources of oil supply we will find ourselves occupying an awkward position with respect to this great essential.

Britain's Control of Oil

A LARGE part of the raw materials we use in our everyday life can be collected and reworked time and again, but not so our petroleum; once it is burned, we have lost it forever. Realizing all of this, and further that rule of the waves lies in the possession of oil for ships, the British Government several years ago entered on a fixed policy of petroleum accumulation. With startling directness of action she went into partnership with her citizens and became the controlling owner in a number of private oil companies. This gives the British concerns a powerful advantage in their competition with American petroleum corporations that receive no material coöperation and very little sympathy from the Government.

Not only are our British friends quite pleased with their efforts so far made in getting control of foreign petroleum reserves, but they predict that within a decade America will be buying 500,000,000 barrels of oil a year from British companies in order to supply our needs. Perhaps this prediction will not be fulfilled. However, it is an unpleasant thought, that should stir our pride and rouse us to action in defense of our commercial prestige.

All of the other nations of the world combined produce less than two-thirds as much oil as the United States and use less than one-third of the world's yearly production. But whereas our petroleum supplies will last less than twenty years, the reserves of foreign countries will last more than 100 years. We have outgrown our limitations, and, like the nations of Europe, must immediately form the habit of looking to foreign lands for some of our raw materials.

We produce here in the United States about sixty per cent of the world's copper, and through our extensive system of refineries we control nearly eighty per cent of the world's production of this metal. But let us not forget that competent authorities estimate that at the present rate of increasing consumption our domestic copper deposits will last us no longer than forty years.

At the present time seventy-five per cent of the world's output of copper comes from the Western Hemisphere, for of all the continents South America ranks second to North America as a copper producer. British, French and German capital is interested largely in the development and operation of copper mines, particularly in Mexico and South America.

Japan is preparing to become an important factor in the world's production of copper through the development of rich deposits in Formosa, which will likely treble the present output of the Japanese mines. One engineer estimates that when the Formosan deposits have been fully developed and large-scale production has commenced Japan will be able to place not less than 400,000,000 pounds of copper on foreign markets. British colonies will soon be producing 600,000,000 pounds of copper, and the subjects of King George are already taking a chance in Russia and may soon be sending copper from the Urals.

In the case of lead the United States occupies a commanding position in the matter of production. Approximately one-half of the world's output comes from our American mines. Australia is the second largest producer, while Spain ranks third. Some years ago Germany organized a lead combination that took care of the commercial handling of this metal not only at home but in many parts of the world. In self-defense Great Britain and France also formed big lead combinations, so that to-day, of all the important nations, the United States is the only one which does not possess a government-controlled lead monopoly.

The new Webb Law gives America an opportunity to protect its lead producers, but for some reason or other our own companies have failed to profit by the opportunity to consolidate which has thus been afforded them.

Right here it may be well to emphasize that control of a certain metal throughout the world may be determined by the strength and efficiency of the commercial organizations handling the product. For instance, the United States produces a large quantity of zinc, but only a few years ago German interests came near gaining complete control of the zinc resources of the entire world through a powerful government-directed selling combination.

One of our most serious mineral deficiencies lies in our lack of a domestic supply of tin. As is the case with cobalt and nickel, our tin deposits in the United States are negligible. Alaska produces a little more than 100 tons of this metal yearly, but this output is hardly worth considering in the light of the fact that we consume upward of 50,000 tons of tin annually. Our chief source of tin supply is the Malay Peninsula.

Tin is used in the composition of bronze and for tin plate for food containers and other utensils. If we were to be cut off from foreign countries our lack of this metal would place us in a difficult position, for we should be forced to use substitutes such as glass and aluminum in the manufacture of food containers. We should also be compelled to resort to crimping and tight folding in place of soldering, and would have to sherardize and galvanize articles instead of tinplating them. Any deprivation in the matter of a regular supply of tin would immediately hit us in the pocket where we keep our money to buy food.

If I were to take up and discuss all of the minerals that are largely used in America but controlled by foreign interests my story would become a lengthy recital. The British are dominant in quicksilver and graphite, which are everyday necessities, and in the case of mica they control more than seventy-five per cent of the total output. Unless American interests get busy in South America and develop the important deposits of mica there located our electrical industry will soon be depending on a British monopoly for one of its most essential materials.

In our possession of great reserves of phosphate rock we are fortunate in having a weapon of defense that compensates us somewhat for our lack of potash and nitrate supplies. At the commencement of the war Germany literally proposed to control the world through her ownership of potash. With her defeat, however, these vast deposits in Alsace have gone to France, and it is now this latter country that holds the balance of power in the matter of this vital fertilizing mineral.

Drifting With the Tide

WHEN it comes to the matter of production in factories or mines the American workman surpasses all others. But when it comes to the utilization of the acres in our farms and fields we are no longer the peer of our competitors. The Belgian farmer, with land that has been cultivated for ages, still raises more than eight times as many potatoes from an acre as does the United States farmer. Over in Australia the woolgrowers are getting 344 pounds of wool from sheep on 1000 acres, while we get only fifty-nine pounds from a similar acreage.

The United States is not an independent nation. We have squandered our resources without stint, and the time has come when our business men, backed by all the force of a great Government and supported by the sympathy of a united people, must go forth and enter into competition with the other great nations of the world for the prizes that still remain open to ownership.

We have drifted about as far as we will go on the tide of a God-given prosperity. Even if our Government is satisfied to remain inactive while other nations close the doors to American participation in the development of their resources the loyal citizens of the United States should raise voice on behalf of young America that is growing up and that will some day hold us responsible for the destruction of the opportunities that should have been theirs.

MICHELIN

tubes fit "oversize" casings

Illustrating how ordinary tubes are too small for "oversize" tires

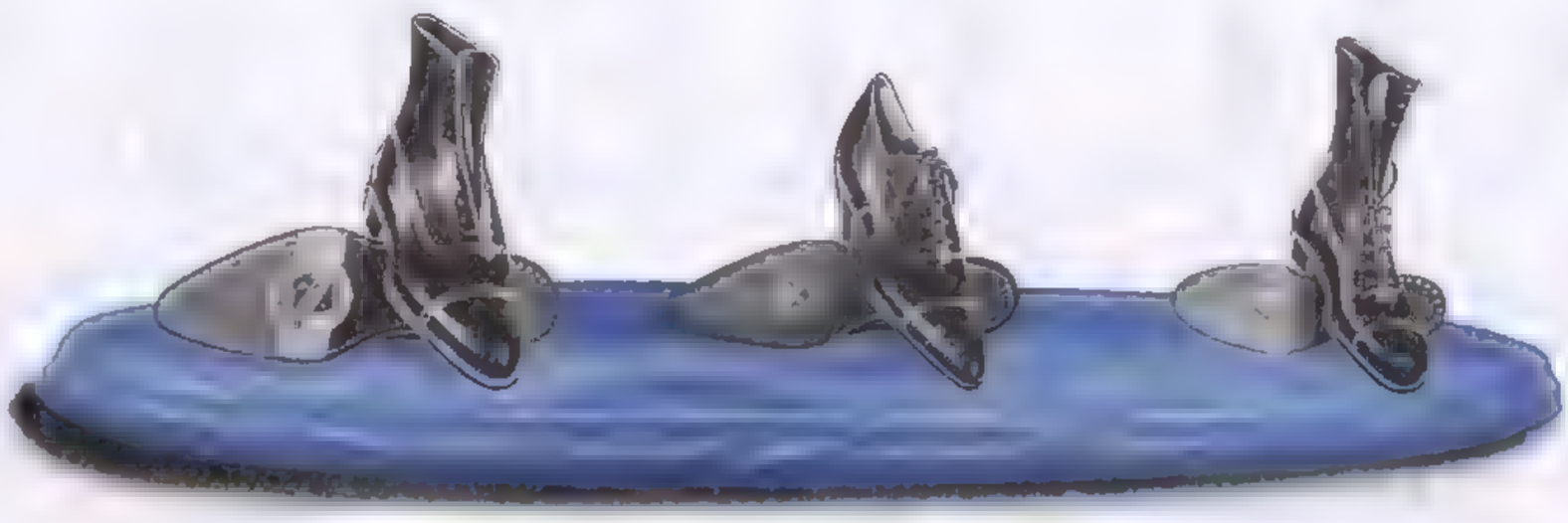
Michelin Tubes are not only made ring-shaped to fit the casing without wrinkling, but in addition are full size in cross-section, and are therefore not stretched thin when inflated. This is especially important when buying tubes for Cord Tires, which are nearly all "oversize."

Tubes that are not really large enough for normal size casings work under a still greater disadvantage in "oversize" casings. Therefore it is greatly to the motorist's advantage to specify Michelin Ring-Shaped Tubes, the only tubes that both fit and fill the tube space in the casing.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, New Jersey

Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy

Dealers in all parts of the world



"Royal Blue" for Men and Women. "Liberty Bell" for Children

100% Leather

A Selz standard learned in 50 years of shoe-making

In the making of shoes there are many ways to skimp—many ways to substitute. And the war has fostered them.

Yet in all our 50 years' experience we've never knowingly made a poor shoe. We've never compromised Selz standards, however great seemed the necessity of the moment.

Morris Selz, who founded this business in 1871, had old-time ideas about good goods. His standards are cherished today. And we'll never grow too big to forget them.

Every Selz Shoe of leather is *all*-leather. Our name guarantees it.

This means much to folks the nation over—more now than ever. It brings longer wear, longer-lasting newness.

It doesn't show all in appearance. Substitutes can be camouflaged. Genuine leather is evident only as time passes.

It would be unthinkable to ever lower Selz standards. We've gone through the vicissitudes of half a century—the great Chicago Fire, the money panics, the war—never once breaking faith with the founder of this business.

What he stood for is best typified in the award to Selz Shoes given by the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893:

"Perfection of workmanship, lightness and graceful appearance, combined with strength and wearing qualities—perfection of materials used."

That was twenty-seven years ago. Today—even as 50 years ago—Selz quality remains the same.

So great has the knowledge of Selz standards grown throughout the land, that there are now over 30,000 Selz dealers—men who want their customers to get the genuine 100% leather shoe.

Ask any dealer anywhere what he thinks of our product and he'll reply, "Every Selz is a good shoe."

Thus he typifies our standing—good shoes, honest materials, fine workmanship, fair prices. Better shoes can't be made.

If you are not acquainted with Selz quality, buy a pair of Selz Shoes now. Note their longer wear.

For men, women and children—1000 styles—sold everywhere.

1871 **SELZ** 1920

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

THOMAS ROBINSON'S AFFAIR WITH AN ACTRESS

(Continued from Page 11)

with blue hydrangeas that looked somehow as if it might be hers. And there was a bench opposite. Sometimes our friend had a little look at geometry problems there. He was in a suit of brown tweeds with a knotted tie of primrose yellow crêpe. His Neil Thomson cousin had asserted that this shade was being worn in London, and Thomas Robinson thought it might attract the attention of a certain lady whose favorite color perhaps it was. But on the third day a smart slim motor car conveyed home, not the lady he loved but three Amazonian South American or Mexican females, and Thomas Robinson gave up the Drive in a temper.

In any case the opening night of The Treasure was fast approaching and with the cunning of the serpent he had induced his Uncle George to convey him there that night.

There is no need to linger long over that event. The play, by Walter Wichert, was, as even the critics said next morning, negligible. But the actress was supreme, simply supreme. The word is Thomas Robinson's, but it is a good word. Our hero swam in ecstasy. He had said it with flowers of course—"From an Unknown Admirer." And in the second act the heroine carried an old-fashioned mixed bouquet with a cut-paper edge; it was open to him to hope that one of his roses was included there. He did hope, in the face of improbabilities.

It was astonishing to find how much older such an evening made one feel. Uncle George evidently saw that his nephew was aging, for in the lobby during the second *entr'acte* he offered a cigarette to him quite as if they were coeval.

Again Thomas Robinson displayed the serpent's guile:

"Do you know Miss Bonville, Uncle George? I expect you do, because I expect you know everybody in New York."

"Oh, yes, yes; I know her," replied Uncle George, ever so slightly pompous.

"I wonder," insinuated the serpent, "if we couldn't go behind the scenes and congratulate her when the play is finished."

Uncle George looked at him; it almost seemed to his younger relative as if some of his confidence evaporated. Still Thomas Robinson followed out his train of thought.

"Perhaps we might take her out to supper," he suggested, negligently tapping the ash off his cigarette.

"Take her out to supper!" cried Uncle George. "Certainly not, you young reprobate!"

Thomas Robinson was not wholly insensible to the flattery of being called a reprobate. But his clear eye saw through Uncle George. Uncle George did not know Miss Bonville, and some day when he saw his agreeable and polished nephew supping at—wherever she wanted to have supper—with the most delightful person in the world he would realize that Thomas Robinson did not cheaply bluff. He cast off Uncle George as of no further use to him; he threw him overboard. There was, however, one thing to be thankful for: In the second act he had thought for an instant that she had looked at them in the fourth row. It was something to realize that at any rate she was not looking at Uncle George.

Uncle George was no good, not even as a confidant. And a confidant even the masculine heart demands, especially at certain ages. In this important yet perhaps uninteresting rôle now appears young Mr. Alan McArthur, who also frequented McGuire's gymnasium and had a certain dashing sophisticated air of the man of the world which seemed at once to mark him as a more suitable companion for Thomas Robinson than the other habitués of McGuire's, who were more given to the discussion of league baseball or, at their best, golf.

Mr. McArthur displayed a broader range of interest, including, Thomas Robinson was glad to note, the stage. It became rather their custom to walk north up Fifth Avenue from the gym and then up through the park to Seventy-second Street, where Thomas turned east and Alan west into that strange, socially unexplored district of the metropolis. Mr. McArthur's address, to a well-trained New Yorker, was, of course, a barrier, but he was so agreeable, so unusual, so grown up that he was in a way irresistible.

For three days they discoursed lightly of stage matters. Thomas Robinson boned up every night on theatrical weeklies and on the third day he ventured the statement, put forward in a very detached way, that Miss Eleanor Bonville was the best actress on the American stage.

"Do you know her?" he continued.

"No," replied our young lover, "except in a way." He told the anecdote of the smuggled lace and the customs inspector. Alan roared.

"Gee, that's like her!" he cried again with almost boyish exuberance. "Isn't it?"

Thomas Robinson saw that he meant like her on the stage. He agreed. But he looked at his friend.

"Do you admire her very much, Alan?" he asked.

"I do," was the answer, solemn and direct enough, yet given more lightly than one might have expected.

"Let's sit down." Thomas offered a cigarette and they occupied a bench not far from Sir Walter Scott. Smooth nice shining creatures, both of them! Any woman might have loved them.

"You may very likely meet Miss Bonville some day, Alan."

"I may," answered the other, and he gave a little laugh—was it what one read of as a sneer?

"As Far as I am Concerned the Field is Open," Said Mr. Alan McArthur

"You bet she is!" replied Mr. McArthur sharply and with a note of enthusiasm that was almost boyish. "Have you seen her in The Treasure?"

"I should think so! Was there at the opening."

"Well?"

"She is simply supreme," said Thomas Robinson.

The word seemed to give great pleasure to Alan McArthur, as indeed it should to everyone.

"Supreme, that's it!" he murmured.

"I admire her more than anyone else in the whole world," said Thomas Robinson.

"Do you?" asked his companion, and looked, Thomas thought, almost oddly at him.

"I shall meet her, very probably very soon," said Thomas Robinson. "Now, Alan, we have been friends and I want everything aboveboard with you. I may be your rival, but I tell you quite frankly I intend to marry her."

Alan's eyes grew wider.

"Not just now perhaps; but, say, in three or five years perhaps. Now I don't mean for a moment that if you stood in my way I would desist for your sake. I wouldn't, Alan. But we are both gentlemen. I admit you have a great deal to attract such a woman as Miss Bonville. And I'm sure I hope you are not my rival."

Mr. Alan McArthur seemed for a moment to struggle with his emotions, yet when he spoke it was calmly.

"As far as I am concerned the field is open," he said.

He held out his hand to Thomas Robinson and they shook on it. It was a moment in a man's life. McArthur almost seemed to spoil its beautiful solemnity when he inquired: "You don't think that she is a bit too old for you?"

Heaven knows if this were not a matter to which Thomas Robinson had given some thought. Oddly enough none of the books of theatrical biography seemed ever to give any actresses' ages. And to Mr. George Maingrove and people of that ilk a fellow naturally did not care to apply for information. Our friend had been thrown back upon his own good sense and his knowledge of the world and of women. Upon such sources of wisdom he drew as he answered Alan, almost with hauteur:

"She is probably a few years older than I; she must be to have become so perfect an actress. But I have always found"—admiration is asked for Thomas Robinson's phrasing here—"that when a man and a woman are grown up it makes little difference what difference in their ages there is."

He will find plenty of people to agree with this, often ladies.

Alan McArthur was an ardent and interested confidant. The very next day he took up the question of how his friend was to meet Miss Bonville, and so swift and determined was his attack that almost before he knew it Thomas Robinson had agreed that he would write a letter that very night to Miss Bonville telling her how much he admired her, who he was and how old.

"Do you think I need put that?" Thomas Robinson's voice quavered ever so slightly.

"Why not? She may like young people."

He was to give his name and to say that he would send it in by the stage-door keeper the following evening and hoped she would see him.

"Do you think she will, Alan?" he asked.

"I'll bet you ten dollars she will. Well, no," he went on, though with a distinct look of disappointment, "perhaps it isn't a thing to be betting about." But he seemed absolutely certain that Miss Bonville would see Mr. Robinson.

It may surprise readers, but there are things in their stories which authors would rather not write too definitely about; even authors have their decent reticences. It may seem odd that Thomas Robinson in a bedroom high up in Uncle George's house by a writing table near a window from which he saw the lovely night sky of New York blossom like a rose is the protagonist of one of these moments which tempt the writer to say only a little. Partly perhaps because the emotions in play were so young, so fresh, so delicate that the merest touch would sweep them away. Because the tenderness and romance in Thomas Robinson's heart were perhaps lovelier than any full-blown loves and passions that may come to him later. Shall one not let him write his billet-doux in peace and solitude, occasionally turning his clear boyish eyes southward to the sky that flushed with happiness nightly because it arched over her?

Our young gentlemen had met in the lobby of the Knickerbocker and gone to a play. Thomas Robinson had departed alone, during the ravishing scene when the piquant but naughty heroine induces the detective's wife to hide in the fireless cooker. Did he not know to the very minute when the final curtain fell upon The Treasure? Alone he went up Broadway. Alone he bearded the stage-door keeper. Alone in the world—no indeed! rather alone in heaven—did he follow that person, who had actually brought back word that Miss Bonville would see him.

(Concluded on Page 65)

From a painting in colors made for Eagle Shirts by Edward B. Edwards

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EAGLE SHIRTS *of* EAGLE SHIRTINGS

(Concluded from Page 63)

He was sitting there. He was smoking a cigarette. It was unbelievable. Somehow he had been able to speak. It was a miracle.

"No," she was saying, "I was even glad to get your letter. It is always a compliment to admire a woman in just the way you do me. It was a nice letter. I shall keep it."

"Oh, I'm sure you get quantities of letters much better written."

"Oh, yes," she answered, smiling, but with the oddest look of weariness suddenly flitting across her lovely face, "I get quantities of letters—still."

Still! What could she mean by such a word as that?

"Was it really true, all you wrote, that you think so well of me as an actress as that?"

"I think you are simply supreme," said Thomas Robinson in a glow. And again the word gave pleasure.

"I hope you're simply right," she purred. And then she looked at him, while she lit a cigarette for herself.

"You're a very nice-looking young man." Thomas Robinson blushed as pink as a rose, making himself even nicer looking, though that was superfluous. "Have I seen you somewhere before? Help me to remember."

He said something about the Cunard pier and ever so delicately hinted at the lace episode.

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Miss Bonville. "You might be just a little blackmailer, mightn't you?" And then as she saw him turn pale with the torture of such a thought: "But of course I know you're not! Besides, I'm sure the judge would always believe my word against yours. Oh, I'm full of blarney, aren't I? You've seen The Treasure? Yes, of course, a hundred times. I'm glad, it's so good for business. Now I'll promise you something: When the dress rehearsal of the next one comes you shall be there. Would you enjoy that? That's the kind of thing you'd like, wouldn't you? I have to be very direct and quick because I have to wash off all this horrible paint and go to a more horrible party. You'd like to be allowed to come and see me occasionally behind the scenes? Well, I'll remember the name. And be my friend, wouldn't you?"

She had somehow the air of concluding the interview. Yet Thomas Robinson turned pale and sat still.

"No," he said. "I don't want to be just your friend. I want to marry you in about three or five years. Five years if you think I'd better go through college, which I don't," he concluded.

"But I have a husband already," she said gravely.

"Miss Bonville!"

"Stage tradition, my dear boy, that Miss! Yes, a dull creature in a bank. You must have seen him at the dock. I might, of course, divorce him for you. But even then I'm too old."

"I don't believe it," said Thomas Robinson, almost crying.

She took both his hands in hers. It was ineffable, though sadder than anything in life could ever be.

"My heart's not too old," she said, and her eyes shone at him. "Oh, do go on loving me, you kid of sixteen! Love me if you like and I'll keep you safe till the right one of your own age comes along. But you must believe it that I'm old enough to be your mother."

"I can't," said Thomas Robinson. "You're so beautiful—and everything."

"Listen, I'll tell you a secret"—and she lowered her voice—"I'm going to be so beautiful—and everything—till I'm a hundred."

Then she flew to the door.

"Here, you!" she called.

And there entered, grinning, young Mr. Alan McArthur.

"Hello, mamma," he said, and kissed her.

"Why is his name McArthur?" cried Thomas Robinson accusingly and wildly.

"Even in the theater," explained Miss Bonville gently, "the son is sometimes called after the father. You see, I am really Mrs. McArthur. And you see, Thomas, I am too old for you."

"He told you, I suppose," said the would-be lover.

"Yes," replied the lady; "and that's why I saw you. I'm sure you don't want me to be seeing everyone who writes me letters. Do you?"

"Certainly not," exclaimed Thomas Robinson.

"Listen." It was the treacherous false Alan who now spoke. "If I hadn't a father already, Tom, I'd have loved to have you for a parent. Yes, papa," he finished impudently, and Thomas Robinson, suddenly sixteen again, pummeled him, and they had a friendly scrap right in the dressing room of the most lovely lady in the world.

"If he was my son," said Thomas Robinson, "I'd see that he had some manners."

"I see," said Miss Bonville, "that Alan and I need you round with us a great deal."

Fate seemed closing in on Thomas Robinson, yet he tried just once more.

"Mr. McArthur, I suppose," he said, "is in perfectly good health?"

"Oh, the very rudest health," answered Miss Bonville.

"Oh," said young Mr. Robinson. Then "I'm sure I'm very glad," he went on, because he was a gentleman.

"Thank you," said the lady, and quite unexpectedly she kissed him.

"Mother!" exclaimed Alan. "Don't you think you're going rather far?"

"I'm not sure I'm not in love with him, Alan, if he is only sixteen. Listen, kids, I don't believe I'm going to that terrible party after all. Why should I? What if we three went to supper at the Crystal Room and danced? Go telephone your father, Alan, to meet us there."

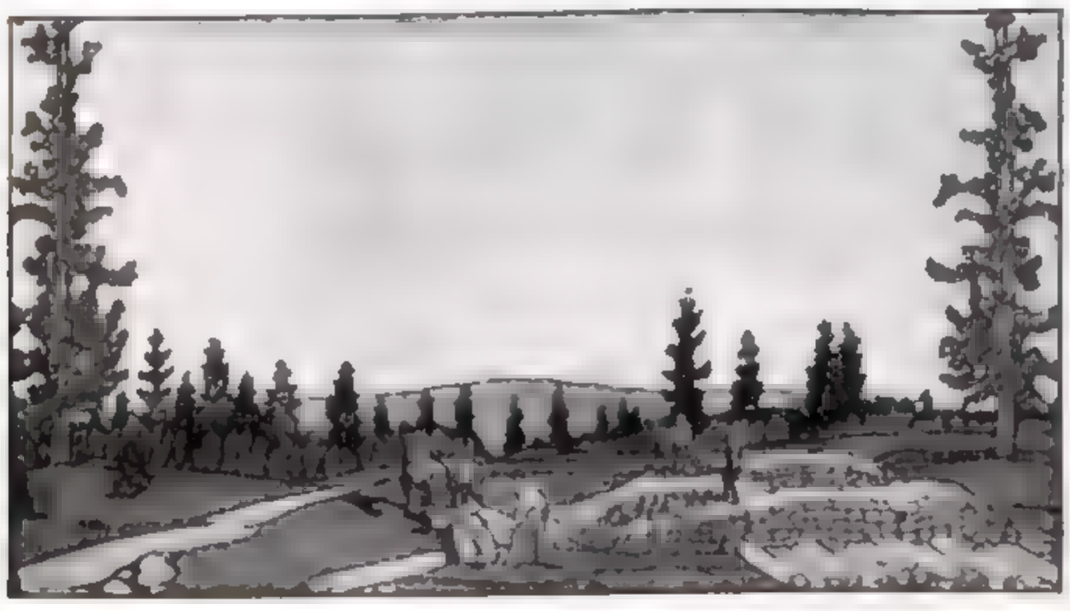
This explains how one of our young friend's prophecies did come true and how Uncle George did that very night, to his mingled horror and pride, see his agreeable and polished nephew supping—though not quite so tête-à-têtely as the nephew had originally planned—with the most delightful person in the world.

This is, however, to anticipate. Alan telephoned and the boys waited awhile outside the stage door and watched the golden city's autumn tides flow by. Thomas Robinson felt that his life was ruined, yet he felt at the same time that it was not ruined at all. She had kissed him.

"She won't think I'm a fool, will she," he asked of his pal, "because I thought she was almost as young as I am?"

"No," said the lady's son. "She is such a good sport she won't mind that. And besides, Thomas," he went on, taking his friend's arm with genuine boyish affection, "I'll tell you something. You weren't as far off as you think. She is very young. She was married very young. As a matter of fact"—and he shyly made his great disclosure—"when I was born she was only twelve."

The knowledge of this fact made Thomas Robinson much happier.



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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Gerald Snow

THIS is the short and simple annal of a young man who was petted. As a child he played alone. His mother was afraid other boys would soil his clothes or perhaps handle him roughly. She did not permit him to run. Violent exercise made him pant and seemed to distress him. When there was dew on the ground or frost in the air Gerald remained in the house. When the sun was shining Gerald carried a parasol. He was a very pretty little boy.

He was educated by a private tutor who lisped and shuddered at the mention of boxing and kindred sports of low persons ignorant of the serenity of intellectual life.

At twenty-one he inherited his father's fortune, a round million of dollars. A lawyer who had never been petted relieved him of one-third of the fortune; a crude person who dealt in the stock of an imaginary oil well took another third; and a woman finished his financial education and his bank roll.

He then set out to earn a living. He found the world in need of trained men, but there was no demand for one whose training had been limited to enunciation and appreciation of verse. After a time he got a job washing dishes in a restaurant, and after that he fared sumptuously. The exercise gave him appetite, and the cook's violent profanity taught him the relative importance of a dishwasher in the scheme of the universe.

His spirit was proud, and frequently he resented insult or abuse, but a biceps is not developed in a day, and physical encounter served only to satisfy his pride at the expense of his facial symmetry. As he poulticed a bruised eye or moved his nose back into alignment he wondered why his mother had nursed such unqualified aversion to physical exercise.

He stayed with the restaurant through the years, learning one task after another, until by dint of thrift and perseverance he became its owner. Not so bad; not so bad. But wait. He made good, to be sure. One may start late and acquire a competence. One may start late also and acquire health. But no body that has been petted through all of its formative years can be what it might have been. Fifteen minutes with a patent exerciser will develop a pretty set of muscles, but staying quality is the product of years.

Gerald wasn't an invalid, but he caught things. He nursed a perennial cold. A busy day left him limp. Winter cut to his marrow. Heat wilted him. He broke down in a few years and went away for a vacation.

A canoe on a lake. Gerald, amateur in all things, using a paddle. A spill. Gerald had never learned to swim. His mother had been afraid he would drown, or catch a cold at the least.

Don't pet 'em. Gerald never fully realized how much he had missed. He did the best he could with the material he had been permitted to accumulate. A skinned knee, a sore toe, a collection of freckles and a sling shot would have made him a regular guy. It is great fun being a boy if one isn't required to seem a girl.

Overalls

THE puma plays in the moonlight. His game is without plan or object. I think he leaps and turns and leaps again for the joy he gains by the play of steel under his silken skin. He glories in his supple strength and plays to do it homage.

The boy stepping into manhood is thrilled by the play of unmeasured power in his hardening muscles and welcomes game or contest that will test his prowess. He carries a chip on his shoulder. He is surcharged with a vital force that demands action and will find means to measure his strength. All young things are urged by a like motive.

That group of the world's workers now usually referred to as Labor with a capital first obtained a vision of its power when men on battle fronts shouted back for the material with which to fight, and men at a safe distance from the roar of guns realized that the safety of nations and the future of the world depended upon their efforts.

The first realization of power brought the desire to test it. Call it social unrest if you will; it was but the puma playing in the moonlight—the raw boy challenging another to wrestle. Youth feels its oats.

I have read much concerning the men who came safely home from the trenches. One speaks of the boy look that is gone from their eyes; another of the larger vision gained under stress of battle; another informs us that the fighters brought home a new realization of their importance in the scheme of the universe. I have read much of this, but I have seen none of it. I find the returned crusader very like the grinning boy who went away. If he was dull when the Army got him he came back a bit dazed by the vastness of what he saw and felt and heard. If he was bright he came back his own self with the same jest on his lips and the same careless devil in his eyes, and fitted quietly into the niche he left.

If there has been a change in the status of labor since he went away and the change offers him an opportunity to get more money he will have it. Will any man take less than he can get by fair means? Altruists and idealists may spill rhetoric as they will, but the first person singular remains the center of the universe. A new vision was not required to make the crusader appreciate the chance to get a raise.

I am frankly a partisan of overalls. They are the sign and symbol of useful toil. They are a badge of service. They speak of buildings creeping skyward, of bridges leaping across mighty rivers, of trains roaring through the night, of coal and metals coming up from the bowels of the earth, of wide fields plowed and sowed to grain, of hammer, saw, shovel, drill, hoe.

In this day when men are half mad and class their fellows as anarchists or reactionaries without benefit of moderation, cynics say that overalls are in the saddle and that America is tottering to its ruin. What utter rot! What unspeakable idiocy! America is the home of men, not of classes. Mad theories of the Slav cannot weaken our fiber or call us back from that high service to which the Perfect Workman has called us. American overalls are yet blue, not red. The alien who hides behind our hospitality to snarl at institutions his poor mind cannot comprehend may wear overalls made in America, but his theories and his envy and his hate were not made here.

I work with my hands, and they are not infrequently black with ink and oil, and I resent the implication that American workers feel aught of sympathy with or fellowship for this sorry breed that has brought its quarrel with autocracy to a land that is the very fountainhead of liberty and equality.

American labor is not the under dog. It is America itself. We are all laborers together, at forge, plow, press, lathe or desk, and no one of us born on this side of the Atlantic and blessed with an intelligence equal to the task of adding two and two can think him who sits at a desk less worthy than he who feeds sheets of tin into the maw of a machine. The world's work must be done, and there is a diversity of gifts. The bank clerk is not of less worth because of his white collar, though overalls might do him honor by proclaiming his usefulness.

Fine clothes may rouse suspicion, for they are affected by loafers. I am sure that God hates a loafer, as Nature abhors a vacuum. The admonition to rest on the seventh day came after the admonition to work six days, and man does ill to count one day of loafing righteousness if he has loafed the other six.

Overalls do not indicate a caste, save in the sense that they symbolize superiority over those who do no labor with brain or hand. When the Government that is no more than our will made effective called citizens to be soldiers men took off overalls to don uniforms bearing the insignia of officers, and other men laid aside silk hats when they put on the uniforms made for privates.

I like to think of overalls as an emblem of democracy as well as of service, and there are comfort and pride in the reflection that work done in overalls paid for a great proportion of American homes and is now paying for the education of many thousands of young men who are in our colleges preparing for larger usefulness.

The man who does not respect overalls dishonors America. The laborer who does not respect the toiler at a desk dishonors overalls.

Pity

A BEAUTIFUL lady walking on the street came upon a small boy who sat in his rags on the curb and played in the mud formed of the dust by a passing water wagon. She compared his torn and meager garments with her own costly attire, and pictured the squalor and poverty of his home. The picture roused her pity and a tear crept down her cheek. She stopped to speak, but emotion filled her throat and she tossed the boy a coin instead.

Then she walked on to her home, removed her hat with the assistance of a French maid and, being alone, fell across her bed and wept. Her husband had that day refused to buy her a trinket of platinum and jewels on which she had fixed her affections, and all her world was gray.

While she wept over her wrongs the small boy sat at the curb and played in the mud formed of the dust by a passing water wagon. A gentle sun warmed his back. He had collected a pile of excellent black mud, and when he pressed a bare foot into the mass it squeezed between his toes with a most delightful sensation. He could fill his two hands with a ball of it and compress it so that black worms would ooze between his fingers.

His hands and feet were little blacker than his face, but through the grime that hid his complexion beamed a look of ineffable contentment. He was very happy, and it is just as well that he did not know about the beautiful lady who wept on her bed for want of a trinket. Had he known, the knowledge would have filled his heart with pity and dulled the fine edge of his enjoyment.

Bathing

ONE can imagine that man's first bath was involuntary and that he used some primitive form of swear word when he lost his balance on an overhanging bough and splashed into one of Eden's pools. Nor is it difficult to imagine that the first shock of fear and wrath was followed by a pleasurable reaction and that he splashed exuberantly and shouted to the echoes along the Euphrates and wondered why somebody didn't hurry and invent soap.

The bath is the sign and substance of civilization. The clean are conscious of superiority. Physical dirt endured too long encourages mental dirt. The morale of the staunchest patriot will break if he is kept too long from his tub. A nation may be judged by its per capita consumption of soap, and the dearth of soap played no small part in the breaking of the military machine that was Germany.

The hot bath that flourishes among us on Saturday nights and leaves the nation with that peaceful, pious feeling on Sunday mornings is an institution distinctly American. In no other portion of the known world do five score million humans set aside business and pleasure, lock themselves in their homes and indulge in this rite with soap and brush at the close of the week's activities.

Love of a regular bath is not inherent in Americans. The infant of the species objects to being washed. The small boy considers a bath the one unhappy circumstance in an otherwise joyous existence. He will revel in muddy gutters of water regardless of their temperature, and the chief joy of his summers is the privilege of splashing in some sequestered pool where green scum gathers along the banks and snakes splash to cover at his approach. But he has an unreasoning antipathy for clean water in a porcelain tub or basin, and nothing short of a parental threat can persuade him to apply clean water and suds to his ears and the back of his neck.

The daily bath is not so vigorous as the Saturday-night bath. Having less to accomplish it exerts itself but little and is more in the nature of a luxury than a duty. Usually it is no more than a wetting and a rub.

The daily cold bath, indulged in during the early morning hours affected by general attacks along the whole front and other desperate ventures, is neither a luxury nor a duty, but a test of moral courage. After a man has taken a cold bath he can face the day without flinching, secure in the knowledge that nothing worse can befall him.

Some people maintain that the cold bath is a fad or a folly. Others hold that it is a mere fairy tale. Personally I am open to conviction. I have known many excellent persons who claimed to take cold baths on hot summer mornings. I have known a few of equal excellence who told tales of breaking the ice on tubs of water with a hatchet and splashing joyously among the sharp fragments while winter winds out of gray skies rattled the windows of the bathroom. I have not questioned their veracity, but I have had doubts of their sanity.

The nearest I ever came to freezing to death was one morning last winter when I stood on the street in the lee of a drug store and listened to the boasting of a ruddy-cheeked old gentleman fresh from his tub.

He described his bath. He had crawled from between warm blankets and taken his morning exercise while gusts of wind from somewhere about Lapland snapped the curtains at his open windows. The exercise finished, he had ascended a stairway to a bleak hall, entered the bathroom and turned on the water. It gurgled and wheezed for a time until bits of ice were washed from the faucet. Then he shed his night clothes and lay down in the tub so that the stream of water could strike the nape of his neck and trickle down his spine. I could picture the agonized cringing of his ancient hide and hear the frenzied tattoo of his heels on the bottom of the tub, and when he told me that he enjoyed it I walked away and left him and sought a fire.

Bathing is a virtue, but I have little faith in these fakers who sit on nails and stick knives through their flesh as proof of piety. And if the Sioux Indians didn't use the cold bath as a substitute torture to relieve the monotony of rattlesnakes and hot coals, the fact may be accepted as proof that in the cruelest nature there is yet a spark of human pity.

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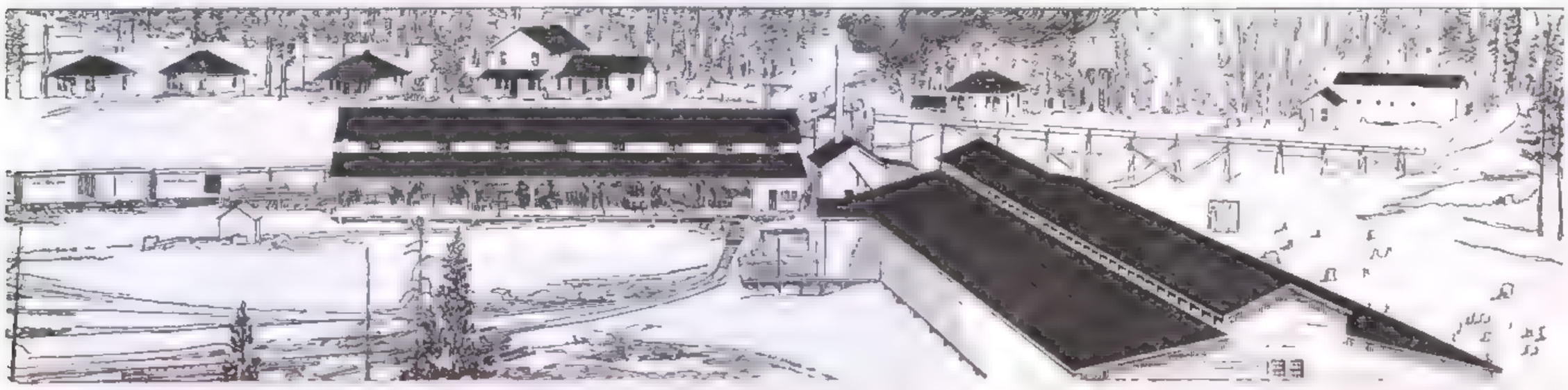

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Under its rays no one is old; for age is a matter of spirit, not years; and youth is a permanent guest in the home when good cheer and light are there.

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

ALL-WOOL MORRISON

(Continued from Page 25)

Honorable O'Donnell," insisted the speaker in loud tones. "'Tis his intint to raise his voice in the halls o' state and shout ear-ly and late, 'Whativer it is ye're about, gents, it all may be very well, but what will ye be doing for the cause o' free Ireland?' That's the kind of a hero we're putting in the State House on the hill."

"Putting a pest there, ye mean!" returned Lanigan.

"Is that the blood o' yer race speaking?"

"No, it's the common sense up here," declared the commander, tapping his knuckles against the side of his head. "Look here, Mulcahy, my man! You're spouting about a subject that's too big for me to understand or you to explain. And that's why you're muddling yourself and mixing up the minds of others with your questions. I ask you no questions. I'm going to tell you something—and it's so! If the kids in your family was down with the measles, and the missus was all snarled up with the tick-doolooroo, and you wasn't feeling none too well yourself, what with a hold-over, a black eye and a lot o' bumps, what would you —— Hold on! I say, I ask no questions! I know the answer. If Tommy O'Rourke came howling and whooping into your back door and asked you to go out and shin up a tree and fetch down his tomcat ye'd tell Tommy to bounce along and mind his own matters till ye'd settled yours—and if he didn't go you'd kick him out."

"I'm discussing the rights and wrongs of a suffer-ring people."

"And playing safe for yourself because the subject is so big—and putting others in wrong because they can't settle all the troubles of the universe offhand to suit ye! My family is America, Mulcahy! It ought to be yours—first, last and all the time. But we've got our own aches to mind, right now! And the way I'm putting it, a plain man can understand. If the tomcat don't know enough to come down all by himself, leave him be up there till the doctor tells us we can be out and about."

Weisner put his demand again, and Mulcahy made the affair a vociferous duet; other men were on their feet, shouting. But a top sergeant has a voice of his own, and a manner to go with the voice; Lanigan yelled the chorus into silence.

While he was engaged in this undertaking a diversion at the door assisted him. The crowd parted. Men shouted, pleading, "Make way for the mayor!"

Morrison came up the aisle toward the platform, Blanchard at his heels. There were cheers—plenty of them. But sibilantly, steadily, ominously the derogatory hisses were threaded with the frank clamor of welcome; hisses whose sources were concealed.

The mayor ran up the steps of the platform and marched to Lanigan, doffing the silk hat and extending his hand cordially. With his forearm the commander scrubbed off the sweat that was streaming down into his eyes. "It's been like hauling a 75 into action with mules, Your Honor! For the love o' Mike, shoot!"

The hisses continued along with the applause when Stewart faced the throng.

Lanigan leaped off the platform, not bothering with the stairs.

"I'm going to wade through this grass," he yelped. "God pity the rattlesnake I locate!"

A shrill voice from somewhere dared to taunt, "Pipe the dude!"

Morrison smiled. He had unbuttoned his topcoat, and his evening garb, in that congress of the rough-and-ready, made him as conspicuous as a bird of paradise in a rookery.

"I seem to be double-crossed by my scenic effects, Blanchard," he stated in an aside to the magnate, who had stepped upon the platform because that elevation seemed safer than a position on the floor. "We must fix that! Furthermore, it's hot up here!"

He pulled off his topcoat. He realized that the full display of his formal dress only aggravated the situation. In St. Ronan's Mill he mingled with men in his shirt sleeves. He turned and saw Nicolai Krylovensky in the chair where Lanigan had thrust him. There was no other chair on the platform. Stewart hastily laid the coat across the alien's knees.

"Keep 'em out of the dirt for me, will you, brother? I'm notional about good cloth!"

He pushed his silk hat into the man's hand and then he stripped off the claw-hammer and white waistcoat, piled them upon the overcoat and whirled to face his audience.

All eyes were engaged with the mayor.

Krylovensky, unobserved, let the garments slip to the floor and dropped the hat.

"Now, boys, we'll get down to business together in an understanding way! What's it all about?" Stewart invited cheerily.

"Just a minute!" cried Lanigan, heading off all the possibilities that were threatening to break loose in a general powwow. "I've just been up against the bunch here, Mister Mayor, and they're trying to turn it into a congress-of-nations debate, and it ain't nothing of the kind. And I know you're in a hurry, and we don't expect a speech!"

"You won't get one!" retorted the mayor tartly. "I have dropped down here merely in a business way to find out what's wanted of me as the executive head of this city."

"Your Honor, I have been preaching the notion of telling the truth to-night, and I'm going to come across with the straight goods about myself," confessed Lanigan manfully. "I've gone off half-cocked twice to-day. I've been thinking it over and I realize it. In your office I grabbed in on a word or two you said, and took it for granted that you were going to lift the whole load of the people's case up at the State House and stop anything being put over on the people, whatever it is the big boys are planning. But you didn't promise me to do it."

"I did not, Joe!"

"And I've been telling this gang that you did promise me, and that I'd get you down here to back up my word. I don't ask you to back up my lie. You're too square a proposition, Mayor Morrison!"

"After that man talk, Joe, I've just naturally got to make a little of my own. And the boys can't help seeing that both you and I mean all right. I did give you good reasons for jumping at conclusions as you say you did, Joe! Understand that, boys! But my head isn't swelled to the extent that I believe I can settle everything.

"Now that I'm down here I'll say this: I'll do everything I can, as mayor of Marion, to straighten things out to-night so that the people won't be left guessing. Guessing starts gabble, and gabble starts trouble! Don't do any more shouting about state steal, and don't allow others to shout. Most of us don't know what it means anyway, and others don't care so long as it gives 'em a chance to stir up riots and grab off something for themselves under cover of the trouble. Don't let your ears be scruffed by mischief-makers, boys. Let's have our city come through with a clean name! I'm going to do my part as best I can. But you've all got to do yours—understand that!" He smacked his fist down into his palm.

"Do you bromise me dot Karl Trimbach gets dot seat?" boomed Mr. Weisner.

"The same question goes as to the Honorable Danyel O'Donnell," said Adherent Mulcahy.

"I cannot promise."

Then sounded that voice of the unknown trouble maker, sneeringly shrill, the senseless, passion-provoking, common, human fife of the mob spirit, persistently present and consistently cowardly in concealment.

"Of course you don't promise anything to the people! Dudes stand together! Go back and dance!"

Lanigan began to claw a passage for himself.

"Stand where you are, Joe!" commanded Stewart. "Don't flatter a fool by making any account of him!"

"Those kinds of fools are going to make trouble in this city before the night is over, Your Honor!"

"That's the trouble with politics," declared Mulcahy. "Ye can't get a square promise in politics fr'm the big boys!"

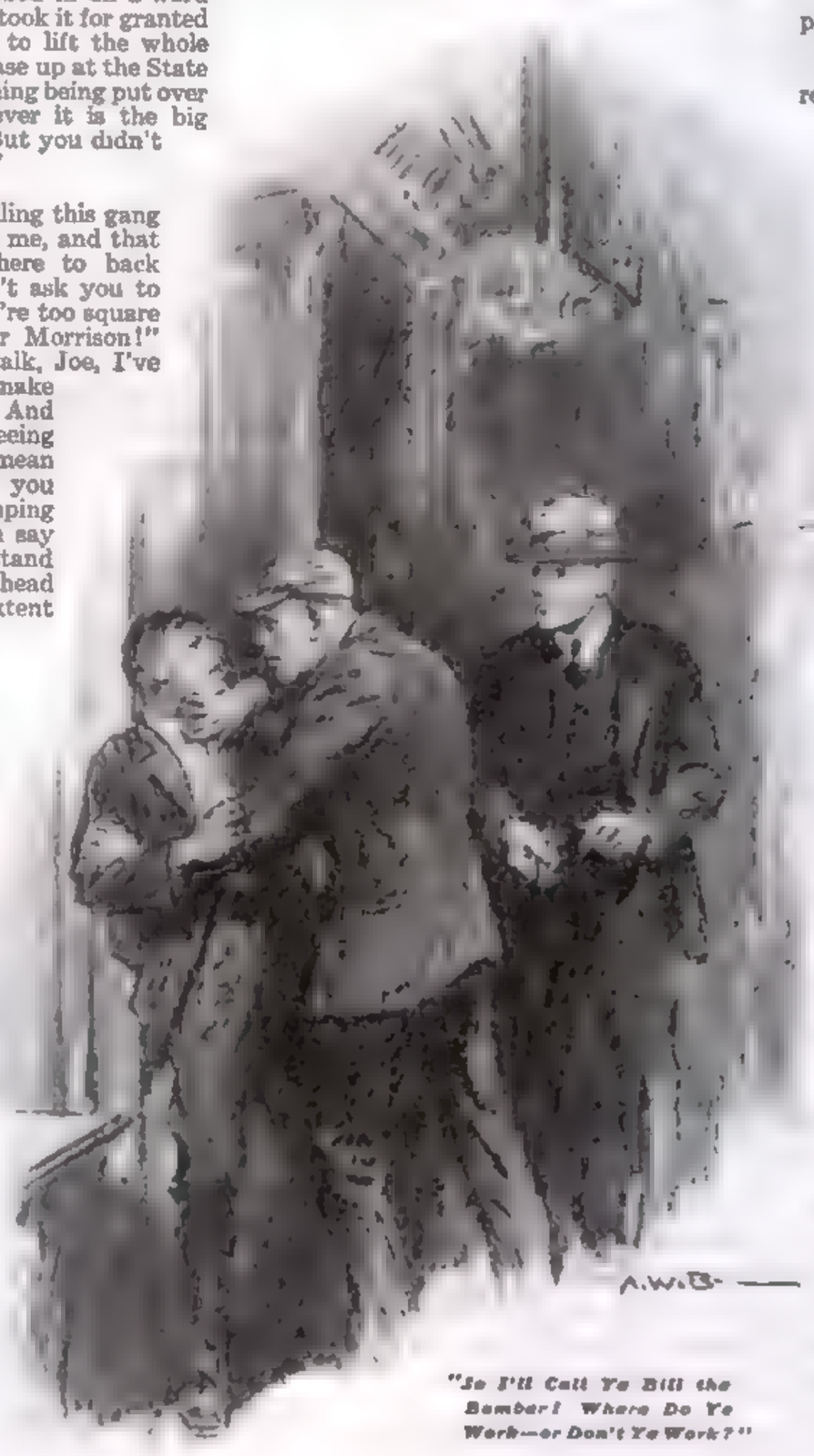
Morrison put up a monitory forefinger.

"But you can get a square promise from me in business—and I can see that it's time to give that promise and make it specific. That's the way a business contract must be drawn. Hear me, then! It's the business of this city to see that no man abuses its good name or its hospitality, no matter whether he's a resident or comes here because it's the capital of the state. And I'll see to it that the men up at the State House end understand that they must play fair for the good of all of us. You must understand the same at this end. I'll take no sides in politics. The men who are entitled to their seats in this legislature will have those seats. I'm only one man, boys! But one man who is perfectly honest and is depending on the right will find the whole law of the land behind him—and wise men and good men have attended to the law. Will you take my word and let it stand that way between us?"

A chorused yell of assent greeted him.

"All right! It's a contract! Mind your end of it!"

He turned sharply from them and faced Krylovensky. The alien leaped up and kicked the mayor's garments to one side.



"So I'll Call Ye Bill the Bomber! Where Do Ye Work—or Don't Ye Work?"

"Say! See here, my friend!" expostulated Stewart.

"Down with rulers!" screamed the man. "I'll be a martyr, but not a hatrack!"

The mayor walked toward the frantic person.

"I'm sorry! I was thoughtless!"

"You and your kind think of nothing but yourselves. You try to make slaves of free citizens of the world!"

Krylovensky had been buffeted and had controlled himself. But the fires of his narrow fanaticism were now whirling in his brain; sitting there on high before the eyes of his fellows, the men to whom he had been preaching the doctrines of soviet sovereignty—the supremacy of the people—he had just suffered what his distorted views held as the enormity of ignominy; he had been used as a clothes tree for discarded garments. Used by a ruler!

When Morrison, not realizing that the man had become little short of a maniac, stooped to pick up the garments, Krylovensky dove forward and struck the mayor's face with open hand.

"Now throw me to your dogs! I'll die a martyr to my cause!" he squalled.

The mayor snapped upright and laid restraining hands on the man, who was threatening him with doubled fists.

A roaring mob came milling toward the platform.

"I'll be a martyr!" insisted the alien.

"I can't humor you to that extent," replied Morrison in the tone of a father denying indulgence in the case of a willful child.

He got between the man and the mob. He held Krylovensky from him with one hand and put up the other protestingly, authoritatively.

"No man that's a real man lets another man bang him in the face!" declared Lanigan with fury.

"That's a nice point, to be argued later by us when things are quieter, Joe. Stand back!"

"I'm going to kill him even if you haven't got the grit to do it." Lanigan was showing the bitter disappointment of a worshiper kicking among the fragments of a shattered idol.

"I won't allow you to do that, Joe! A dead man can't answer questions. Stand back, all of you, I say!" He twisted the grip of his hand in the man's collar until Krylovensky ceased his struggles.

"Do you work in this city?" asked the mayor.

"He works in the Conawin," shouted Lanigan. "And I shook him down this evening for a gun, a knob knocker and a lot of red flags."

Blanchard was backed against the big Stars and Stripes, apprehensively seeking refuge from the crowd massing on the platform. Morrison caught his eye.

"Seems to be one of your patriots, Blanchard! Shall I hand him over to you?"

"I never saw the renegade before."

"I'm sorry you don't get into your mill the way I do into mine. I'd like to know something about this gentleman who doesn't show any inclination to speak for himself."

"I'm not afraid to speak," declared the captive, all cautiousness burned out of him by the fires of his martyr zeal. "I'm an ambassador of the grand and good Soviet Government of Russia."

The mayor preserved his serenity.

"Ah, I think I understand! One of the estimable gentlemen who have been coming to us by the way of the Mexican Border of late! When you picked up our language, my friend, it's too bad you didn't pick up a better understanding of our country. I haven't any time just now to give you an idea of it, sir. I'll have a talk with you to-morrow."

The mayor had seen Officer Rellihan at the door of the hall. As a satellite Rellihan was constant in his attendance on his controlling luminary in public places, even though the luminary issued no special orders to that effect. Stewart glanced about him, and found Rellihan at his elbow.

"Here's the honorable ambassador of Soviet Russia, Rellihan," said his chief. "Take him along with you, keep harm

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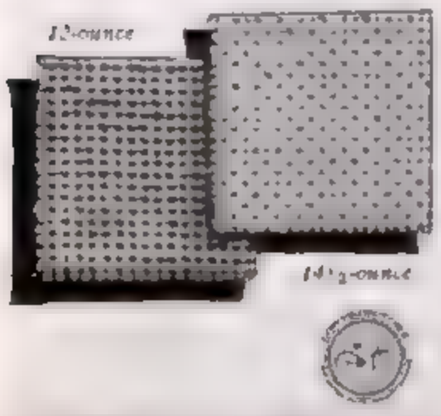

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from him on the way, and see that he is well lodged for the night in a place where enemies can't get at him."

"I know just the right place, Your Honor," stated the policeman, pulling his club from his belt and waving it to part the throng.

Morrison broke in upon Lanigan's mumbled threats.

"Mind your manners, Joe!"

"But he hit you!"

The mayor picked up his garments, one by one, inspected them and dusted them with his palm; then he pulled them on. The crowd gazed at him.

"He hit you!" Lanigan insisted bellicosely. "When a man hits me I lick him!"

"You're a good fighter, Joe," agreed His Honor, running his forearm about his silk hat to smooth the nap. "But let me tell you something. Unless you put yourself in better shape there'll be a fellow some day that you'll want to lick, and you won't be able to lick him, and you'll be almighty sorry because you can't turn the trick."

"Show me the feller, Mister Mayor!"

"Go look in the glass, Joe."

"Lick myself—is that what you mean, sir?"

"Sure! If you can do it when it ought to be done you'll have the right to feel rather proud of yourself."

He invited Blanchard with a side wag of his head, and led the way from the hall.

"Morrison, let me say this," blurted the mill magnate when they were on their way in the limousine. "By reason of this people-side-partner notion of yours you have gone to work and got yourself into an infernal fix. How do you expect to make good that promise?"

"I suppose I did sound rather boastful; but I had to put it strong. A mealy mouthed promise wouldn't hold them in line!"

"But that promise only encourages such muckers in the belief that they have a right to demand, to boss their betters, to call for accountings and concessions. You have put the devil into 'em!"

"I hope not! Faith in a contract—that's what I tried to put into 'em. They'll wait and let me operate."

"Operate! You're one man against the whole state government, and you're defying single-handed the political powers! You can't deliver the goods! That gang downtown will wait about so long, and then 'twill be hell to pay to-night!"

Morrison had found his pipe in his overcoat pocket. He was soothing himself with a smoke on the way toward the Corson mansion.

"But why worry so much when the night is still young?" he queried placidly.

VII

SENATOR CORSON at the head of the receiving line attended strictly to the task in hand as an urbane and assiduous host. Wonted by long political usage to estimate everything on the basis of votes for and against, he was entirely convinced by the face of the returns that evening that the reception he was tendering was a grand success, unanimously indorsed; he would have been immensely surprised to learn that under his roof there was a bitterly incensed, furiously resentful minority that was voting "No." The "Yes" was by the applausive, open, viva-voce vote of all those who filed past him and shook his hand and thronged along toward the buffet, which was operated in de-luxe style by a metropolitan caterer's corps of servants.

The senator's mansion was spacious and luxuriously appointed, and the millions from the products of his timberland barony were lavishly behind his hospitality. Consoled by the knowledge that Corson could well afford the treat, his guests, after that well-understood quality in human nature, relished the hospitality more keenly. At the buffet plates were piled high. In the smoking room men took handfuls of the senator's cigars from the boxes. And the pleasantry connected with Gov. Lawrence North's custom in campaigning was frequently heard. It was related of North that he always thriftily passed his cigars by his own hand and counseled the recipient: "Help yourself! Take all you want! Take two!"

The guests adopted the comfortable attitude that Corson had dropped down home to Marion to pay a debt which he owed to his constituents, and they all jumped in with alacrity to help him pay it. While the orchestra played and the ware of the buffet clattered, the joyous voices of the overwhelming majority gave Senator Corson to understand that he was the idol of his people and the prop of the state.

The minority kept her mouth closed, and her teeth were set hard. The minority was racked by agony that extended from finger tips to shoulder. The minority was distinctly groggy. This minority was compassed in the person of a single young and handsome matron who was Mrs. J. Warren Stanton in her home-city blue book, and Doris in the family register of Father Silas Daunt, and Dorrie in the good graces of Brother Coventry Daunt.

In addition she was the close friend, the social mentor, the volunteer chaperon for Lana Corson, whose mother had become voicelessly and meekly the mistress of the Corson mausoleum, as she had been meekly and unobtrusively the mistress of the Corson mansion.

Miss Lana had suddenly observed warning symptoms in the case of Mrs. Stanton. Mrs. Stanton, according to a solicitous friend's best judgment, was no longer assisting in the receiving line; Mrs. Stanton needed assistance.

Therefore, sooner than the social code might have permitted in an affair of more rigorously formal character, Lana left the receiving job to her father and the governor and the aids, and rescued Mrs. Stanton and accompanied the young matron to the sanctuary of a boudoir abovestairs.

Mrs. Stanton extended to the tender touch of her maid a wilted hand, lifted by a stiffened arm, the raising of which pumped a groan from the lady. The white glove which incased the hand and arm was smutched liberally in telltale fashion.

"Pull it off, Hibbert! But careful! Don't pull off my fingers unless they are very loose and beyond hope. But hurry! Let me know the worst as soon as possible."

"I realize that the reception ——" began Lana.

"Reception!" Mrs. Stanton snapped her head round to survey her youthful hostess. The flame on the matron's cheeks matched the fire in her tones. "Reception, say you? Lana Corson, don't you know the difference between a reception and a political rally?"

"I'm sorry, Doris! But father simply must do this duty thing when the legislature meets. The members expect it. It keeps up his fences, he says. It's politics!"

"I'm glad my father is a banker instead of a United States senator. If this is what a senator has to do when he comes back to his home I think he'd better stay in Washington and send down a carload of food and stick a glove on the handle of the town pump and let his constituents operate that! At any rate the power wouldn't be wasted in a dry time."

Lana surveyed her own hand. The glove was not immaculate any more, but it covered a firm hand that was unweary.

"Father has given me good advice. It's to shake the hand of the other chap, not let yours be shaken."

"Those brutes gave me no chance!"

"I noticed that they were very enthusiastic, Doris. I'm afraid you're too handsome!"

But that flattery did not placate Mrs. Stanton.

"It's only a rout and a rabble, Lana! The feminine element does not belong in it. My father dines his gentlemen and accomplishes his objects. And I think you have become one of these political hypocrites! You actually looked as if you were enjoying that performance downstairs."

"I was enjoying it, Doris! I was helping my father as best I could, and at the same time I was meeting many of my old true friends. I'm glad to be home again."

The girl was unaffectedly sincere in her statement. The glove was off and Mrs. Stanton was surveying her hand, wriggling the fingers tentatively.

"And they all seemed so glad to see me that I'm a bit penitent," Lana went on. "I'm ashamed to own up to myself that I have allowed California and Palm Beach to coax me away from Marion these last two winters. I ought to have come down here with father. I'm not talking like a politician now, Doris. Honestly, I'm staunch for old friends!"

"I trust you don't think I'm an ingrate in the case of my own old friends, Lana!" Mrs. Stanton, unappeased, was willing to take issue right then with anybody on any topic. "But the main trouble with old friends is they take too many liberties.

(Continued on Page 72)

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The Long-Bell Lumber Company

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(Continued from Page 70)

Your old friends certainly did take liberties with my poor hand and they took liberties with your own private business in my hearing."

"How? In what way?"

"I overheard persons say distinctly, over and over again, that one feature of this—no, I'll not muddle my own ideas of society functions by calling it a reception—they declared that your father proposes to announce to-night in his home town your engagement to Coventry."

The question that she did not put into words she put into the searching quizzical stare she gave Lana.

"Ah!" remarked Miss Corson, revealing nothing either by tone or countenance.

"It looks to me as if you've been receiving other lessons from your father, outside of the handshaking art. You are about as noncommittal as the best of our politicians, Lana, dear."

For reply the senator's daughter smiled. The smile was so ingenuous that it ought to have disarmed the young matron of her petulance. But Mrs. Stanton went on with the sharp insistence of one who had discovered an opportunity and proposed to make the most of it.

"Seeing that the matter has come up in this way—though I never would have presumed to speak of it to you, Lana, without good and sufficient provocation—I think that you and Coventry should have confided in me first of all. Of course I know well enough how matters stand! I really believe I do! But I think I'm entitled to know officially, to put it that way, as much as your highly esteemed old friends here in Marion know."

"Yes," agreed Miss Corson.

"But first, Lana, dear! To know it first—as a sister should! I'm not blaming you! I realize that you met some of those aforesaid old true frinds while you were out round the city to-day. One does drop confidences almost without realizing how far one goes when old friends are met. I'm sure such reports as I overheard couldn't be made up out of whole cloth."

Mrs. Stanton's air and tone were certainly provoking, but Miss Corson's composure was not ruffled.

"Out of the knowledge that you profess in regard to old friends, Doris, you must realize that they are energetic and liberal guessers."

She turned toward the door.

"Where are you going?"

"To my room for a fresh pair of gloves, dear."

"Do you mean to tell me that you're going back for another turn among those jiujitsu experts?"

"We're to have dancing later."

"For myself, I'd as soon dance with performing bears. I must be excused. I'll do anything in reason, but I have reached my limit!"

Lana walked back to her, both hands extended.

"You have been a dear martyr to the cause of politics. But now you are going to be the queen of our little festival. Listen, Doris! All the political buzzing bees will be thinning out, right soon. Those elderly gentlemen from the country who shook hands with a good Grange grip—they'll be wanting to get plenty of sleep so as to be wide awake to-morrow to hear the governor's inaugural address. The other vigorous gentlemen who are so deeply in politics will be hurrying back to their hotels for their caucuses or whatever it is they have to attend to in times like these. And the younger folks who have no politics on their minds will stay and enjoy themselves. There are some really dear folks in Marion!"

"I thank you for the information," returned Mrs Stanton dryly. "It's important if true. But there's other information that's more important in my estimation just now, and you don't allow me the opportunity to thank you for it."

"I have been thinking, Doris! I really don't feel in the mood, when all those friends are under my roof, to stand here and brand them as prevaricators. Mayn't we let the matter rest till later?"

"Until after it has been officially announced?" queried Mrs. Stanton.

"I'm afraid that father's lessons have trained me better in political methods than I have realized," said Lana apologetically. "Because, right now, I'm obliged to run the risk of offending you, Doris, by quoting him and making his usual statement my rule of conduct."

"Well?"

"'Nothing can be officially declared until all the returns are in.'"

"What am I to understand from that?"

"It isn't so awfully clear, I know. But let's not talk any more about it."

Lana had dropped her friend's hands. She took them again in her grasp and swung Mrs. Stanton's arms to and fro in girlish and frolicsome fashion.

"Now go ahead and be your own jolly Doris Stanton! You're going to meet folks who'll understand you and appreciate all your wit. One especially I'll name. I don't know why he's so late in coming, for he had a special invitation from my own mouth. He's the mayor of Marion!"

"What?" demanded Mrs. Stanton irefully, pulling away from the girl, who was trying to coax back good nature. "Picking out another politician for my special consideration, after what I have been through?"

"Oh, he's not a politician, Doris, dear! Father says he isn't one; he says so himself, and his party newspaper here in the city says regularly that he isn't, in a complimentary way; and the opposition paper says so in a sneering way—and I suppose that makes the thing unanimous. He is one of my oldest friends; he was my hero when I was a little girl in school; he is tall and big and handsome and ——"

Mrs. Stanton narrowed her eyes. She broke in impatiently on the panegyric.

"I'm so thoroughly disgusted with the ways of politics, Lana, that I draw the line at a speech of nomination. You said you'd name him. Who is he?"

"Stewart Morrison."

"I thought so!"

Mrs. Stanton's tone was vastly significant. Lana flushed. The composure that she had been maintaining was losing its serenity, and her friend noted that fact and became more irritable.

"My dear Lana, I gathered so much enlightenment from the twittering of those old friends of yours downstairs that you'll not be obliged, I think, to break your most excellent rule of reticence in order to humor my impertinent curiosity in this instance!"

"Don't be sarcastic with me, Doris! I don't find it as funny as when you're caustic with other folks."

"There does seem to be a prevailing lack of humor in the affairs of this evening," acknowledged Mrs. Stanton. "We'll drop the subject, dear!"

"I don't like you to feel that I'm putting you to one side as my dearest friend—not in anything."

"If you haven't felt like being candid with me in a matter where I'd naturally be vitally interested, I can hardly expect you to pour out your heart about a dead-and-gone love affair with a rustic up in these parts. I understood from the chatter of your old friends that it is dead and gone. I can congratulate you on that proof of your newer wisdom, Lana. It shows that my counsels haven't been entirely wasted on you."

"It was dead and gone before you began to counsel me, Doris. It's not a matter of withholding confidence from you. Why should I talk about such things to anybody?"

"Oh, a discreet display of scalp locks decorates a boudoir and interests one's friends," vouchsafed the worldly matron.

"Such confidences are atrocious!" Miss Corson displayed spirit.

"Now both of us are getting peppery, dear Lana, and I always reserve that privilege exclusively for myself in all my friendly relations. I have to keep a sharp edge on my tongue because folks expect me to perform the social taxidermy in my set, and it's only brutal and messy if done with a dull tool.

"Run and get your gloves! But take your own time in returning to me. There are still two of my fingers that need a further period of convalescence."

Mrs. Stanton promptly neglected her duties as a finger nurse the moment Miss Corson was out of the room.

"Hibbert, ask one of the servants to find my brother and tell him I want to see him here. He will undoubtedly be located in some group where there is a rural gentleman displaying the largest banner of beard. My brother has an insatiable mania for laying bets with sporting young men that he can fondle any set of luxuriant whiskers without giving the wearer cause for offense."

Coventry answered his sister's call with promptitude.

"I'll keep you only a moment from your whisker parterres, Cov! When you go back into that downstairs garden please give some of those beards a good hard yank for my sake."

But young Mr. Daunt was serious and rebuked her.

"This isn't any lark we're on up here, Dorrie! Dad needs to have everybody's good will, and I'm doing my little best on the side lines for him. And he isn't tickled to pieces by your quitting. It's a big project we're gunning through this legislature!"

"It may be so. It probably is. But I'm not sacrificing four fingers, a thumb and a perfectly good arm for the cause, and I'm not allowing public affairs to take my mind wholly off private matters. So here's at it! Are you and Lana formally engaged?"

"Well, I must say you're not abrupt or anything of the sort!"

"Certain semicoaxing methods haven't seemed to succeed, and therefore I'm shooting the well, as our oil friend Whitaker puts it!"

"Simply for the sake of keeping our affectionate brother-and-sister relations on the safe and approved plane I'll say it's none of your blamed business," declared Coventry.

"On the other hand in a purely tolerant and friendly way I'll say that Lana and I are proceeding agreeably, I think, and dad told me the other day that the senator talked as if the matrimonial bill might receive favorable consideration when duly reported from committee—meaning Lana and myself and ——"

"Gas!" broke in Mrs. Stanton. "I shot, and I get only gas! I'm looking for oil! Is there an actual and formal engagement, I ask?"

"Oh, say!" expostulated her brother, registering disgust. "The motion pictures have spoiled that sort of thing. They have to propose bang outright in the films because the fans can't be bothered by the *nuances* of courtship. But for a chap to get down on his knees these days in real life would make the girl laugh as loud as the fans would whoop if the hero in reel life stood on his head and popped the question. Nothing of that kind of formal stuff in my case, sis! Of course not!"

"There better be! You go ahead this very night and attend to it!"

"Where do you get your appointment as general manager of the matter, Dorrie? You certainly don't get it from me!"

"Leaving it to be inferred ——"

"I leave nothing to be inferred," declared her brother, righteously indignant. "Dorrie, you absolutely must get off that habit of carving your own kin in order to keep up the edge on your tongue. I wouldn't as much as intimate it, by denying it, that you get your meddling commission from Lana. If this is all you wanted to talk about I'll have to be going. This is my busy evening."

"Just one moment! It's always the busiest man who has time to attend to one thing more! I'm assuming that you love Lana."

"Conceded. You always did have a good eye in that line, Dorrie!"

"Then my advice as an expert ought to be respected. You go ahead and get a promise from Lana Corson. Then you'll have somebody working for your interests day and night."

"Who?"

"Her New England conscience!"

Young Mr. Daunt gave his sister a long, searching and sophisticated stare.

"I think I have a little the advantage of you, Dorrie. I met to-day this Mr. Stewart Morrison you're speaking of!"

"I haven't spoken of him! I haven't mentioned his name!"

"Oh, didn't you?" purred the brother. "Then I must have anticipated what you were going to say or else I read your mind for the name—and that only shows that the Daunt family's members are thoroughly *en rapport*, to use dad's favorite phrase when he's showing the strawberry mark on ideas and making the other fellow adopt 'em as his own children. And I have heard how Lana and Morrison have been twice engaged and twice estranged. So how about her New England conscience in the matter of a promise in love?"

"As I understand it the New England conscience grows up with the possessor and comes of age and asserts itself. You can't expect an infant or juvenile conscience to boss and control a person like a grown-up conscience. Coventry, what kind of a man is Morrison?"

"A big opinionated ramrod of a Scotchman who'd drive any girl to break her engagement a dozen times if she had promised as often as that."

Mrs. Stanton relaxed in her chair and sighed with relief.

"Oh, from what she said about him—but no matter! I think you do know men very well, Cov! I'll do no more worrying where he's concerned. Forgive me for advising you so emphatically."

"He'd boss any girl into breaking her engagement," continued Coventry with conviction. "Any dreaming, wondering, restless girl, curious to find out for herself and afraid of restraint."

"I know the type. Impossible as husbands," averred Mrs. Stanton, a caustic and unwearying counselor of sex independence.

"But there are some girls who grow up into real women, though you probably have hard work to believe that," said her brother, equally as caustic in stating his opinions, "and they are waiting for the right man to come along and take sole possession of them, body and soul and affairs—when they are women! Then it isn't bossing any more! It's love glorified! Letting 'em have their own way would seem like neglect and indifference, and their hearts would be broken. They eat it up, sis, eat it up, that kind of love!"

His sister leaped from her chair.

"How anybody with an ounce of brains can take stock in this cave-man nonsense is more than I can understand!"

"It has nothing to do with brains, sis. It's in here!" He tapped his finger on his breast. "It was put in when the first heart started beating."

"But you listen to reason! No woman wants a ——"

He put his hand up and broke in on her furious remonstrance.

"If I listen to reason, sis, you'll have me against the ropes in thirty seconds. I admit that there's no reason why a woman should want it that way. Brains can argue us right out of the notion. I won't argue. But I don't want you to think I'm keeping anything away from you that a sister ought to know. As my sister and as Lana's good friend I'm sure you'll be glad to know that I love her with all my heart and I hope I haven't misunderstood her feelings in regard to me. I don't want to be too complacent, but I think she's still girl enough to welcome my kind of love and to take me for what I am."

He and his sister were thoroughly absorbed in their dialogue. Having summed up the situation in his final declaration he turned hastily to leave the room and was assured, to his dismay, that Miss Corson had heard the declaration; she was at the threshold, her lips apart; she was plainly balancing a desire to flee against a more heroic determination to step in and ignore the situation and the words which had accompanied it.

Young Mr. Daunt manfully did his best to get that situation out of the chancery of embarrassing silence.

"Lana, the three of us are too good friends to allow this foozle to make us feel altogether silly. Despite present appearances I don't go round making speeches on a certain subject. Nor will I lay it all on Dorrie by saying, 'The woman tempted me and I fell.'"

"Yes, we may as well be sensible," affirmed Mrs. Stanton. In spite of her momentary embarrassment her countenance was displaying bland satisfaction. This was an occasion to be grasped. "I'll say right out frankly that I consider I'm one too many in this room just now."

Lana retreated across the threshold. She was distinctly frightened. Young Mr. Daunt laughed, and his merriment helped to relieve the situation still more.

"Oh, I say, Lana! This isn't a trap set by the Daunts. You come right in! I'm leaving!"

"I didn't mean to overhear," the girl faltered.

"You and I have nothing to apologize for—either of us! I take nothing back, but this is no kind of a time to go forward. I'd be taking advantage of your confusion."

"Well, of all the mincing minuets!" blurted the young matron. "One word will settle it all. I tell you I'm going!"

But Daunt rushed to the door, seized Lana's hands and swung her into the room.

"This is a political night, and we'll go by the rules. The gentleman has introduced the bill, and on motion of the lady it

(Continued on Page 75)

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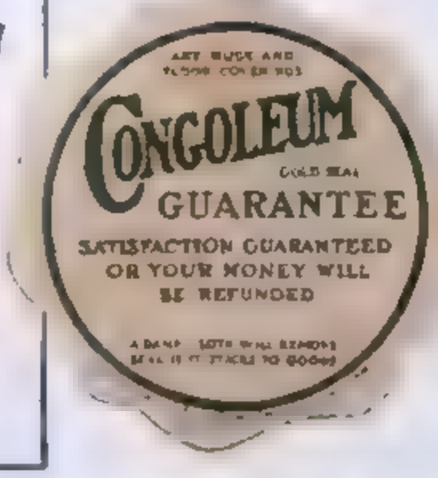

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has been tabled. But it will be taken from the table on a due and proper date and assigned at the head of the calendar. I think that's the way the senator would state it. It ought to be good procedure." He released her hands. "And speaking of the calendar, Lana, may I have a peep at your dance list?"

She gave him the engraved card.

"All the waltzes for me, eh?" he queried wistfully. "I note that you're free."

"One, please, Coventry—for now! No, please select some of the new dances. You know them all! Some of my Marion friends are old-fashioned, and I must humor them with the waltzes." Her hands were trembling. She laughed nervously. "I feel free to task your good nature."

"Thank you," he returned gratefully, accepting the implied compliment she paid him. He dabbed on his initials here and there and hurried away.

Mrs. Stanton had plenty of impetuous zeal for all her quests, but had also abundance of worldly tact.

"One does get so tremendously interested in friends and family, Lana! Affection makes nuisances of us so often! But no more about it! I feel quite happy now. I'm even so kindly disposed toward politics that I'm ready to go down and dance for the cause, whatever it is your father and mine are going after. These men in politics—they always seem to me to be like small boys building card houses. Piling up and puffing down! Putting in little tin men and pulling out little tin men. And to judge by the everlasting faultfinding, nobody is ever satisfied by what is accomplished."

Miss Corson plainly welcomed this consoling shift from an embarrassing topic. And in order to get as far from love as possible she turned to business. When she and her friend descended the broad stairway of the mansion Lana was discoursing on the need of coaxing men of big commercial affairs into politics. Her views were rather immature and her fervor was a bit hysterical, but the subject was plainly more to her taste than that on which Mrs. Stanton had been dwelling.

The crowd below them, as they stood for a moment on the landing halfway down the stairs, gave comforting evidence that it had thinned, according to Lana's prophecy. The receiving line was broken. Senator Corson was sauntering here and there, saying a word to this one or that in more intimate manner than his formal post in the line permitted. Governor North, also released from conventional restrictions as a handshaker, was on his rounds and wagged his coat tails and barked and growled emphatically.

The word "law," oft-repeated, fitted itself to his growls; when he barked he ejaculated: "Election statutes!"

"It's a pity your state is wasting such excellent material on the mere job of governor, Lana. What a perfectly wonderful warden he would make for your state prison," suggested Mrs. Stanton sweetly.

But she did not provoke a reply from the girl and noted that Lana was frankly interested in somebody other than the governor. It was a new arrival; his busy exchange of greetings revealed that fact.

"Ah! Your dilatory mayor of Marion!" said the matron, needing no identification.

Nor did Stewart require any word to indicate the whereabouts of the hostess of the Corson mansion. His eyes had been searching eagerly. As soon as he saw Lana he broke away from the group of men who were engaging him. The governor accosted Morrison sharply when the mayor hurried past on the way to the stairway. But again, within a few hours, Stewart slighted the chief executive of the state.

"I am late, I fear," he called to Lana, leaping up the stairs. "And after my solemn promise to come early! But you excused me this morning when I was obliged to attend to petty affairs. Same excuse this time! Do I receive the same pardon?"

The girl displayed greater ease in his presence at this second meeting. She received him placidly. There were no more of those disconcerting and high-flown forensics in her greeting. There was the winning candor of old friendship in her smile, and he flushed boyishly in his frank delight. She presented him to Mrs. Stanton, and that lady's modish coolness did not dampen his spirits, which had become plainly exuberant; in fact, he paid very little attention to Mrs. Stanton.

"It has got to you, Lana—this coming home again, hasn't it?" he demanded with an unconventionality of tone and phraseology that caused the metropolitan matron to express her startled emotions by a blink. "I knew it would!"

"I am glad to be home, Stewart. But I have been tiring Mrs. Stanton by my enthusiasm on that subject," was her suggestive move toward another topic. "You're in time for the dancing. That's the important feature of the evening."

"Certainly," he agreed. "May I be pardoned, Mrs. Stanton, for consulting my hostess' card first?"

He secured Lana's program without waiting for the matron's indifferent permission.

"A waltz—two waltzes anyway!" he declared. "They settle arrearages in your accounts, Lana, for the two winters you have been away. And why not another?" He was scribbling with the pencil. "It will settle the current bill."

"It is a business age," murmured Mrs. Stanton, "and collections cannot be looked after too sharply."

"Will you not permit me to go in debt to you, madam?" he asked. "I'll be truly obligated if you'll allow me to put my name on your card."

"As a banker's daughter I'll say that the references that have been submitted by Miss Corson in regard to your standing are excellent," said Mrs. Stanton with a significance meant for Lana's confusion.

But while she was detaching the tassel from her girdle Governor North interrupted. He was standing on the stairs just below the little group.

"Excuse me for breaking in on the party, but I'm due at the State House. I'll bother you only a second, Morrison. Then you won't have a thing to do except be nice to the ladies."

"I know I'll be excused by them for a few moments, governor."

He started to descend. His excellency put up his hand.

"We can attend to it right here, Mister Mayor!"

"But I have a word or two ——"

"That's all I have!" was the blunt retort. "And I'm in a hurry. Have you got 'em smoothed down, according to our understanding?"

"I have, I think. But whether they'll stay smooth depends on you, Governor North."

"And I can be depended on! I told you so at the office." He turned away.

"I think I ought to have a few words with you in private, however," Morrison insisted. "That general understanding is all right, but I need to know something specific."

The governor was well down the stairs; he trudged energetically, his coat tails wagging in wide arcs. It was not premeditated insolence; it was the usual manner of Lawrence North when he did not desire an interview prolonged to an extent that might commit him.

"I'll be at the State House in case there's any need of my attention to something specific. I'll attend to it over the telephone—over the telephone, understand!"

The diversion on the stairs had attracted listeners, who interfered further with Stewart's immediate social plans.

Senator Corson came across the reception hall, beckoning amiably, and the three descended.

"Stewart, before you get too deep into the festivities with the girls I want you to have a bit of a chat with Mr. Daunt. We arranged it, you know."

"But Stewart isn't up here to attend to business, father," protested the daughter with a warmth that the subject of the controversy welcomed with a smile of gratitude.

"There are urgent reasons why Mr. Daunt should have a few words with Stewart to-night before the legislature assembles." The senator assumed an air of marked autocratic dignity. "I command the obedience of my daughter!" He saw the banker approaching. "I call on you, sir, to put down rebellion in your own family! These daughters of ours propose to spirit away this young gentleman."

"I'll keep you from the merrymaking only a few moments, Mayor Morrison," apologized Daunt. "But I feel that it is quite essential for us to get together on that matter we mentioned in the forenoon. I'm sure that only a few words will put us thoroughly *en rapport*."

Mrs. Stanton lifted her eyebrows.

"That phrase means that father will do the talking, Mister Mayor. I recommend that you go along with him. You won't have to do a thing except listen. You can come later and dance with us with all your energy unimpaired."

"Yes!" urged Lana. "The waltzes will be waiting!"

"Use my den, Daunt. If I can get away from my gang here I'll run in on you," stated the senator. He smacked his palm on Stewart's shoulder. "I know you always put business ahead of pleasure, though it may be hard to do it in this case, my boy! But after you and my friend Daunt get matters all tied up snug you won't have a thing to do for the rest of the night but enjoy yourself and be nice to the girls—not another thing, Stewart."

VIII

WITH great promptitude Attorney Despeaux fastened upon Blanchard, of the Conawin, the moment the latter left the company of Mayor Morrison on the arrival of the twain at the Corson mansion; and Mr. Blanchard seemed alertly willing to break off his companionship with the passenger he had brought in his limousine.

"What's that fool been stirring up downtown?" demanded Despeaux when he had Blanchard safely to himself in a corner.

"Have you heard something about it?"

"I was just called on the phone."

"Who called you?"

"No matter! But hold on, Blanchard! I may as well tell you that I'm using a part of our fund to have Morrison shadowed. I suppose the reason you went along was to get a line on him. But it was imprudent; it looked like lending your countenance."

Blanchard explained sullenly why he did accompany Morrison to the meeting.

"Well, I'm glad you were there and heard him inflaming the mob," admitted the syndicate's lobbyist and lawyer. "I want to have Senator Corson fully informed on the point, and it will come better from you than from a paid detective. Give it to Corson, and give it to him strong!"

"I don't know that I can justly say that he was inflaming the mob," demurred Blanchard.

"But you've got to say it! You must make it appear that way! Blanchard, it has come to a clinch and we must smash Morrison's credit in every direction. I didn't realize till to-day that he was out to blow up the whole works. Didn't he preach to you on the text of that infernal people-partner notion of his?"

"Yes. He's crazy!"

"The people own the moon, if you want to put it that way! But they can't do anything sensible with it, any more than they can with ownership of the state's water power."

The Conawin magnate exhibited bewilderment.

"Despeaux, I'm a business man. I suppose you lawyers go to work in a different way from what we do in business. But as I have read the propaganda you're putting out—as I understand it—you are shouting for the people's rights too!"

"I am. Strongly. Right out open! I even preached on people's rights to Morrison this very day—and looked him right in that canny Scotch eye of his while I preached. I like to keep in good practice!"

"Then why is Morrison so dangerous, if he's only doing what you do?" inquired the business man with an artlessness that the attorney greeted with an oath.

"Because the fool means what he says, Blanchard!"

"But if you don't mean it—if you have put yourself on record—and if you're obliged to step up and honor the draft you've sanctioned—what's going to happen in the show-down?"

Attorney Despeaux moderated his mordancy and became tolerantly patient in enlightening the ignorance of one of his employers.

"The people are hungry for some kind of fodder in this water-power proposition. I've been telling all you power owners so! We'll have to admit it, Blanchard. The time is played out when you can drive the people in this country. You've got to be a nice kind shepherd and get their confidence and lead 'em. I'm a shepherd! See?" He patted himself on the breast. "There are two cribs!"

"You'll have to name 'em to me, Despeaux. I'm apt to be pretty dull outside of matters in my own line."

"I guess I'd do better to designate the chaps who are managing the cribs." The two men were in a window embrasure. Despeaux pointed to one side of the niche. "Over there, behold Morrison and his storage-and-power crowd, made up of pig-headed engineers and scientific experts who are thinking only of how much power can be developed for the people as proprietors; over here, the public-utilities commission, made up of safe men, judiciously appointed, tractable in politics, consistently on the side of vested interests, and right on the job to see to it that the state keeps its contracts with capital. I propose to be something of a shepherd and lead the people to the public-utilities crib! And I'm going to show folks that they'll be eating poison ivy out of the Morrison crib—even if I have to put the poison ivy in there myself. This is no time to be squeamish, Blanchard! You've got to do your part in nailing a disturber like Morrison to the cross. Speak like a business man and say that he is dangerous in good business. We've got a governor who is safe; we've got to have a legislature that will see to it that the committees are all right. And that's why we're standing no monkey business from any mob up on Capitol Hill to-night. Down at that hall, so my man told me, Morrison talked as if he's going to take hold and run the state! Didn't he?"

"Well, one might draw some such conclusions, I suppose, by stretching his words!"

"Blanchard, you must stretch words when you talk to Senator Corson and to all others who need to be stirred up and can help us. If that wild Scotchman butts into this plan he's inviting trouble, and we've got to see that he gets it. He's got to be choked now or never! Don't have any mercy! Just look at it this way! Talk it this way! He's turning on his own if he does what he threatens! He played the sneak—he, a mill owner, getting onto that commission! And he proposes to shove in a report that will smother development by outside capital. Play up the reason for his interest in the thing along that line! A hog for himself! It's easy to turn public sentiment by the right kind of talk! If I start out to go the limit I can have him tarred and feathered as a chief conspirator, out to have our big industries knocked in the head."

Despeaux spoke low, but his tone conveyed the malice and the menace of a man who had been nursing a grudge for a long time.

"Two years ago his newspaper letters and his rant killed that Consolidated project, and I had a contingent fee of fifty thousand dollars at stake; as it was, I got only a little old regular lobby fee and my expense money. And the power hasn't been developed by the infernal, dear, protected people, has it?" he sneered. "If the Consolidated folks had been let alone and given their franchise we'd now be marketing over our wires hundreds of thousands of horse power in big centers two or three hundred miles from this state."

"Well, I'm not so awfully strong myself for making a mere power station of our own state, and letting outsiders ship our juice over the border."

"But you ought to be devilish strong against a man who is proposing to have the state break existing contracts, take back power rights and franchises, and make you simply a lessee of what you already own! You've got yours. Give the outsiders a show! It's all snarled up together, Blanchard, and you've got to kill him and his crowd and their whole mushy socialistic scheme and eliminate him from the proposition. Then we can go ahead and do something sensible in this state!" affirmed Mr. Despeaux with the lustful ardor of one who foresaw the possibility of eliminating also the hateful word "contingent" in the case of fees.

But Businessman Blanchard was displaying symptoms of worriment

The lawyer viewed with concern this evidence of backsliding, but his attention was suddenly diverted from his companion; then Despeaux nudged Blanchard and directed the latter's gaze by a thumb jerk.

They saw Morrison hurry up the stairs to greet Lana Corson when she appeared with her house guest. The attorney seemed to be vastly interested in the scene.

"I don't mean to scare you," went on Despeaux, his manner milder. "I m not planning to commit murder or steal a state!

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 75)

It's Morrison, right now! He's the one we're after! This whole thing may be taken care of in another way—so easily that it may make us smile. I've been keeping my eyes open, Blanchard; ears too! Did you see Morrison rush to the senator's daughter? A fellow can work himself into a terrible state of worry over the dear unprotected people when he has nothing else better to take up his mind. But after a Scotchman goes crazy over a girl—well, when the whole of 'em hold Bobby Burns up as the type of their race, they know what they're talking about!"

"I can hardly conceive of Morrison being a poet or relishing poetry or the ways of a poet," returned Blanchard dryly.

"And he probably never read a line of it in his whole life," agreed Despeaux. "But that isn't the point! You may think I've gone off on a queer tack all of a sudden, but I know human nature! That girl is back here with a slick young fellow, and he's the pepper in a certain mess of Scotch broth that has been heated up all over again, if I'm any guesser. That girl has been living in Washington, Blanchard. It's a great school! I've been watching her shake hands. You saw her just now when she shook with our friend the mayor. That girl isn't down here on this trip simply to see whether the caretakers have been looking after the Corson mansion in good shape," opined the cynical Mr. Despeaux, having excellent personal reason to distrust everybody else in the matter of motives.

"That sort of trick is beneath Senator Corson and his daughter."

"Well," drawled the lawyer, "that all depends how closely he and Silas Daunt are tied up in a common interest in this water-power question and other matters. I suspect everybody in this world. I go on that principle. It eases my mind about slipping something over on the other fellow when I get the chance. I'm talking out pretty frankly, Blanchard, to a man who has his money in the syndicate pool as you have. But I play square with the crowd I take money from, so long's I'm with 'em. The fee makes me yours to command, heart and soul! There's something—some one thing—that can control every man, according to his tastes. Stewart Morrison can be controlled right now by that black-eyed Corson girl more effectually than he can by any other person or consideration on God's earth. I've known him ever since he was a boy—I have watched the thing between 'em—and now that she's back here where he can see her, be near her, and be worried by the sight of another fellow trailing her, he'll be doing more thinking about her than he will about the partner people, as he calls that dream of his about something that isn't so.

"I wish I could know just how sly the senator is! I wish I could get a line on what's underneath that girl's curly topknot," he said fervently.

Apparently absorbed by that speculation Lawyer Despeaux again gave close attention to the tableau on the landing presented by Lana, Mrs. Stanton and Morrison.

When Governor North marched up the stairs, said his vociferous say and marched down again, Despeaux grunted his satisfaction.

"That's the talk, old boy! Show him where he gets off!"

The manner in which Senator Corson handed Morrison over to Silas Daunt elicited further commendation from the lawyer.

"He's being pulled into camp smoothly and scientifically, Blanchard! The senator is onto his job, but did you see Morrison's mug when he had to leave the girl?"

"I'll admit that it's the first time that I ever saw him make up a face when he was called on to tend to business."

"The senator is a wise old bird! He knows human nature down to the ground. He's got the right kind of a daughter to help him, and he's making her useful. It's a case of shutting Morrison's mouth, and Corson is hep to the right play. I don't think the senator needs any advice from us, but a little of the proper kind of information about Morrison's latest demfoolishness will make Corson understand that he needs to put some hot pep as well as sugar into his politeness. We'll get to him as soon as we can. Make it strong, Blanchard; make it strong!"

As soon as opportunity offered Blanchard did make it strong. He was harboring a pretty large-sized grudge of his own in the case of Morrison, and it was easy to put malice into the report he gave the senator.

"But hold on!" protested Corson. "You're making Stewart out to be a radical as red as any of them!"

"I can't help that, senator," retorted the millman. "He dragged me down to his cursed meeting over my protest, and he made a speech that put himself in hand-in-glove with 'em."

Corson pursed his lips and displayed the concern of a friend who had heard bad news regarding a favorite.

"I always found the boy a bit inclined to mix high-flown notions in with the business practicality of his family. But I didn't realize that he was going so far wrong in his theories. That's the danger in permitting even one unsound doctrine to get into a level-headed chap's apple basket, gentlemen! First thing you know, it has affected all the fruit! I'm glad you told me. I'm not surprised that your arguments have had no effect, Despeaux. He's naturally headstrong. Do you know, these fellows with poetic, chivalrous natures are hard boys to bring to reason in certain practical matters?"

"I was just telling Despeaux that I never saw much poetry sentiment in Stewart Morrison," affirmed the millman.

Senator Corson's condescending smile assured Mr. Blanchard that he was all wrong.

"He was much in our family as a boy. Very sentimental if approached from the right angle! Very! And I think this is a matter to be handled wholly by Stewart's closest friends. Sentiment has led him off on a wrong slant. He'll only fight harder if he's tackled by a man like you, Despeaux. That's the style of him. But in his case sentiment can be governed by sentiment. And all for his best good! He mustn't run wild in this folly! I believe there's no one who can approach him with more tact than my daughter Lana." Despeaux found an opportunity to dig his thumb suggestively into Blanchard's side. "They have been extremely good friends, I believe, in boy-and-girl fashion; between us three old townsmen I'll go so far as to say they were very much interested in each other. But in the case of both of 'em their horizons are naturally wider these days; however, first-love affairs, even if rather silly, are often the basis for really sensible and enduring friendships. And friendship must handle this thing. We'll leave it to Lana. I'll speak to her."

He went on his way toward the ballroom, pausing to chat with this or that group of constituents.

"There!" exclaimed the lawyer, relieving his high pressure by a vigorous exhalation of breath. "What did I tell you?"

"It's mighty kind and sensible of the senator. Morrison is making a big mistake, and the way to handle him is by friendship."

"Friendship hell!"

"Say, look here, Despeaux, I don't believe in spoiling my teeth by biting every coin that's handed to me in this world."

"Are you as devilish green as you pretend to be, Blanchard? If you had ever hung round in Washington as I have, you'd have wisdom teeth growing so fast that they'd keep your jaws propped open like a country yap's unless you kept 'em filed by biting all the coin of con! Now I know what's in the senator's dome and what's under his girl's topknot! But let's not argue about that. Let's take a look at the probabilities in regard to the water-power matter—that's of more importance just now.

"I doubt that even friendship"—he dwelt satirically on the word—"can shut Morrison up on the storage report that he will shove into the legislature. But we're going to have safe committees this year, thanks to the election laws and machine guns, and that report will be pocketed. Then, if Morrison keeps still about making the dear people millionaires by having 'em peddle their puddles to the highest bidders, capital can go ahead and do business in this state. I think his mouth is going to be effectively shut! The right operators are on the job!"

Despeaux took a peep at his watch.

"Time slipped by while we were waiting to get at Corson. Daunt has had half an hour for laying down the law to Morrison. And Daunt can do a whole lot of business in half an hour."

"He'll only stir up Morrison's infernal scrapping spirit by laying down the law," objected Blanchard sourly.

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Despeaux took both of the millman's coat lapels in his clutch.

"He'll lay down in front of Morrison the prospects of the profits to be made by the deal that is proposed. And if you had ever heard Silas Daunt talk profits as a promoter you would reckon just as I'm reckoning, Blanchard—to see our Scotch friend come out of that conference walking like the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo, instead of bobbing round astraddle of that damnation hobby-goat of his! Daunt can talk money in the same tone that a Holy Roller revivalist talks religion, Blanchard! And he makes converts, he sure does!"

A moment later the mayor of Marion strode across the reception hall. Lawyer Despeaux giving critical attention was not ready to affirm that Morrison's gait was that of a man who had broken a bank. But the manner in which he marched—shoulders back and chin up, and the dabs of color on his cheeks—would have suggested to a particularly observant person that the mayor had broken something. He pushed past those who addressed him and went on toward the ballroom, staring straight ahead; the music was pulsing in the ballroom; he seemed to be thoroughly entranced by the strains; at any rate he was attending strictly to the business of going somewhere! He passed Senator Corson, who was returning to the reception hall; the mayor gave his host only a nod.

While the senator stood and gazed at the precipitate young man Banker Daunt, following on Morrison's trail, arrived in front of Corson.

Lawyer Despeaux stepped from the window embrasure to get a good view, and was not at all reassured by Daunt's looks. The banker displayed none of the symptoms of a victor. There was more of choler than complacency in his air. He hooked his arm inside the senator's elbow and they went away together.

"Blanchard," said the lawyer after a period of pondering, "that infernal Scotch idiot says that he isn't interested in politics, and now he seems to have put promoting in the same class. Our hope is that he's interested in something else. Suppose we stroll along and see just how much interested he is."

By the time they reached the ballroom Morrison was waltzing with Lana. He was distinctly another person from that tense, saturnine, defiant, brusque person who had strode through the reception hall. He was radiantly and boyishly happy. He was clasping the girl tenderly. He directed her steps in a small circle outside the throng of dancers, and waltzed as slowly as the tempo would allow. He was talking earnestly.

"Look at him! There you have it!" whispered Despeaux, recovering his confidence.

"Every man has his price—but it's a mistake to think that the price must always be counted down in cash. Daunt didn't act as if he had captured our friend. He's dancing to a girl's tune now. Corson will whistle a jig when he gets ready, and Morrison will dance to that tune too!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 40)

shows an increase of 2.3 per cent, as compared with a decrease of more than ten per cent last year, but agricultural production in most other lines presents a serious aspect and holds forth small hope for a larger output of foodstuffs or lower prices.

The economic and industrial situation in the United States is not so bad as it is in most other countries, but a day of reckoning is at hand unless we turn our faces in the direction of real public economy, greater thrift and increased productive effort. Further inflation must cease and public debts must be cut down through reducing government and state expenditures.

A business setback can be avoided only if we exercise energy and forgo extravagance. Not only must the volume of credit be reduced but the supplies of goods must be increased.

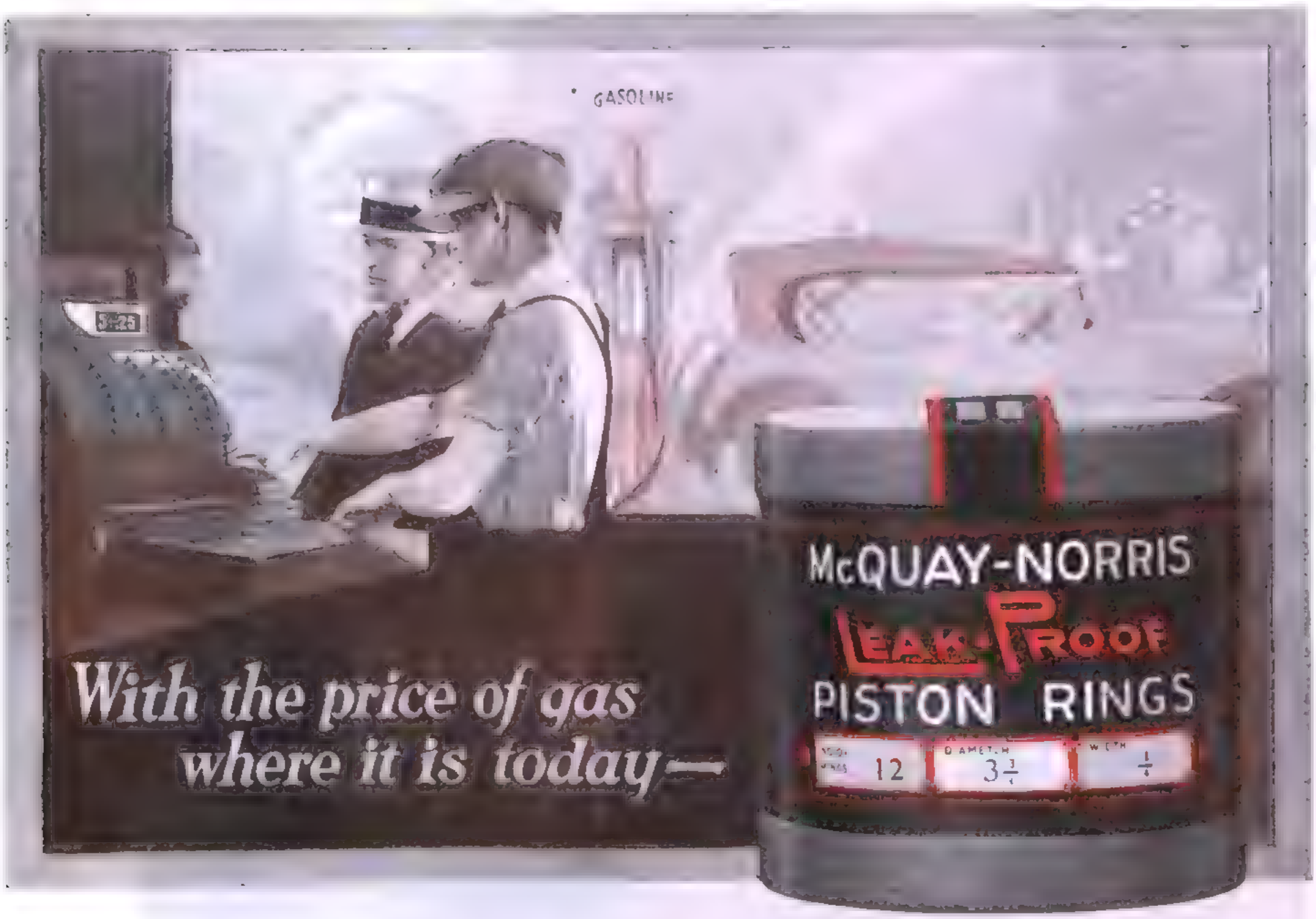
Just as we put across a Victory drive for money two years ago, we must now put across a Victory drive for increased production. Most of our recent strikes have only aggravated and enlarged the conditions against which they were supposed to be a protest. Labor must abandon a take-it-easy, don't-do-too-much policy. Individuals, and particularly the Government, must adopt a budget system to control expenditures.

Prior to the war aliens in America were not treated understandingly. They were kept apart and in many cases exploited for gain. The folly of such a policy has been brought home to us, and we know now that if our attitude had been more fair there would be fewer foreigners in the United States possessed of the idea that disorganization is a goal worth striving for. We have learned that it is better to supervise than to ignore the influence of the foreign-language newspapers and that the building of citizens is more important than the building of railroads and ships.

We have a Monroe Doctrine designed to protect our shores against foreign aggression. It would not be a bad idea for each community in the United States to have a Monroe Doctrine to protect its property and citizens against attacks from within. In the meantime loyal American citizens should be sufficiently enlightened with respect to American ideals, so that in the future they will at least be able to hold their own in arguments with short-haired ladies and long-haired men who speak the English language with an accent.

Nothing could be more foolish than the idea that prices can be controlled by laws. The cost of living will be reduced when we go to work in real earnest and reverse the present preëminence of demand over supply. It has ever been true that sellers ask for their goods practically all that the buyers are willing to pay. As one writer recently put it, our chief trouble to-day is more with profitees than with profiteers. So long as people are willing to pay twenty dollars for shoes, eighteen dollars for shirts and seven dollars in a lobster palace for a fifty-cent meal, just so long will prices stay up. Twenty or thirty vulgar disciples of extravagance can so spoil conditions in a good-sized town that decent folks are likely to be insulted when they go forth in conservative fashion to supply their modest needs.

Unless the excitement of war has caused the patriotism of American citizens to curdle in their veins, the hour has come when conscientious working will be substituted for useless wailing. There will be no further surrendering to either labor unions or trusts and a single thought will occupy our minds—the more goods we produce the less they will cost.



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CATCHING UP

(Continued from Page 23)

"Well," said Nita, "we've all been playing with our lives these past few years, and the game has rather got into my blood."

"Why can't you tell us what you want to do?" Calvert demanded. "What's the use of all this secrecy?"

"You'll understand that, Calvert, a little later, when I tell you why I wouldn't tell you. I've got a perfectly good theory, and whether it works out or not, it's worth trying. But it's always possible that in the final round I may find myself horribly compromised, and I want Lady Audrey to be able to come forward and say 'Juanita Heming told me all about it.'"

"How can I say that when you haven't?" snapped Lady Audrey.

"Dear Lady Audrey, you need only to say that I told you that I meant to crawl into the den of this tiger, so if my mangled remains are dragged out by an agent of police you can vouch for the fact that I didn't go in because I loved him."

"The trouble with Nita is," said Calvert discontentedly, "she's about half detective and half actress."

"The histrionic ability is the detective's best asset, buddy," Nita answered. "You can't very well fight assassins according to Marquis of Queensberry rules. Besides, even after what has happened, I'm not dead sure that Howard Townley is actually the assassin. He's Australian, and he grew up on a sheep station in Queensland and understands boomerangs."

"Then why did he just heave one at me if he's not the villain of the piece?" Calvert demanded. "I've had a good many close shaves in the past turbulent epoch, but nothing closer than this. That thing had a hum like a tomahawk when it went past my ear, and he must have been dead sure that it would get me going or coming to have taken a chance on putting such a bit of evidence in our hands."

"If you hadn't stopped it with your stick it would have returned to him," said Lady Audrey, "and nobody the wiser. After all, a boomerang is a jolly good weapon in the hands of one who understands it—easily carried under the coat, and noiseless and about the last thing that anybody would be on their guard against. Fancy being scragged at thirty or forty yards by a crooked stick! But I see what Nita means. If Howard suspects you of trying to look him up he would have plenty of motive for your suppression, whether or not he happened to be already an assassin."

Calvert nodded.

"I hadn't thought of that," said he. "Of course it wouldn't make any difference to him whether he had killed Hazard or not if he thought I was trying to get something on him to prevent his marrying Agnes."

"Precisely," said Lady Audrey. "Supposing that he felt sure enough of Agnes to warrant his killing Hazard. Well, a fat lot of good it would do him if one of Agnes' well-wishers was to show him up a blackguard on an entirely different score. Whether or not he is actually the assassin, it comes to the same thing in the end if he's balked of his prey."

Calvert meditated for an instant. Lady Audrey offered him the decanter with a little smile, knowing he would decline it and loving him for that knowledge. It struck the whimsical humor of this thoroughbred sportswoman as rather a curious and striking exponent of the topsy-turvydom of society, and one which spoke rather well of the world's future, that while she and Nita should be discussing so crucial a situation over cigarettes and liquor this clear-headed, clean-hearted young Martian permitted himself of no indulgence which might bias his keenness for the work in hand.

No doubt the same thought occurred to Nita, for there was a warm glow in her amber-colored eyes as they rested on Calvert. Here also was another human document of absorbing interest to Lady Audrey. Like most traveled folk, she was a collector of such, as well as of boomerangs and creese daggers and blowpipes carrying curare darts and other deadly *objets etrangers*. She was enough of a globe trotter to appreciate the fact that the collections of the greatest value are those carried in the mind of the observer; in a word, wisdom, which can never be lost even though its receptacle becomes weakened in the wrack of human events. She saw here developing under her discerning eyes the one big love passion in the life of a woman who was worth while, which she considered Nita to be despite her willful nature, and Lady Audrey wondered what would come of it and felt already a little pang of regret at what seemed to her a foredoomed emotion.

"If Nita won't tell us what she has in the back of her head I suppose it is scarcely worth while to ask her," said Calvert.

"I shall want your help, buddy, when the time comes," said Nita. "Lady Audrey is merely the board of underwriters. You must be at the Cecilia between five and seven and nine and eleven—not too far from the telephone. You had better be provided with an automatic pistol and a pair of handcuffs."

He Would Not Have Defended an Accusation, Even Implied, Against His Honor, and He Understood Suddenly How Heming Had Felt

"That sounds as though things were pointing up a little."

"I hope so. At any rate you may have a long wait in the wings before you get your cue."

"For heaven's sake, Nita," said Calvert impatiently, "let's be a little definite! What are you up to and what do you want me to do?"

"Yes, my dear, suppose now we get down to brass tacks," said Lady Audrey. "Don't drink any more of that sweet stuff."

Nita drained the few remaining drops of melted ice and *menthe verte*.

"Funny how dry a ball leaves one's throat," said she. "It must be the dust. Listen, Calvert, I scarcely dare tell Lady Audrey. I'm going to meet this brilliant blackguard in the Bois and dine with him at my expense. He will then, of course, propose to take me somewhere, and I shall appear to fall for it. Dido's grotto will be the room where Hazard was murdered in the Hôtel des Colonists. A sordid place of rendezvous for the *héritière* of about an eighth of Australia, isn't it?"

"Nita," Calvert asked, "are you stark crazy or merely drunk?"

"Neither, buddy. Coincidences do sometimes happen, and Howard has got to think this is one of them. The hotel is really very well known to travelers coming into Paris through the channels of the Messageries Maritimes. It is rather like the Hôtel Noailles at Marseilles or the Hôtel du Commerce, where the disembarked Africanders go at La Rochelle. Another like it is the little Hôtel du Havre opposite the Gare Montparnasse."

Lady Audrey's gray eyelids flickered a little. "My word, but you seem to know your road houses, Nita!"

"I do. About six years ago, when Jerry was starting his automobile agency, we made a tour all over France advertising a great American flivver. Jerry was a member of the Touring Club of France, which costs about five francs a year and gives you about a thousand francs of benefits. We didn't have much to go on, but had an awful lot of fun. We used to lag along the road until some big car caught us up, and then skip past it and give it our dust. Of course the chauffeurs talked about this flivver, and sometimes Jerry would get two or three orders in one place, like Bayonne or Valence or Lyons."

She laughed and lighted a fresh cigarette.

"The beauty about these Colonial hotels is that nobody knows or cares anything about their clients. Colonials are apt to be rich and generous and have the peculiar habits of ostriches or chimpanzees or kangaroos. I can tell Howard that I prefer this place, where there's no chance of blackmail."

"I say, Nita," said Lady Audrey, "you'd better do one of two things—tell us everything or nothing. My faith will stand for a lot and my friendship even more, but I must say you are beginning to make me think you a dreadful little wretch."

"She does seem to have a perfect lexicon of crime at her finger tips," Calvert agreed.

"Oh, dear," said Nita, "Lady Audrey's right! I shan't tell you anything more at all until the time comes. Now, Calvert, I think you'd better go, and mind your step—not to get boomeranged again. Howard may have followed you here and be watching the house, so you'll have to be the bird with the broken wing and lure him away. I'll find a chance to phone your instructions to-morrow."

Calvert got up and looked at Lady Audrey with a smile.

"Hope Agnes hasn't been eavesdropping as Isabel did this morning," said he.

"No fear," said Lady Audrey grimly. "My maid is knitting outside her door."

"Where's Isabel?" Nita asked.

"At home in bed, I hope, and dreaming of some of us," said Lady Audrey.

"Now, Lady Audrey," said Nita, "you might as well say it. Keep right on and tell how Calvert is in love with Isabel and I'm in love with Calvert and Howard's in love with me and Agnes is in love with Howard—and I've got a sneaking notion that Jerry's in love with Agnes. What a pity we can't have a clearing house and get things straightened out."

"Quite so," said Lady Audrey. "A owes B and B owes C and C owes D and D owes A—so A gives fifty francs and it's handed round and comes back to A, and everybody gets paid. Life, my dears! Well, Calvert, you'd better clear. I hope we'll all be alive and unscathed this day week."

XIV

JUST above the Café des Cascades, which faces the Longchamp race track, there is a beautiful spot rather off the general track of promenaders in the big park which falls so far short of beauty as a whole. The

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Bois de Boulogne, scarcely more than a big river-valley flat, with a growth of trees most of which are still in their youth, would have presented a dismaying proposition as a park to any but the French. They with their centuries-old landscape gardening, which once an art had become a second nature, found means to give this rather hopeless tangle not only the certain grandeur to be found in long distances but even many skilfully devised spots of charming intimacy, and this little duck pond above the Cascades is one of them. Here, as directly opposite the Cascades, some few fine trees survive the ruin wrought by the Prussians in their occupancy in '71. A winding little drive, scarcely more than a bicycle path but open to motor cars, twists about it, and there is a heap of artificial rocks which must have been singularly ugly at the time of construction, but to which passing years and erosion and the vivid green moss of the moist valley have given the picturesque expression upon which its skilled designers reckoned.

The ducks which pitch into this sanctuary are often wild ones, trading from lake to lake, wild only in freedom, but not scorning the offerings of bread and biscuits tendered them by baby hands. The black swans rear their broods along its edges, and oddly enough, though flanking on the big café and the broad thoroughfare encircling the Longchamp race course, there is a sort of privacy about it—a friendly public privacy so appreciated by the most democratic nation in the world.

The visitors to this little nook are mostly lovers and the children of the rich, brought there by their chauffeurs, who park their cars under the big trees and may often be seen doing voluntary and apparently congenial nurse duty, collaborating in this service with the red-cheeked *bonnes*. Whatever the visitants, there is this about them peculiarly French, that all appear to be enjoying themselves and tending strictly to their own affairs. There are no bands of ragged juvenile disturbers, no offensive youths, rowdy or aggressive, no infringements on the free privacy of others, and if a couple see fit to stroll down a leafy arcade with arms entwined it does not matter two sous to any whom they may encounter. The small gray deer sometimes wander that way, browsing on the tender shoots and watching the children from a discreet distance, and boys and pretty girls in bloomers drift past silently on bicycles, and there may reach the ears faintly the animated chatter from the terrace of the Café des Cascades and the tinkle of the waterfall.

To play her part with thoroughness Nita should have arrived in a shining limousine to ensconce herself in a corner of it with pralines and a novel until her cavalier arrived. But even if the limousine had been at her disposal, she would not have cared to complicate the affair by the presence of a chauffeur.

Many of the mondaine French may be said to enjoy a sort of mild blackmail of maid or chauffeur or *maître d'hôtel*, but this seldom takes a serious form; first because the French law is merciless to such, and no press publicity is permitted to their tattlings; and also because the potential blackmailer is more apt to take a friendly than a greedy or malicious interest in the affair, and is quite content with a *petit cadeau* from time to time, rather the reward than the price of discretion.

So in the present instance Nita played her little game in a bourgeois instead of mondaine way, strolling slowly along the path, until presently coming to a bench she seated herself. This was scarcely required, as she had timed her arrival with exactitude and saw almost immediately the tall figure of Townley clad in a well-fitting Scotch cheviot, with a light cloth hat, pearl spats and gloves and a gold-headed Malacca.

He approached her with an ease which betokened an entire familiarity with such little gallantries, and his cold discerning eyes flitted with infinite approval over Nita's modish and elegant costume, which was of a fine material and in cut and shade neither extreme nor yet effacing her exquisite lines. The skirt showed just enough and not too much of her charming ankles, and the fullness of chest was slightly masked by the cut. It seemed to Townley that she was the last word in *chic*, such as might have been expected of a young *femme du monde* who was neither strictly French nor English nor Colonial.

"Titania by day," said he, lifting his hat, "is as charming as Titania by night, and that's saying more than I can easily phrase."

"You still look a good deal the viking," Nita answered. "I've been a little curious to see how much of you was costume and a good dance step. It's not often that I extend my revels to the following day."

"I knew that," he answered, "and am therefore all the more appreciative. I was tremendously surprised at your kindness and could scarcely believe my luck, but a chap ought really to have some sometime, and mine has acted rather badly since the war."

"My own seems looking up a little," Nita answered. "I spent the first years of my life pretty unhappily, and the last few I'm sure I don't know how I saw through. I now propose to catch up a little."

"That seems to be the *moi du jour*," said Townley. "Shall we sit here, or stroll about, or go to the Cascades for tea?"

"I am entirely at your disposition for the next few hours," Nita answered. "I have disobeyed strict injunctions to follow my duenna to London, and as soon as she discovers that she will take hasty measures for my immediate custody. I know scarcely anybody in Paris, and the ones I do know are not exciting."

"How about your late escort?"

She raised her shoulders slightly.

"He's a nice boy, but conscientious to the point of being dull. Besides, I think he's just the least bit weary of me—not quite sure how to class me. As a matter of fact, I am merely a rather inexperienced young person out for a bit of fun. Let's go to Pré Catalan for tea and a dance if you're not exhausted."

"If I were tired to the point of collapse I shouldn't know it," Townley answered. "You have a very galvanic action on this soldier of fortune."

Nita rose, and they followed the path in the direction of the Pré Catalan, which was not far. It seemed to Townley that he had fallen into what promised to be one of those fascinating adventures found in fiction but not often in real life, and that, though his charming new acquaintance might be very rich, she offered even a greater inducement to his immediate marriage with Agnes. It was precisely for the furtherance of such affairs as this that he desired to get his hands upon some easy money, for even the most debonair of gallants cannot hope to shine very brightly at the expense of his inamorata. A less finished adventurer would have thought immediately of the commercial advantages to be gained from Nita, but Howard preferred to win her for his pleasure and let some other victim pay the shot.

They arrived presently at the Pré Catalan, to find the place thronged and the interminable dancing in full swing. Paris, so lately in the grip of war, a swarming hive of militant Cyprian bees or Bashikony army ants, had now become suddenly the flitting swarm of ephemeridæ, bright-colored gnats living but a day, or grasshoppers making no provision for the cold and dark ahead. Precisely the opposite obtained to what might have been expected in a social movement following the stress of the devastating war. One would have thought that the end of the world had been officially announced on sound authority and that these people were trying to crowd all possible amusement into the few remaining hours of sunshine.

They danced for a couple of hours, when Howard proposed dinner *chez* Larue, where they could have a tête-à-tête. Dressing did not matter at that season and mode of occupation. Nita agreed, and they found themselves presently in a *cabinet particulier*, the *garçon* opening a crusted bottle.

"I'll tell you what, Baldur," said Nita, "we'll have a light dinner and go somewhere to a dance."

"Then afterward?"

"Well, afterward"—Nita gave him a deep look—"I haven't quite decided yet about afterward. I don't mind telling you, Howard, that I formed a very strong *béguin* for you at first sight. Your type of perfectly ruthless, cold-blooded masculinity appeals to me in a way that no virtuous or honest person could ever do."

"But good Lord, Titania, what makes you think I'm such a wolf?"

"For one thing I've felt it from the first, and for another I took the trouble this morning to look you up a little. I know more about you than you think. Amongst other things, I know that you tried to kill my late partner last night with a boomerang, and I think I know why."

Howard set down his glass, and the stony countenance he turned her was so bleak

(Continued on Page 84)

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SIMPLEX IRONER

"The Best Ironer"

(Continued from Page 82)

and terrible that it took all of Nita's self-control to keep from betraying the chill which struck through her. He did not turn pale, nor was there the slightest expression of dismay or panic in his hard and regular features. But there was a sort of abysmal cruelty in the set lines of his face, and almost a glaze of relentless, devastating purpose in the dull blue depths of his eyes.

"Are you mad, Titania?" he asked.

"Far from it, *mon ami*. You needn't look at me with that homicidal stare, Mister Bluebeard. You must appreciate the fact that there is no earthly reason for my telling you this except to save you from destruction. My Oberon would never have told me a thing if he had thought I could feel anything but horror for you. It never entered his simple American head that in a certain type of woman like myself there might be a streak of perversity, and that the very qualities which he thought must terrify me could possibly make precisely the opposite appeal. You have seen enough of life yourself to know that certain women have roused in them a fascination for the master criminal, the plunderer or Apache or"—her tawny eyes gleamed into his like golden fire—"the assassin."

Howard moistened his dry lips without taking his eyes from her face. Only a very brave and daring personality could have supported their penetrating examination. But Nita was not an ordinary person.

"Come now, Howard," said she, "you might as well 'fess up. You needn't be afraid of me. As an ordinary race-track hanger-on and turfy individual you wouldn't say anything to me at all. I shouldn't have bothered to see you again. But as a perfectly consistent, conscienceless criminal I find you fascinating and exciting. You disturb me, and you rouse something in me which I have never felt before."

He seemed to meditate for a moment. As a rake and actually the type which Nita had described him, he knew it to be quite true that sheer evil often rouses a passion in a certain sort of woman which no amount of righteousness could do, even when combined with valor and torrid temperamental qualities. He was more than half inclined to believe that Nita told the truth, because he could not see what possible object she could have otherwise in telling him what she had learned.

"I say," he asked a little thickly, "who is this fellow, anyhow?"

"His name is Calvert Steele, and he was one of the four beneficiaries of the man Hazard. He knew that you were Agnes' beau, and suspects you of having killed him to marry her and get your hands on the million or so which is shortly to be paid."

In the silence which immediately followed Nita seemed to hear only the drumming of her heart, and wondered if it must not be audible to her companion. She dropped her elbows on the table, leaning closer toward him, thrusting her lovely face fearlessly and confidingly almost into his.

"I'm inclined to believe it myself, Howard," said she. "I know something about your sort. I think you are a throwback to some early pirate ancestor or Sydney duck. This has a peculiar, inspiring effect on me, because I believe myself to be the same. If you were just an ordinary cheap scoundrel I shouldn't look at you. But I don't think you are. Come now, you don't need to confess, but don't disappoint me. Calvert Steele is working for the intelligence service and he thinks that he has got you pretty well surrounded. I want to see you fool him."

"Why did he tell you this?" growled Howard.

"I pumped it out of him."

"Does Agnes suspect?"

"Of course not. That little fool will spill everything, but if you play your cards right, Howard, you may still be able to get away with it—if I choose to help."

"What can you do?"

"What I'm doing now. Put you on your guard. If you have any doubt of me—just stop a moment and think. Why should I put you on your guard?"

A dark swarthy color began to gather in his face.

"Of course as Agnes' suitor it's natural that I should be suspected, but I can prove an alibi."

"A good one? Stop and think. You haven't left any loose end untied—any bit of evidence—finger prints or object of any sort or"—her eyes burned lambently—"weapon, like that boomerang you were so foolish as to throw last night?"

He seemed to hesitate, gave her another stabbing look, partly of distrust, yet with a glowing gleam of conviction. Townley knew quite well his peculiar power over women and was beginning to believe that perhaps after all this one might have fallen under the spell of an infatuation.

"There's just one thing," he muttered.

"Then get rid of it, Howard," said Nita, "before it is too late. There's almost always something. Nobody seems able to guess what sort of implement Hazard was stabbed with—but I think I know."

"The devil you do!"

"Perhaps I'm wrong, *mon ami*, but I've made some study of crime, and think I can reconstruct what happened very, very closely to the truth."

"Well, let's hear it."

"The idea came suddenly," murmured Nita—"almost like an inspiration, and it was suggested to the killer as he stood with his hand resting on the top of the bedpost looking at Hazard, who was in a drunken sleep. It took but a second or two, and he then went out unobserved. But"—her eyes narrowed and she shook her finger slowly in his face—"he left something behind."

For the first time during the tense interview Howard showed a sign of shock and terror. His pupils contracted and the ashen hue about his lips became a livid one. The veins stood out on his forehead. Nita nodded slowly as if to herself.

"Take my advice, Howard," said she—"get that thing—and get it this very night."

"How?" he murmured.

"I'll help you. I'll go there with you. You couldn't manage it alone without running some risk. But if we were to go there together, as a traveling Englishman and his wife, there could be no cause for suspicion."

"Do you suppose the room is watched?"

"I don't know. But why should they keep on watching a room which has been minutely searched? Nobody would ever have thought of such a thing."

"How did you?"

"Because I once had a similar piece of furniture, and the idea came into my head when putting it together."

"You almost convince me," Howard muttered, "but I don't quite see yet why you should want to help me."

Nita smiled. She leaned still farther forward, her glowing face held up to his.

"You see, my dear, I have other plans for you than the guillotine—and it might be that, as you are now a civilian and have to deal with the French law."

"What plans?"

"Well, I don't think that I care to have you marry Agnes. It should not be necessary, and if you are now to transfer your affections to me it would score rather strongly for your innocence."

Howard sprang suddenly to his feet, conviction of her infatuation no longer to be denied.

"Nita!" he cried. "You're worth more than any moldy million, my girl!" He reached for her with both arms, but Nita slipped away.

"Not yet, my dear," she said. "You might have both some day before long, but I don't propose to sign on a lover or husband who is standing in the shadow of the guillotine."

The sudden rush of blood faded from Townley's congested face a good deal as it might from the head of an amorous turkey cock at the sudden thought of Thanksgiving, to leave it a similar shade of ashen blue. Nita had already observed that at moments his features and expression were possessed of a curious fowllike resemblance, though yet being handsome in their way. Most men of sanguinary or predatory passions, fierce or cruel or sly, have their prototypes in birds and fishes and lower animals, certain species of which they resemble—the vulture, or hyena, jackal or ferret. Townley's was not precisely aquiline—more that of a condor, Nita thought; and the flat stare she got now from beneath his narrow lids made this suggestion the more striking.

"Then what do you advise?" he asked.

"There is only one thing to do, my dear. And the sooner 'tis done the safer. You must go to that room and get possession of that bit of evidence. But I don't think you ought to go alone. For one thing we don't know but that a man of your figure might have been seen to go into the hotel that night. Then there is the theory of a murderer being led to revisit the scene of his crime. But more than that, I learned from young Steele that in the opinion of the experts Hazard's death was caused as much by the force of the blow over the heart, which must have been dealt by a very strong arm, as by the slight injury to that organ itself."

"Then why risk going there at all, since they've got nothing positive on me?" Townley asked.

"I do not see how there could be the slightest risk if we were to go there together, and I think it of vital importance for you to get possession of that thing. I can go pack a valise and meet you at the Gare du Nord, where we can take a station taxi directly to the hotel."

"But we must have a part to substitute for the one I take," said Townley.

Nita smiled and opened her beaded bag.

"Look!" said she. "I've thought of that."

Townley's head pitched forward with a quick vulture-like motion. He peered into the bag, and at sight of what it contained a rime of sweat beaded his forehead.

"You're right!" he said, and reaching for the decanter of cognac served with the coffee he filled his empty cup and drained it at a gulp, then looked at Nita with a scowl.

"You think there's no danger?"

"How can there be? We arrive in a station taxi, an English gentleman and his wife on a trip to Paris and like many others at this moment forced to economize as the result of the war."

"But how can we count on being given that very room?"

(Continued on Page 87)

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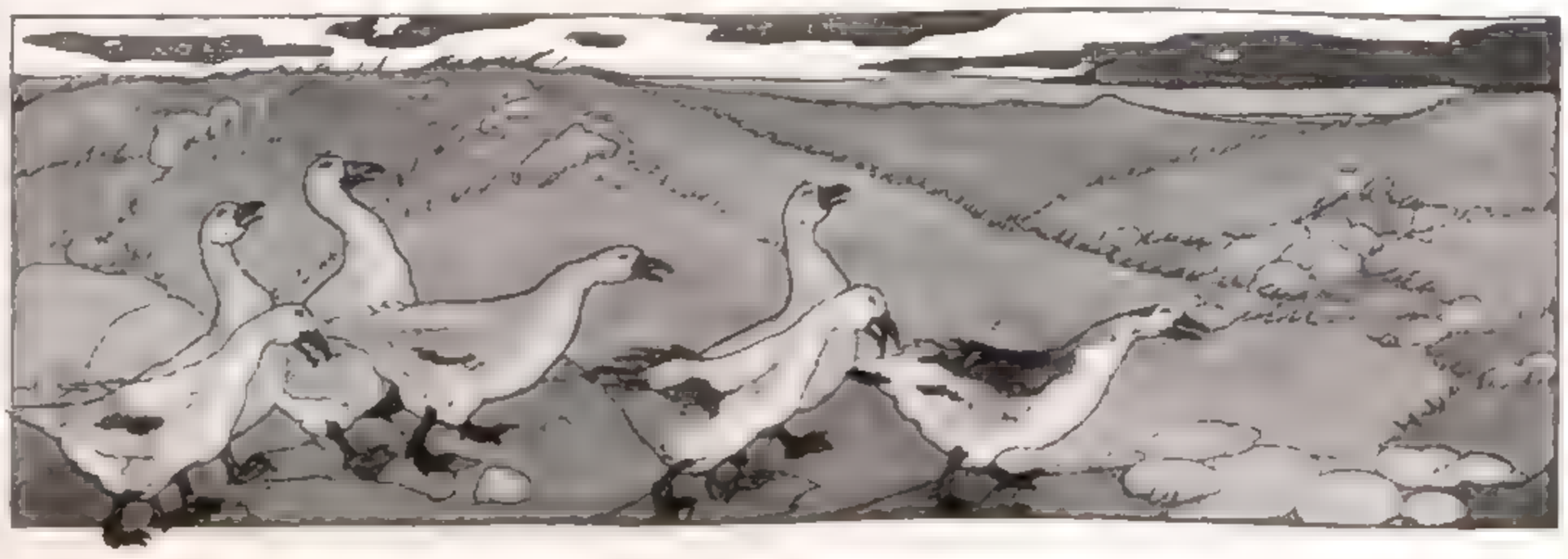

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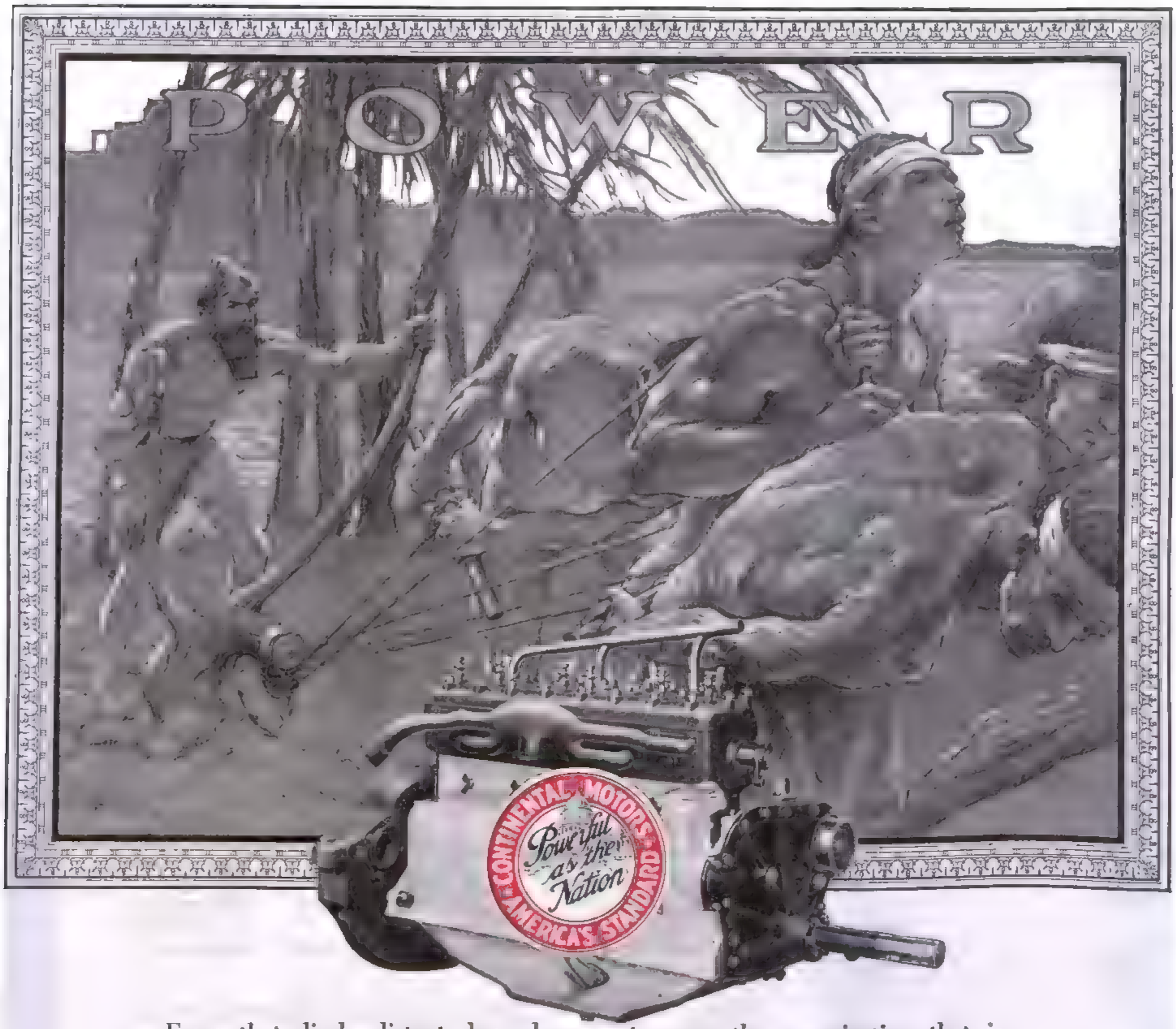

From that dimly distant day when energy sprang from the mute drudgery of human muscles straining in concert, down to our own day of mechanical marvels, the production of Power has moved ever onward to new refinements, new attainments. ¶ And, for this reason, a very definite responsibility rests upon the organization that is carrying on today the development of Power-creating mechanism—a responsibility that has been recognized and accepted by the builders of the engine that is known everywhere by the distinctive mark on its crank-case—the Continental Red Seal.

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STANDARD POWER FOR TRUCKS, AUTOMOBILES AND TRACTORS

(Continued from Page 54)

"Steele told me that it was a big double *rez-de-chaussée* room on the street with a boudoir. We can ask for that combination. If we fail to get the same you must contrive to slip in there somehow."

"Gad, but you're a wonder, Titania!"

He stared at her with a sort of wolfish admiration and covetousness.

"Mind you now, my friend," said Nita, "there is to be no nonsense about our going there—no love adventuring. That can wait. We are going there to get this thing—and that's all."

"That's enough for the time being," muttered Townley, "but I don't like it. I might be running into a trap. Since you've guessed it, why couldn't it have occurred to the police?"

Nita shook her head.

"Steele told me that they thought it had been done by the gimlet in one of these tool knives, probably the Swiss kind with the red handles. I don't mean to claim superior intelligence. It happened to occur to me because my own bed is that sort. I remembered having put it together."

Townley drew out his handkerchief, passed it across his forehead and stared for a moment at Nita with so baleful a glare that she could feel a panic struggling within her. She almost feared that he suspected her, and it required all of her force of will to meet his eyes steadily and without flinching. But his eyes shifted to the decanter again, from which he helped himself, then asked in a dry croaking voice, "Then we'll go to-night?"

"This very night," said Nita.

Townley nodded.

"All right," said he briefly, "I'm on." The blood flared into his face again. "It's worth the risk if only to get you, my girl. You're the mate for a wild man like me."

Nita smiled.

"I told you my own family escutcheon was the broad arrow," said she.

XV

CALVERT had passed his day in a very dissatisfied frame of mind. The more he thought over the affair which he had set himself to solve the more he felt convinced that as a secret-service sleuth he was far from being the brilliant success which most of us would like to feel that we would prove in such a capacity. This was the more dissatisfying because his military record had written him a keen and efficient soldier.

Calvert had recently discovered, however, that it was one thing to carry out smartly definite orders issued him and another to originate any form of strategy. From the very beginning of the investigation he failed to see where he had achieved a single point on his own initiative. Quite the reverse, he appeared to have gone ahead in a muddling way which necessitated taking person after person into his confidence. He had been caught by Lady Audrey bringing Agnes back; then been overheard by Isabel in full narrative of the situation. Later in the day he had hopelessly bungled his attempt at a little investigation of Townley. He had so roused the suspicion of this crafty murderer as narrowly to escape being boomeranged like a silly little wallaby, and then no doubt betrayed his destination.

"If I keep on as I'm going," thought Calvert dismally, "everybody in Paris will know what I'm up to—that is, if Townley doesn't manage to get me before I have time to give the game entirely away."

And now to crown his mortification Nita appeared quietly to have taken the job out of his hands without so much as giving him the satisfaction of knowing what she proposed. Her cheerful instructions to Calvert had been about as flattering in their expression of esteem for his ability as those of Sherlock Holmes to his plodding and not overbrilliant recorder.

"Stick round the hotel," Nita had said, "and wait for a note or phone or other message from me."

There being apparently nothing else to do, Calvert had stuck, and as the evening wore on with no word received he became very restless, nervous and irritable. Knowing something of Nita's methods, he had no doubt but that she must be playing some very lively and probably some very dangerous game. Any game with such a man as Howard promised danger, and Calvert could not for the life of him imagine what Nita might have in view or how it could possibly incriminate her victim. He was therefore excited and relieved when at nine o'clock the *chasseur* brought him a note addressed in a clear round hand. It had been left by a messenger from a cabaret on the boulevards, and the boy had not waited for an answer. Calvert opened it and read as follows:

"*Dear Calvert*: My trap should be sprung in the room where Hazard was murdered, sometime between twelve and one. Go there not later than midnight, when you will be admitted by a *garçon* with a scar across his face. He is a secret agent of the sûreté. In the room you will find a big old-fashioned *armoire*, or wardrobe, with an empty keyhole from which the lock has been taken. It hooks on the inside. You and the agent must get inside this wardrobe and keep perfectly still. It is so placed that you will be able to watch the foot of the bed through the keyhole.

"After we come in watch Howard when near the foot of the bed. If I am not mistaken you may see him perform a rather curious maneuver, which should immediately suggest its own solution. The signal for you to rush out and secure him will be my saying, 'Now you ought to breathe easier.'

"Do not take any chances with him at all. I think it probable that he will fight. If it seems best to kill him, do so immediately and without the slightest hesitation.

"NITA."

This note roused in Calvert astonishment, intense curiosity and irritation. He was also extremely skeptical about it, being unable to see how Nita could possibly hope to lure Howard to the scene of the crime if he were indeed guilty. And as for what she might count on his doing to betray himself, once there, Calvert was unable to form the faintest theory.

What disturbed him most perhaps was that Nita should dream of going to such a place with such an individual at night, but it was now plain why she had insisted on Lady Audrey's moral support for whatever might transpire.

Calvert then spent a wretched period of waiting for the time to come. He walked about the streets feeling half inclined to go tell Lady Audrey what was afoot, but decided that he had done enough talking for the time being. Then as midnight approached he drifted down to the hotel, and on slipping into it was immediately met by the *garçon* Nita had described and who had indeed precisely the look of a middle-aged veteran, across whose square but alert face was the ugly scar of an *éclat* or possibly saw-edged German bayonet.

"You have your instructions?" Calvert asked.

"*Oui, monsieur.* This is apt to prove a *mauvais sujet*. Monsieur is armed?"

"Yes," Calvert answered. "We might as well go back to the room."

The *garçon* led the way down the corridor, which was rather spacious and dimly lit, the house being a very old one, with great heavy walls and deep embrasures for the doors. The room was large, high ceiled, with a fine old hardwood floor, on which were good rugs and some heavy pieces of old furniture, with the inevitable lace curtains at the tall windows, and there opened from it a roomy boudoir. A modern and rather incongruous note in what might have been in its day the lodging of some duke or prince was a large brass bedstead with the usual thick *sommier* and mattress, and Calvert observed that directly opposite the foot of this, against the wall between the two long windows which looked upon a little garden, there was a tall, ancient *armoire*, a form of wardrobe still dear to the French heart. The agent opened the door of this.

"It will be close quarters, *monsieur*, if we have long to wait," said he, "but I have put in two *pliants*"—small folding stools—"and removed a plank from the top to give us air."

Calvert nodded.

"Since you are of the sûreté," said he, "you had better sit opposite the keyhole to get the evidence, whatever this may be. Myself, I am in the dark about the whole affair."

He found himself getting more and more disgusted with the situation. Whatever her object, it did not seem to him that Nita could be justified in doing such a thing as this. Could it be possible, Calvert wondered, that the rash reckless girl—in despair of fastening the present crime upon Howard—intended through some disclosure to invite a murderous assault upon herself? He mentioned such a possibility to the agent, who shrugged.

"I don't know, monsieur," said he. "My orders were merely to arrest this fellow at a given signal. There will be two other men outside. But if she were to tell him in our hearing that she knew him to be guilty of the murder, and he were then to make a murderous attack on her, that would be, of course, the strongest presumptive evidence of guilt. We shall have to wait and see."

Calvert noticed then that there was a large crack in the panel of the hand-carved wardrobe door. Placing his eye to this, he saw that the arc of his vision was quite considerable.

"You watch him through the keyhole," he said, "and I'll keep my eye to this crack. But we must be very careful not to make a noise."

Notre Dame, not far away, boomed the midnight hour. The agent set up the two small stools.

"I fear we may have a tedious time of it in this box," he said. "If monsieur will take his place I shall put out the light."

Calvert rather sulkily did as he suggested. Here certainly was very far from being the sort of dénouement for which he had hoped, and it went sorely against his grain to be kept thus in the dark. He failed to see that it could have done the slightest harm for Nita to have explained her plan; quite the contrary in fact, and it struck him that she had not done so because of a freakish histrionic whim—that her *coup de théâtre* might be the more sensational. At any rate there seemed nothing but to carry out her orders, so the pair settled themselves in the receptacle, the door of which the agent fastened on the inside with a heavy iron hook.

Here was one point at which the stratagem might slip up. Should Townley be possessed of a sixth sense, like many criminals, he might feel the presence of danger and desire to make an examination of the premises, and finding the *armoire* locked insist that it be opened.

The moments then dragged past in that peculiar way which affects the waiter as interminable, though yet vouchsafing nothing by which to estimate the lapse of time. Under these circumstances the waiting individual must practice that quality of patience peculiar to the stalking animal and savage; a sort of petrification of motor impulse, though yet the mind remains alert and keen to the slightest sensory reactions.

Calvert had practiced this to some extent in the trenches or on listening posts, but here it was even more trying, because there seemed to be nothing at which the mind might grasp. It struck him as rather like being in a coffin or cramped dungeon or something of the sort.

Curious sounds began to weigh upon his senses—the rumble of the Metro jarring up through the heavy masonry of the ancient house. Now and then a bell jingled faintly somewhere in a muffled way, as though proceeding from some other plane, or they heard the elusive tread of footsteps, fugitive and unreal. He thought that he must have been there at least an hour, and wondered bitterly why Nita should insist upon adding this form of dreary torture to her other mysterious and sinister mode of operation. And then came a sudden stir in the hallway, and the creak of the door to the room, and a flicker of dazzling light through the crack in the *armoire* door and keyhole.

"*Eh, voilà, monsieur et madame,*" said the crisp voice of a *garçon*.

"*Très bien,*" said the curt voice of Townley, and added some perfunctory remark about an early morning train.

The *garçon* went out and closed the door, and Calvert heard the lock click as Townley turned it. He was conscious of a sense of bitter resentment at his inglorious position, despite the fact that it was merely that of the stalker of a savage beast, a man killer. But his soul protested Nita's position as the bait.

He peered through the slit in the door of the *armoire*, and then as his eyes quickly accustomed themselves to the vivid glare he witnessed a curious performance on the part of the two just entered. Instead of being ashamed, as he had dreaded, by the spectacle of Townley turning from the locked door to make some amorous demonstration, he saw him step quickly to the foot of the bed and begin to unscrew the big brass knob from the top of the foot post on the side of the night table. As he did so Nita opened her beaded bag and took

(Continued on Page 69)

Your Vacation Smoking Tobacco

A short time ago a reporter went to New York's largest hotel and inquired what objects people oftenest left behind them when they checked out.

He learned that about one in every fifty guests left without packing all belongings. It was almost always men—not women—who left something behind. Toothbrushes, pajamas, books, keys, fountain pens, bankbooks and jewelry were the objects most frequently overlooked. Only one man had forgotten his pipe.

How do you account for that? Do pipe smokers have better memories or does a smoker so value his pipe that he makes certain he has it with him?

He takes care that he has his pipe with him. If you ever watched a man pack for his vacation, you will feel sure about that.

When a man is packing up for his vacation, he is thinking of how completely he can fill a few days with that recreation and pure enjoyment which will bring him up to pitch for another year.

He makes sure that he packs his pipe, also plenty of the tobacco without which his happiness cannot be complete.

The right tobacco he depends upon to add that last soothing, balmy touch to his comfort.

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Take Edgeworth, for instance. Edgeworth doesn't completely satisfy all men or there would be only one brand on the market.

But many men swear by it. There just isn't any other kind for them.

If you haven't yet found the tobacco that's just yours every day of the year, vacation days included, it may be Edgeworth.

Just send us your name and address on a postcard. If you feel like doing us a favor, send us also the name of the dealer to whom you will go for supplies, if you like Edgeworth. We will send you without charge samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice comes in flat cakes, cut into thin, moist slices. One slice rubbed between the hands fills the average pipe.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is simply the same tobacco, rubbed up, ready to go right into your pipe.

We believe you'll notice how nicely Edgeworth packs. That means that it burns evenly and freely.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to meet the requirements of a good many different customers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are put up in pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and in various quantities in between those sizes.

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(Continued from Page 87)

therefrom another knob of identical proportions. Stepping under the electric light, they appeared to be comparing the two. Townley gave a grunt of relief.

"Nobody could tell the difference," he growled. "Let's see if it fits."

He turned to the bed and screwed the knob supplied by Nita into the place of the other.

"Well, that's all right," he said, and turned again to the light to examine the one taken from the bed

"You're right—dried blood and tissue."

He dropped it into his pocket. Nita stepped back a pace, cleared the track as one might say, her flaming eyes turned to the *armoire*.

"Now you ought to breathe easier!"

The signal smote on Calvert's senses as some months earlier had Heming's whistle, shrilling the signal to go over the top. The French agent crouched at his side had likewise been instructed. Both were tense and quivering, for the solution of the mystery had blazed simultaneously upon their mental faculties. The long slim screw set in the knob had explained the nature of the mysterious weapon. Both had got this as Townley was releasing it, so that it had not needed his comment on the blood-filled spiral. The crime had been reconstructed to their minds as follows:

Townley, standing at the foot of the bed, his hand upon the knob, staring at Hazard in his drunken sleep; the knob perhaps a little loose in his hand, which was toying with it nervously; the sudden opportunity presented; the knowledge that Hazard's death would leave Agnes—already infatuated with him—heiress to a million; the window opening onto the deserted street. One could swiftly visualize the heavy repeated blows necessary to drive the rough instrument into the laboring alcoholic heart; and after the assassin had escaped, Hazard in a dying effort reaching for the bell.

And now they had him—or at least they thought they had him. But as if to lend to tragedy its note of shocking, infuriating farce, what immediately happened was so bizarre, so fiendishly ridiculous, though yet so natural of occurrence, that the very high gods must have shrieked with laughter. The mere chronicling of the episode is lamentable because of its smothering a fatal moment in absurdity.

For at Nita's signal words, "Now you ought to breathe easier," Calvert and the agent lunged together for the stout iron hook which held shut the *armoire* door, and in so doing each fouled the other, while the hook, being stiffly set in its screw eye, did not slip out. Thus it happened that their weights thrown forward against the resisting door capsized the tall *armoire*, which toppled, pitched forward and came down upon its face.

In the terrific crash which accompanied the falling of the wardrobe, and the roars and imprecations of the two inside it, Nita's shriek lent itself to the clamor, and Townley was for an instant petrified with shock. But only for an instant. He was no thick-skulled or craven criminal, and his quick mind seized upon the fact that he had walked into a trap, even as there came a banging on the door. All that saved Nita's life in that second was the thoughtfulness of Jules Legrand, the French *agent de sûreté*, in having lifted a plank from the top of the *armoire* for the sake of air to breathe during their period of waiting.

As Townley now whipped out his pistol and was about to level it at Nita, who was struggling in her pocket for her own, an arm thrust out through the aperture and a strong hand gripped the assassin by the ankle, wrenching his leg from under him, so that he came down with a crash which smashed the carved wood decoration on the top of the *armoire*.

Nita flew to the door and was unlocking it when Townley wrenched free and rushed to the window. He swung it inward with a quick turn of the knob, unlatched the iron *volets*, thrust them out and slid across the sill just as Nita turned and fired. Nita unlocked the door, when an armed agent plunged into the room.

"Where is he? Where are they?"

But Nita could not answer. She staggered to the bed and fell across it in wild hysterical shrieks of laughter.

XVI

IT WAS perhaps the bitterest moment in Calvert's life when he helped Nita into a taxi in front of the hotel and got in after her. The furious Jules Legrand, his fellow prisoner in the *armoire*, had wasted no time in vain recriminations, but rushed out immediately with his men to spread the alarm and the police net about the fugitive assassin. He had said merely, "Tomorrow at the prefecture at ten."

Left thus alone with Nita, Calvert had found his hands full to quiet her hysteria, in which sobs and laughter were mingled to an alarming extent. As soon as she had been able to control herself sufficiently to leave he had got her in the vehicle, where for a while she sat, her face buried in her hands, her body heaving convulsively. It was a complete nervous breakdown, a *crise de nerfs*, and Calvert could not wonder at it. This passed presently into quiet sobbing, with occasional gusts of the same alarming laughter, but less violent.

Calvert could, of course, realize the tremendous strain which she had been under since their meeting, and how this bizarre and ludicrous climax had utterly demoralized her nerves. He understood also that her feverish gayety and what had seemed an ill-timed and displeasing abandonment to reckless dissipation were merely parts of her imperative rôle. For the sake of her brother's reputation she had played the game to the limit, knowing that she had to do with an opponent who would be quick to suspect the slightest faltering. In her part cast for this desperate drama had been her daring Titania costume, her reckless drinking, and last of all this fearless flinging of herself into the jaws of the tiger.

Calvert thought it better on the whole that now—her nerves stretched to the snapping point—she could find emotional relief instead of remaining in a state of deadly calm, the result of which might have been a brain crisis. So he let her sob on without interruption and repressed his burning eagerness to know how she had come to guess the curious character of the lethal instrument, and how having done so she had managed to decoy the assassin to the scene of his crime, there to betray himself by giving the incriminating evidence.

To tell the truth, Calvert was himself so overwhelmed with mortification at his own absurd part in the finale that he was not so acutely solicitous of Nita as no doubt he should have been. In fact his burning shame at having played the clown when the fatal moment arrived almost robbed him of the consolation of knowing that at any rate the name of his friend and fellow officer, Nita's brother, was now cleared of all taint, and that the four beneficiaries of poor Hazard were free to enjoy their inheritance with no reproach.

Nita's sobs diminished in violence, and by the time they had reached the Place de l'Alma they ceased entirely.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "what a night!"

"What a beastly fiasco!" growled Calvert bitterly. "Can you ever forgive me, Nita?"

She laid her hand upon his arm.

"It wasn't your fault. We should have fastened that rickety old thing to the wall." She began to choke with laughter again, but managed to control herself. "Don't mind my laughing, Calvert, but it was funny, wasn't it? Everything all set, and I drawing back to leave the coast clear, and then—crash-bang and that awful uproar, and you two men snarling and growling inside like a pair of lions. Then the banging on the door and Howard trying to shoot me and I trying to get to my gun and beat him to it, and then the agent yanking his legs from under him ——" a real peal of laughter burst from her irrepressibly.

"I don't think," said Calvert, "that I shall ever be able to look in the mirror again. I ought to wear a medal with a big ass's head upon it."

"Well, anyhow," said Nita, "he hasn't got away by a long shot. He's a conspicuous figure and the French police are keen. It's up to them now. They've got his number and I don't see how he can get far. The main thing is that it clears Jerry, and incidentally it puts us all on Easy Street. But we've got to be awfully careful, buddy. He'll get us if he can."

"I ought to be got," said Calvert. "But I shan't sleep easy on your account until he's nabbed."

"Oh, I don't know," said Nita. "He's apt to learn that Jerry's my brother, and that quite justifies my part of it. He'll see that we were after him from the very start. Besides he's apt to be too busy making his get-away."

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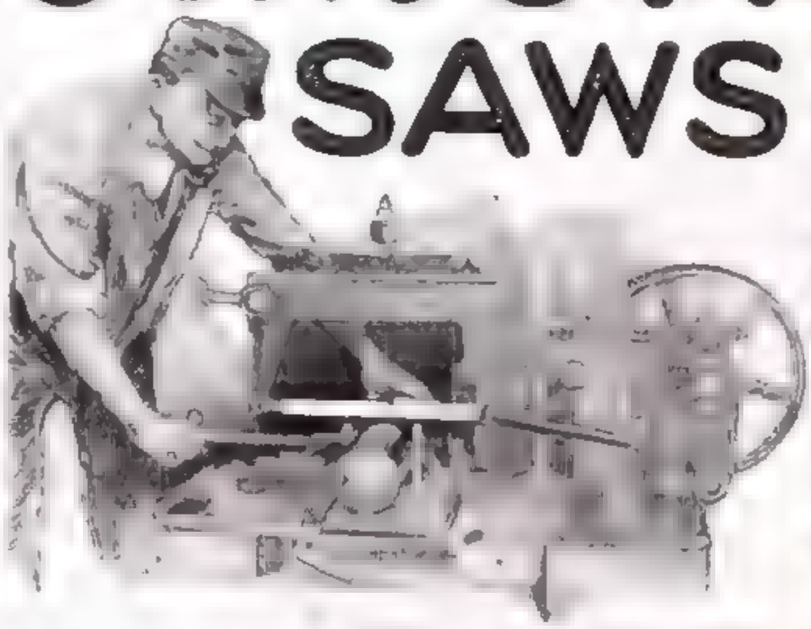

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"I don't see how he can manage it," said Calvert.

"There is only one way in which he might," said Nita. "A man like that is apt to have affiliations with some organized criminal outfit. If, for instance, he happens to stand in with such a mob as operated here before the war they might be able to hide him until the chance offers for getting him out of the country. A pretty complete monster is dear Howard."

"How in the world did you manage it, Nita?"

"I played on his weak spot, which is that of most such natures. I let him think that I was the victim of an infatuation for him and had a perverse *béguin* for assassins and such. Then I made him understand that there was nothing doing of the sentimental sort so long as he was in danger of the guillotine. I told him the truth about how I'd guessed at the sort of implement used by Hazard's assassin."

"I understand," said Calvert. "It was suggested to your mind by Jerry's bed. You are a wonder, Nita."

Nita turned on her seat and looked deeply into his eyes. "I'd like to be more than that, Calvert—for you."

Calvert took her hand in both of his.

"Nita," said he, "I think that you are the bravest and wittiest and most fascinating girl in all the world, and I'd be crazy about you if it weren't that I am already in love."

Nita sighed and drew away her hand.

"I believe you, buddy. Oh, dear, how fate does shuffle the cards! Just the one thing wanted to make me supremely happy—and it's already bespoken."

"It was bespoken before I met you," Calvert answered.

"Of course, buddy. I'm not trying to tamper with your affections—especially as I know it wouldn't be any use. You'll marry your lovely Isabel and be supremely happy. She's really just the girl for you. I'm too—too—sensational for your sort. And yet, Calvert, I have a feeling deep inside me that our joint destinies have not worked out; that some day ——"

"Don't say it, Nita!" said Calvert.

"All right, I shan't. I doubt if we meet again after to-night. I just ran over here for a little change of surroundings and some excitement, and the Lord knows I got it."

Calvert was strangely troubled. The idea that he might not see Nita again gave him a stab of positive pain. It was as though some bright, glittering, radiant presence was going out of his life. He was perhaps like many a young man who—deeply enamored of and about to marry a sweet and charming girl of his choice—renounces with his change of state all of the glitter and froth of bachelor days with bachelor friends and occupations. He was pondering on this when Nita's round arms slipped suddenly round his neck, and he found her demoralizing face close to his.

"One good-by kiss, Calvert," she whispered, "and then I shan't bother you again."

Just before reaching the Villa des Lilas, Nita straightened up on the seat, removed the traces of tears, whipped out a vanity box from somewhere, powdered her nose, touched her lips, gave her hair a pat, her hat a tug, and became again the charming, insouciant Juanita Heming.

"Can't let this old sportswoman see me looking like a tear-stained Agnes," said she. "It took about all of her self-control to let me go through with this."

"You told her what you meant to do?" Calvert asked.

"Yes, the other night after you'd left."

"You might have told me."

"I wanted to, Calvert, but I said to myself, 'What if something were to happen so that Calvert were to be cross-examined under oath? He would be obliged to say that Heming's sister had told him that she suspected the weapon to be a screw knob from the post of a brass bed, and that this had been suggested to her by a similar bed in her brother's room!'"

"I see," said Calvert. "The inference would then be that since Jerry's bed suggested the idea to you, might it not have done the same to Jerry?"

"Yes—or might not Jerry have confessed to me? It was vitally necessary that I should lure the assassin to that place and that he possess himself of the weapon in the presence of witnesses."

"But how in the world did you manage it?"

"I made him believe that I had fallen victim to a mad infatuation for him and that I believed him to be the murderer. I told him that you were a secret agent of the police, and that you and others were spreading the net round him and that I wanted to help him escape. Then I told him what I had guessed, and pointed out that it might suggest itself to some other clever mind and that he must remove that bit of evidence."

"Did he confess?"

"No; but as it turned out his act was a direct betrayal." She was silent for a moment. "I wonder if the French agent was right and that he meant to kill me too?"

"I don't know, Nita. Feeling the thing in his hand again and knowing you alone had guessed his secret might have roused the murderous impulse which led to his killing Hazard. I don't believe so though. It would have been a silly thing to do."

"The chances are," said Nita, "that finding that thing under his hand his first instinct was to get possession of it."

"Yes, but the agent wasn't taking any chances. He saw him take that thing by stealth and knew that one quick jab would kill you before we could interfere."

"Perhaps he was right," murmured Nita. "We shall never know. Here we are, Calvert. Come in and we'll tell Lady Audrey all about it. The old dear is going to have the one big laugh of her life."

XVII

CALVERT and Isabel walked their horses under the high leafy arcades which at that season might through half-closed eyes have been a tropic forest because of the big plane and catalpa leaves, the very vivid green moss on the tree trunks, the rather heavy perfume of acacia blossoms and the sweet earthy odors of the damp mold.

There is indeed about certain sections of the Bois an atmosphere of twenty degrees of latitude south of it, perhaps because the harsh winter winds pass for the most part high over the low valley in which it lies, only about twenty-five meters above sea level, though so far inland.

On this day in late June the warm humid air, misty sunshine, greenhouse odors and profusion of song birds, with magpies flashing their showy black and white through the lustrous foliage, and such a prevailing note of green that the very atmosphere was drenched with it, one might have imagined oneself riding through Queen's Park in Trinidad, or some other tropical resort. It was a Corot day, the sort which painters love to work in or poets compose their madrigals. It was a day for artists and lovers, and neither was lacking. It wrought on Calvert curiously, for though conscious of its glamour, there seemed yet to be some inhibitory influence at work, a kind of antizymotic which prevented his reaction to Nature's invitations. Isabel, glancing at him from time to time, noticed this and presently protested it.

"You must get all of this horrid affair out of your head, Calvert," said she. "It's finished now, and the records closed and the case dismissed. But you haven't yet told me all about it. Perhaps you'd better do so, then turn the leaf and glue it down."

"It's not altogether that," said Calvert. "I'm thinking of poor Hazard, and how little he deserved the cards dealt him—and how unfair it is that the rest of us should profit by his loss."

"That seems always happening in this world. Perhaps it catches up in some other."

"Well, it caught up with Townley in this. There was a singular example of Nemesis and the futility of criminal selfishness. We don't know precisely what he did, but his course of procedure seems to be outlined like that of a ship which is pricked off on the chart from one observation to the next. Harker was right in his *cherchez-la-femme* theory and in thinking that Agnes was holding something more back."

"But she never suspected him herself?"

"Not for a second. He had her absolutely fascinated and she believed everything he told her. She thought him a fine type of English gentleman down on his luck. She met him by appointment that night and went with him to the cinema, and going there told him what she had learned that day from Heming about having so closely missed a big inheritance. When they came out she caught sight of Hazard and Wagner and pointed them out to him, saying that she wanted to speak to them. Townley said that in that case he had better leave her, as Hazard might resent her being with him."

"Do you think he had a sudden murderous design?"

"Probably not then. But I believe he shadowed them. He followed them to Fouquet's, then back to Hazard's hotel. When they drove away and he found the coast clear he must have slipped in after Hazard in time to see him enter his room. Hazard was pretty drunk, and Townley finding him stumbling round the hall might have offered to help him to bed. Hazard was a confiding, inexperienced American boy and no doubt accepted this as a friendly service on the part of a fellow lodger."

"The idea of assassination must have seized Townley suddenly, or he would have been provided with a weapon," said Isabel.

"He had no time to get one. His idea might have been merely to rob him, as Agnes said that Hazard was flashing a big roll of money. We discovered that Townley had been cleaned out at the races two days before and had been trying to borrow, but without success. He was badly in need of a stake. Then while leaning against the foot of the bed with the knob in his hand he found it wobbling, and may have unscrewed it in a nervous, mechanical way, as one is apt to handle an object like that. When it came off he looked at it and the devil suggested the idea to his opportunist mind."

"I think it more probable," said Isabel, "that he had started to rob Hazard, and Hazard roused himself and saw what was happening."

Calvert shook his head.

"No," said he, "I believe that—as Nita reconstructed the crime—the impulse came when he saw the knob in his hand. That long screw suggested a deadly weapon which could be used and immediately replaced and nobody ever dream of such a thing. He had a powerful double motive too strong to be resisted. It would relieve his present necessity and enable him to marry an heiress. He jammed it into Hazard's heart four times with a force which alone was enough to have stopped its beat. Then he took Hazard's money, which might have been under his pillow, and slipped out and jumped into a taxi and got back to the Villa des Lilas in time to meet Agnes as she came in. That was his alibi. He probably counted on her going straight back, and if he had not found her there he would have waited in the little café across the street."

"How did Nita ever think of such a thing?"

"She helped Jerry furnish his apartment, and the bed was identical with Hazard's. France was flooded with those things at one time, and they come from the shop in pieces, with the knobs wrapped up in tissue paper to protect them. *Monsieur le Préfet* said that it added another lethal weapon to the annals of crime. When I spoke of Jerry's bed being the same kind as the one in which Hazard was murdered ——"

He paused. Isabel shot him a quick, questioning look.

"How did you happen to speak of it?" she asked.

A dark flush spread over Calvert's face.

"When I took her to Jerry's apartment to dress for the ball."

"But surely you both weren't in the apartment—in Captain Heming's *rez-de-chaussée!*"

"Yes; I went in with her to see that everything was in order, and while looking through the apartment I happened to remark that the bed was identical with the one on which Hazard was found murdered. She looked so startled that I apologized for having spoken of it. She answered that I had given her a clew or suggested an idea, but she would not tell me what it was. Afterward she told me why."

"I think I understand. She was afraid that it might furnish evidence against her brother."

"Yes; perhaps she thought that it might shake my conviction in his innocence."

Isabel stared straight between her horse's ears, and Calvert, watching her without appearing to do so, realized that his indiscretion had brought them suddenly to a crucial instant. He could almost see the process of Isabel's thought, and he felt all at once as though in starting to ride the trail together they had come upon a quicksand across which lay so narrow a path that a false step would be fatal. If Isabel now resented his act in going to Heming's apartment with Nita, or if she condoned it grudgingly but with evidence of lacking faith in him, Calvert felt that he would never say to her that which he had only been waiting opportunity to declare since his interview with Grenfell Orme the day before. He would not have defended an accusation, even implied, against his honor, and he understood suddenly how Heming had felt about the unjust suspicions directed toward himself and why he had treated them with such harsh if silent contempt.

So he waited without speaking, and it seemed to him at sight of Isabel's lovely but rigid profile and lashes almost sweeping her cheek as she weighed the critical problem that the light had all gone out of the soft solar spectrum, to leave the prevailing note of exquisite color a turbid, viscid green—the green of angry jealousy. Nevertheless he could appreciate what Isabel was feeling, and her resentment at his act. She knew Nita for a fascinating and daring girl of a reputation none too firmly established. No doubt Agnes had described her costume and behavior at the ball.

For a girl as carefully reared as Isabel had been the idea of a suitor placing himself in such a position was scarcely endurable—an affront to her pride and fastidious sense.

Then as he watched he saw her expression begin to clear. It was a charming reaction, like that of some clear solution into which a few drops of a powerful reagent have been let fall to cloud the zone of contact, threatening to precipitate the whole and to render it turbid. She was making a valiant effort to absorb this corrosive, and presently she succeeded, for she turned her head and looked at him untroubled, with a serene faith in her warm indigo eyes. Their horses were close together, and Isabel reached out and laid her gloved palm on Calvert's bridle hand.

"You might do a foolish thing, Calvert," said she, "but I find it impossible to believe that you would ever do a shameful one."

"Not while I love you, you darling," Calvert answered huskily, "and that is going to be forever."

They came presently to Armenonville, which for all of its late forenoon gayety of flashing frocks and uniforms and pawing, shining horses and glittering cars appeared to merge into a sort of impressionistic background for an erect, distinguished feminine figure, with the clustered silvery hair of age and the vigorous contour of athletic youth mounted on a splendid rangy hunter, strong but docile, and standing with perfect dignity as his rider sipped a glass of Oporto and surveyed the scene rather with the air of a field marshal inspecting his cohorts at a dress parade.

"Lady Audrey!" cried Isabel.

"Hullo, kiddies!" called Lady Audrey. "Come have an *apéritif*. I've been successfully dodging you all morning."

She glanced from one to the other of the glowing faces, then gave a little nod of satisfaction.

"You seem to have found yourselves," said she. "You weren't speaking when I saw you last. I drew rein in the allée to let you pass."

Isabel laughed.

"That must have been the dreadful moment when the green-eyed monster was stalking me between the trees."

"Well, I'm glad you had the sense to twist its tail."

Her shrewd eyes flitted from the girl to Calvert.

"Rather thought there'd have to be a show-down. There most always has about something or other. Nita Heming the fly in the honey? Some fly, as the Yankees say—not exactly the dragon, nor yet the butter species. But Juanita's all right—game from ears to pasterns." She laid her hand impulsively on Isabel's arm, and a gleam of tenderness shone from her green eyes. "You forget about Nita, my dear. This boy of yours has already—congratulations in order." Then at the look which passed between the two, "Hi, *garçon, une bouteille de champagne.*"

They drank the only beverage worthy to honor an occasion of such sparkling importance. Then Lady Audrey turned to Calvert:

"Where are you off to now, *mes enfants!*"

"I don't know, Lady Audrey. To heaven, I think."

"Well, that's a ripping resort—while you're still alive."

"I think I'd like to look at the roses again," Isabel murmured.

Lady Audrey nodded.

"That's as good a place as any," she approved. "Horses are all right, but there are moments when they get in the way a bit. Take this palpitating girl to the Rose Gardens, Calvert, and start your lifelong effort at catching up. But I say, though, be jolly careful that you never quite manage it."

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Buffalo
Bullock Creeping-Grip
Case
Clark
Comet
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Eagle
Flour City
Holt
Howell
Knox
Lauson
Lion Road
Minneapolis
Nelson
New Britain
O K
Oldsmar Garden
Pioneer
Samson
Sawyer-Massey (Can)
Stockton
Titan
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Turner-Simplicity
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Whitney

ENGINES

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Beaver
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Midwest
Milwaukee Gasolene Locomotives
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Austin Mfg. Co.
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Ingersoll-Rand Air Compressors
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Koehring Road Pavers
Maytag Washing Machines
Perfect Power Sprayers
Sullivan Portable Air Compressors

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

TIME FOR A PALM BEACH SUIT

—for the wonderful construction of Palm Beach Cloth—its open porous weave, its feathery lightness—result in the ideal garment for warm days.

So readily is it washed or dry-cleaned, so fashionable, and still so comfortable—that it is accepted by millions of men as the Summer Suit for all occasions.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS—GOODALL WORSTED CO.
SELLING AGENT: A. ROHAUT, 229 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

LOOK FOR THE PALM BEACH LABEL IN THE COAT. AT ALL GOOD CLOTHIERS.

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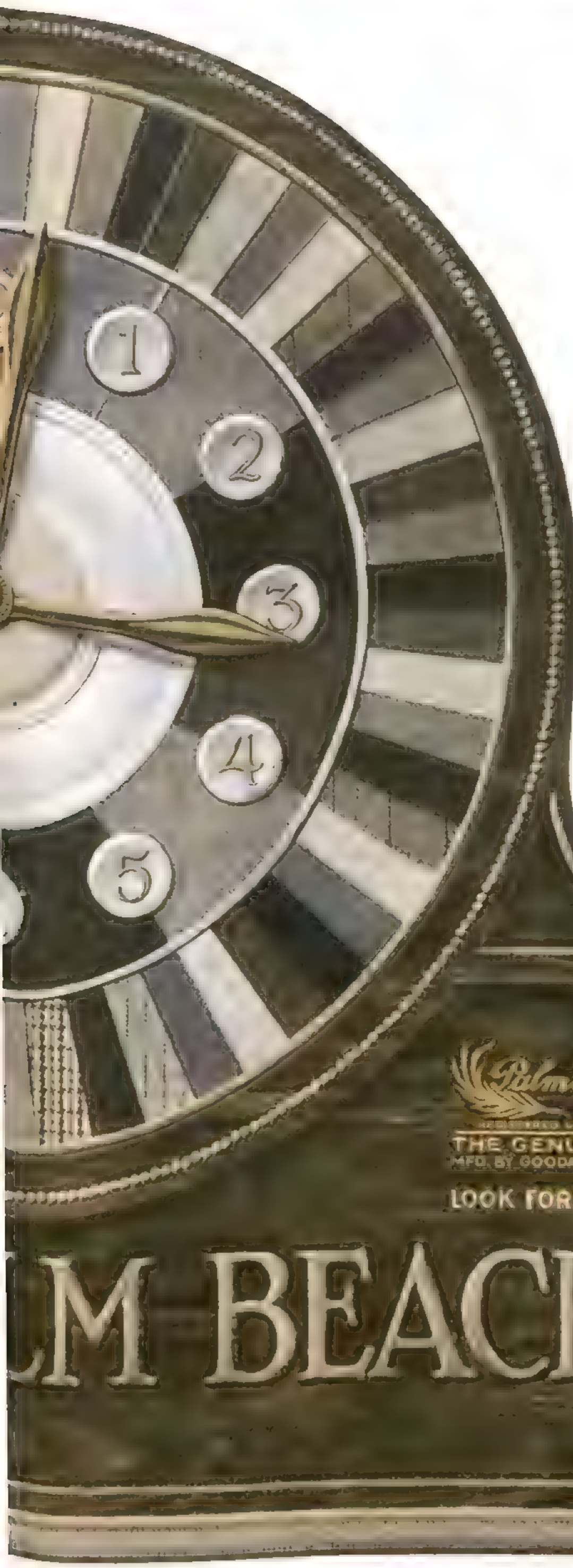

J. HENRY

COOL PALM BEACH SUITS come in a variety of dark shades as well as light, and in a very wide selection of patterns. Just a little label—two palm branches and the words "Palm Beach"—proclaim the Genuine.

That little label is trademarked in the Patent Office at Washington, and registered in the hearts of a great nation.

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FLATO

Washing by Machine — the modern way.

EVERYWHERE women are being converted to the washing machine idea—to its wonderful convenience and economy—by this scientific Maytag *Millrace Principle.* It solves the problem of quickly and thoroughly handling the heaviest washings.

In addition, it ends all fear of entrusting dainty things to the mechanical washer, because the hot, sudsy water alone does the work. No harm is possible.

Children's things, so hard to keep fresh and pretty, and so quickly soiled, are perfectly cleansed by this *Millrace Principle.* Dainty blouses, filmy lingerie, fine laces and doilies are beautifully done by this thorough yet careful action of the soapy water.

Why worry about the laundress problem? Why submit to the tremendous cost of handling your family wash *by hand?* The Maytag offers you the perfected mechanical washer. It fulfills every demand for thoroughness, speed, care, economy.

Go, see a demonstration. If you can't locate a Maytag dealer *write* us. We'll send his name and include a copy of our famous "Household Manual." It's free. Write!

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, DEPT. 100, NEWTON, IOWA

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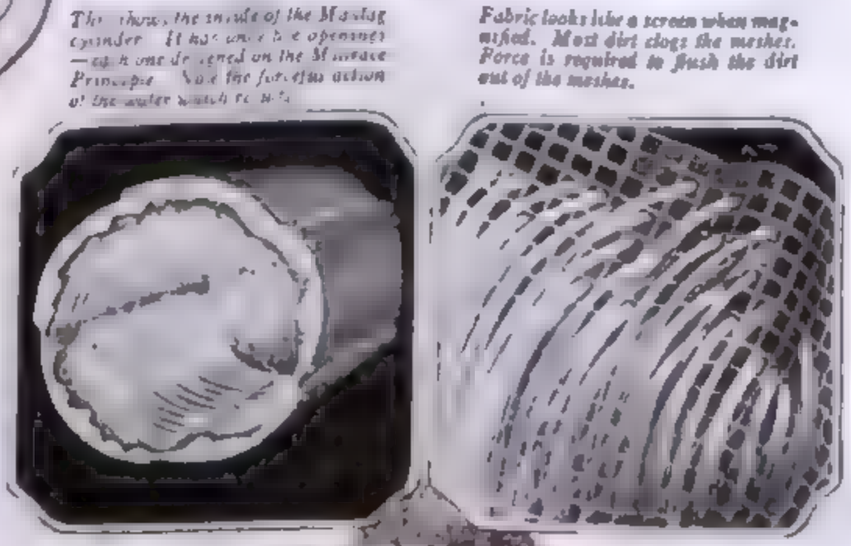
Makers of Maytag Multi-Motor, Electric, Belt and Hand Power Washers

Maytag

Cabinet ELECTRIC WASHER

This shows the inside of the Maytag cylinder. It has under the openings—eight in one design—on the Millrace Principle. Note the forceful action of the water which results.

Fabric looks like a screen when magnified. Most dirt clogs the meshes. Force is required to flush the dirt out of the meshes.



"The Gray Machine With the Red Stripe"

STAINED FINGERS

(Continued from Page 19)

shaded porch, and at this time of night no one with eyes was abroad. There was a policeman in the neighborhood, but he would not again pass this building for two or three hours.

The two men stood for a moment listening. The house remained silent; no one was stirring; they had not been heard. After a moment the larger of the two, who was also the leader, pressed the button of his pocket flash and watched the pencil of light travel under his direction along the floor. He slowly raised his lamp until its light fell upon the wall opposite, and then as slowly led its rays at shoulder height along the wall until they fell upon a series of bookcases and along the books to a closed door, and from it to more books as far as a filing cabinet, and beyond the cabinet to blank wall space in which had been set a safe door, and then to more cases of books, and to another door, and so on, until they rested upon the entrance window.

The room, as he saw, was a library; it contained two doors, both of which were closed; and the front portion of it consisted largely of windows, through one of which he and his companion had entered. The floor, of waxed hardwood, was carpeted only with a large central rug. On this rug a little forward of the center stood a polished mahogany table, with lounging chairs grouped here and there about it. Beside one of these chairs stood a reading lamp and a movable book trough containing six or eight volumes bound in bright colors. There was also a small rolltop desk at a side window.

Had Dilley allowed his flash light to linger upon the bookcases he might have noticed, but probably would not, that their contents were as ill-matched as the pebbles of a glacial moraine. The books in them—thin books, fat books, short books, wise books, foolish books—had been bought by the yard.

Many of them were novels—novels of yesterday, even the titles of which were now forgotten. Others had been through the divorce court, Volume One having been separated from Volume Two, or Volume Two from Volumes One and Three. Still others were packed in sets, like cases of predigested food for infants; these mostly bore short-cut titles of the get-wise-quick order. Others again were reference works that could not have furnished a reference for a position filling wastebaskets.

For that matter, had the light of a flash lamp fallen upon himself or his companion it would have disclosed a pair whose references were even poorer. It might have shown no masks, for masks were out of style in the best circles, but one of them was carrying a pistol, and though the weather was warm, both of them were wearing gloves.

As his flash completed its circuit of the room and was extinguished Dilley produced from his pocket a flexible padlike stamp containing stalls upon the back for the thumb and fingers of his right hand. This he rubbed upon his hair, after which he impressed its oily surface lightly upon the polished table. Then he turned his flash upon the impression and examined it from different angles.

"Does she register?"

"Not'ng to it. They'll eat it up."

They spoke in whispers, as visitors should do at night.

"Now on the rest."

Dilley followed by impressing his contrivance upon the arm of a morris chair, the edge of the desk, the glass panel of a bookcase and the door of the safe. Then he exchanged it for another similar one from another pocket. This he donned over the gloved fingers of his left hand, after which he made further impressions here and there about the room.

"Not too many," warned Hagen.

"That's all," said Dilley. "They'll eat 'em up."

"Now for the box. That door ain't so much, but a guy can't tell what's going to break on him."

"She's the same as open already," said Dilley.

Crossing to the safe he removed one glove and knelt before the dial, which he began turning with his sensitive fingers. He turned it so slowly that almost it seemed not to move at all. After a little he felt a ripple of change somewhere behind the combination, so slight that he could barely detect it. If the dial had been floating in water and a straw had washed against it the tremor would not have been softer. Yet he did feel it distinctly. Pausing, he turned his flash upon the scale, but without removing his fingers from the knob and without allowing its position to change by the thickness of a sheet of paper.

Though he had removed his glove he did not permit himself to touch the knob except upon the knurled edge. Neither did he allow his coat sleeves to brush against the impression of his stamp on the door.

"She's peeping," he said.

"Go the limit, Pete. Slow on her."

Dilley resumed his tender pressure upon the knob, turning slowly and steadily, but with such a delicate touch that he could feel the tool marks upon the mechanism, carefully made as it had been. And after a little he felt another feather-brushed retardation, and again flashed his lamp upon the dial. Thus he continued until finally that which he felt caused him to reach for the handle of the door with his gloved left hand and softly turn it. The bolts yielded at once. The safe was unlocked.

The safe was only a small one; but its narrow shelves were not fully used, even so. It contained two or three small account books, a sheaf of receipted bills, and in a drawer a few rings, cuff buttons and stickpins, some of which were set with diamonds. It contained also five white-clad parcels, four of which were tall and one short.

Dilley gathered the jewelry into his palm, showed it to Hagen, then automatically shoved it into his coat pocket. The papers he took with him likewise. An inspection of the smaller parcel followed. As it contained nothing more valuable than blank white paper he thrust it back into its pigeonhole.

"Stung!" he said. "This guy's all front."

"What's in the big bundles?" asked Hagen.

"You mean the bedticks? That's the guy's laundry."

"Open them out."

"Sure I'll open them."

Dilley snaked out the nearest parcel, thrust his dark forefinger under the fold of its wrapper and laid it wide. The next moment he was clutching at his throat.

"Pipe the kale!" he whispered hoarsely. "And I said it was the guy's laundry!"

"It hurts me eyes like a million dollars!"

"I'll say this guy owns a bank or a pawnshop, to collect a wad like that."

"Open the rest!" said Hagen.

The other packages were in all respects similar; when opened they proved to consist likewise of bank notes.

"We'll be buying a bank ourselves," said Dilley.

"Sure! Out of our savings!"

"It makes me face feel empty for the feed I'm going to stow in the morning."

"Ham-and- would taste like milk-fed chicken just now."

"With a stack of buckwheats and maple sirup on the side."

"And a whole grapefruit."

"Sure. Two of them. All we can eat."

"You takes two of the bunches and me two, see? We'll split even afterward."

So absorbed were they in the contemplation of their good luck that they had become a little careless about the more important matter of their safety. Had they remained alert they would have heard the light footsteps of the master of the house, and would have left as they had come, unseen and without noise. But they did not hear him until the click of the latch on the hall door betrayed his nearness.

"Beat it out of here!" cried Dilley.

The fifteen seconds that followed were a confused tangle. Hagen did not forget to take his packages of bank notes with him, but how he reached the window and lowered himself to the ground he could not have told.

Dilley was not so fortunate, for the master of the house was carrying a pistol and opened fire upon him, which forced the bringing into use of his own pistol. The man was struck by his second shot; Dilley heard him fall heavily to the floor. He did not wait to learn more about the results of the battle. The sound of the pistol fire, as he knew, would bring observers from every direction. Thrusting his money into his pockets, in two leaps he was at the window, and a moment later on the ground. After that he melted into the shadows of highway and byway. By the time the police arrived he was quite out of the area of storm.

III

I HAVE told in a previous story of little Kesten and his trailing for Lippett at the time of the Bald Ash murder. Kesten was hypersensitive to scents and sounds, and in a smaller degree to taste and touch as well. His sense of smell was as keen as that of a fox. He was able to follow a track by the sense of smell alone. He could identify, and did identify for Lippett, the scents upon the glove of the man who had last worn it, of the later man who had picked it up, and even of the floor upon which it had rested.

Upon the completion of the Bald Ash job Kesten had passed quite out of my sight; for nine months I neither saw him nor heard of him. Then one morning I rubbed open my eyes and there he lay on the waters of consciousness like the County of Cork, bobbing about and making ripples that could be seen for five thousand miles.

The way of it was this: Patrick Cooney, agitated beyond belief, had called at my rooms in a taxicab after telephoning me to make sure he would find me at home.

"I'm caught like a pig in a fence!" he sputtered.

"You never in your life were caught like a pig in anything, Pat; least of all in a fence."

"They've got me!" he said.

After a little he became more coherent and told me something of what he knew. Someone had sent in a wild yarn accusing him of being a safe breaker when off duty. The letter had been mailed direct to the chief and purported to be a tip, specifying the robbery of the night before as one of many in which Cooney had been involved. The writer had suggested that a man be sent to Cooney's house, where some of the jewelry and papers would be found concealed under the back porch, and if further evidence was needed, that a comparison of finger marks should be made.

The suddenness of the charge had thrown him out of balance. He had come to me because he remembered that I knew Kesten.

"They found the stuff just where he said they would!"

"That's not evidence," I told him. "Not taken by itself."

"They found my finger marks on the furniture," said Cooney.

"How could that be?"

"There's a man somewhere with finger marks like mine."

Cooney would have smiled had anyone approached him on such an errand. He had been a police officer too many years not to know pretty well what detectives can and cannot do. But being himself accused he flew straight for the nearest window like a fly and began bumping his head against the pane.

Kesten at this time was a man in the early twenties; yet because of his slight stature and diffident manner he looked even younger than he was. He might have passed among laymen for a student of medicine or law. Yet on glancing at him twice a thoughtful man must have seen that he was neither. His eyesight was not good. Held in shell rims between him and the visible world were two flaring disks of heavy crown glass.

We commonly form mental images of those we have heard of but have not seen. Sometimes these images are wholly unreal; at other times we seize upon this or that slight suggestion and build a picture about it. Often a mere name will be enough. Yet, as we know, the associations of a name depend upon chance. If we happen to know a Jack who is poison to giants, thereafter for us the name will suggest virility. But not all Jacks are giant killers; some of them are lady killers.

Cooney did not know that Kesten was small and shy. He had formed a mental image of him from his name, which to the policeman suggested magnetism and power. Kesten he imagined was a gigantic, keen-eyed blond, a man whose handclasp even tingled with vitality—a kind of supermagnet or huge human solenoid; or perhaps better, a great dynamo of a man, able to do easily what imperfectly insulated mechanisms like himself could not do at all. Instead he found himself telling his troubles to a timid youth who hardly dared raise his eyes from his shoe laces.

As the interview progressed I could see doubt beginning to grow behind Cooney's eyes. It was not Kesten's words so much as it was his manner; and yet if I were describing the whole effect of him I might just as well say that it was not his manner so much as it was his words. To a forthright man like Cooney a man as shy as Kesten must seem wholly inadequate, or even unreal.

"Why didn't he ask me questions?" he burst forth on the way home. "If there was anything he wanted to know, why didn't he ask me?"

"Probably there wasn't."

"Why didn't he ask me when all this happened? It happened at half past one last night. Why didn't he ask me where I was at half past one? I was home in bed. Why didn't he ask me if I can prove that? I can't; my folks were all asleep and I can't prove I was home."

"You don't know Kesten," I said.

"I was home in bed! I didn't hear of it until this morning! I didn't visit this flat myself! He didn't ask me any of these questions!"

"Didn't you want to visit it?"

"Aching to, but the chief wouldn't let me. And I'm telling you something else he didn't ask. The chief wouldn't let me see the letter."

"Why didn't you say that?"

"And something else; this letter I'm telling you about came in by first delivery this morning. That means it was mailed the night before, according to my figuring. He didn't even ask me who was in charge at the flat."

"Who is, Pat?"

"Hawker. He's a good scout, that lad. I wish there were more like him."

"You'll have a better opinion of Kesten next time you see him. Better call for me."

But he insisted that Kesten was a lemon and he would not bother him again.

"That little runt couldn't smell cheese with the lid off. That lad a detective? If he's a detective then I'm the chief of police and the mayor and the city council. Detect? He couldn't detect the difference between the Loop and the North Side. I'm off that little runt for quits."

"Drop in and see me, anyhow."

I must continue the story as I began it, from information and belief. Part of it Cooney told me, more of it Cooney's friend Hawker, and the rest came to me as water comes to a stream. All roads lead to town—true. But the reverse is also true—stand still and all roads will lead from town to you.

Kesten arrived at the scene of the shooting shortly before eleven. The flat was closed and in charge of the police, but Hawker, who knew who he was, had already received instructions from headquarters to admit him.

"You'll find it pretty dark in here," said Hawker, glancing at Kesten's glasses. "I don't know if you'll be able to see much. The lights are bad."

"I think I'd like to look at this man Apperson's bedroom," Kesten began.

Hawker, who told me of his visit, did not so much as allude to Kesten's shy diffidence; it had probably disappeared as his work increasingly engaged him. At any rate, he was conducted into the bedroom, where he turned his thick lenses in this direction and that as if he were inspecting the apartment. What he was doing, it developed, was holding himself alert to impressions from the other senses. After a little he took up a position before the dresser, on top of which lay a pair of worn gloves. These he held to his nostrils; he wished to get the scent of their owner.

"What's Apperson's business?"

"Real estate as much as anything. Not much of any business."

"I call him a printer. He spent part of yesterday in a printing office."

"Can you tell that just by smelling of that glove?"

"Certainly. The smell of printer's ink is on the glove. The man must have handled the ink, and not merely rubbed against it, for the scent is much plainer on the inside. It's a very plain scent. Don't you smell it? Smell at the inside of it. Don't you get it?"

Hawker took the glove and smelled at it. He sniffed at it long and patiently, both inside and outside.

(Continued on Page 97)

RACINE
FABRIC TIRES
COUNTRY ROAD
Severe service on country highways demands the strength and stamina that are built into Racine Country Road Fabric Tires.
The Extra Tested quality that has made Racine Country Road Fabric and Multi-Mile Cord Tires nationally popular is an insurance of their extra endurance—their extra worth—their extra miles.
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This remarkable feature, an extra strip of blended rubber of graduated resiliency, welds tread and carcass perfectly. Admittedly, this great Racine development is the industry's supreme mileage achievement. Your first purchase of Racine Tires is a real step toward tire economy.
Racine Inner Tubes—Supreme Tire Sundries
are all Extra Tested for Extra Miles. For your protection look on every tire for name
Racine Rubber Company
Racine
Wis.
SANTA FE
RACINE
Absorbing
Shock Strip

(Continued from Page 95)

"All I can smell is leather," he said, handing it back.

"The printing-ink smell is very plain. There's another scent on it also. Several scents. Most of them are almost too faint for me to smell, but some of them are plainer. There's the coarse smell of gasoline on it, but underneath that there's the fine, faint scent of sulphuric ether. It would be plainer still, but ether evaporates, all but the last edge of it. Ether smells something like chloroform, but you can tell them apart after you become acquainted with them. Then there's the faint odor of lye. He must have been handling something with lye on it."

"Can you smell all those scents on that glove?"

"There are plainer scents still on it. The strongest scent of all is his own; it's something like the odor from bruised maple leaves. I could tell it anywhere."

"You mean, if he touched something you could tell it?"

"Unless the scent was too old. That scent is on everything he has been using. It's even on his shoes; if the track was not too old I could tell where he had walked."

"That's as much as a good dog could do."

"It is and it isn't. A man has to live with his head up, and a dog hasn't. I'd hate to have to follow a track along the ground very far."

"Can you tell people apart just by their scent?"

"That is the easiest of all. People's scents are less alike even than their faces are. But of course these scents that I smell are not at all like the ones you think of when you think of a scent.

"It isn't because they're too faint for you that you can't smell them. They're not faint at all. It's because they're too light for your nostrils.

"Odors are something like sounds. You can only hear a sound up to about so high. When the pitch runs higher you can't hear it, but the sound is there just the same. The squeak of a bat is about as high as most people can hear, but there are millions of little voices that are higher than the bat's voice. Colors are the same way. The light rays that people can't see are stronger than those that are visible. Photographing is mostly done by light that you can't see at all. Scents likewise. Some of the strongest scents can't be smelled at all by most people."

From the bedroom Kesten followed Hawker into the library. As before he stood for a moment toward the center of the room, holding his mind open to impressions other than those of vision.

"A good way," was Hawker's comment on telling me about it. "A man's ideas don't all arrive from the same direction."

Which of course is true. Ideas come out of the air like wireless messages; they are not like light, leaping straight to the eye from a luminous central source.

After Kesten had stood for a moment beside the table he leaned over a talcum-dusted spot near the edge.

"How much can you tell about a finger mark that's been photographed by smelling at it like that?"

"Not much. Who didn't make it is about all. You didn't make it, for I know your scent. Apperson didn't make it; I have his scent. That's as far as I have got."

"What's it like—that scent?"

"This of the finger mark? It's hard to describe, because there isn't any other scent like it. It's something like peach kernels, but rounder; and it's something like cherry blossoms, but squarer. You'd almost think it smelled like bread and honey, but it's too dark for that. Then it has a rubber odor somehow.

"You can't describe a thing that isn't like anything else, but that kind of thing is the easiest of any to recognize. Anybody can tell light when he sees it. But try to describe light."

"You've been describing light to me. I'm the blind man."

"That's it. Your nose is blind to scents, except the heavy ones."

On the floor lay a paper wrapper that Dilley had removed from his first sheaf of bank notes. Kesten had already noticed the paper; now he leaned down and raised it to his nostrils.

"The same scent is on that wrapping paper. I smell printing ink on it too—fresh printing ink."

"I don't know what was wrapped in it."

"Was any money stolen?"

"Not that I know of."

"This scent is like that which I smelled on the glove. There's the odor of printing ink and of lye."

"That's maybe where the scent came from."

"Maybe so. What's that package on the shelf?"

He reached into the safe and dragged out the package of blank paper strips that Dilley had discarded.

"This paper has some of the same smell, only stronger; the smell of printing ink isn't on it, but it has a strong smell of lye, and I smell ether on it also. The scent of peach kernels is only on the wrapper. Apperson's scent is on the wrapper also. Then there is another scent—a scent like the taste of black haws. It isn't on the wrapper at all, but it's very plain on the paper."

He removed one of the sheets and held it to the light. After the briefest inspection he replaced it, closed the package carefully and returned it to the safe.

"I thought so. I'm going to ask the chief to seal up this room with sealing wax," he said.

"Finding any clews?"

"Peach kernels and black haws. I think I have found a clew."

"You'll have a hard time proving anything to a jury from scents that they can't smell."

"Perhaps I can find a scent that they can smell," was the reply.

IV

APPERSON'S real-estate office had begun life as a shoe store, but the shoes which it dispensed had long before joined the first owners of them in the heaven for animals, and of those who had worn them as shoes few now lived in the neighborhood. The building was very old.

Something had happened to Cooney, he did not quite know what; but whereas in the morning he was practically under arrest, in the afternoon he found himself detailed on his own case under a young man who used lenses for eyes.

He did not know that Kesten had requested his loan.

Kesten and the big policeman were shown about the office by Apperson's clerk, an unsuspicious washed-out lady named Hilliken. She led them past the filing cabinets and the two desks and the framed photographs of buildings Apperson hoped to sell, and then Kesten dismissed the whole exhibit with a wave of his hand.

"Where is your printing office?" he asked.

"That's in the basement."

"Does Mr. Apperson do his own printing? Does he work in the printing office?"

"Oh, not any more! Almost never. He has a man come in."

"He was working in the basement yesterday."

He made the statement as an affirmation, but it had the effect of a question. Miss Hilliken hastened to instruct him.

"Why, no! He was out almost all afternoon, and when he returned he was busy writing letters."

"Probably after you left, ma'am," suggested Kesten.

"But Mr. Apperson left before I did. He always leaves before five."

Had Cooney known that Kesten could read faces through his crown glass disks he might have altered his expression. He did not see the sense of looking up the man who was shot while the man who shot him was escaping.

His inability to see this found expression about the corners of his mouth, with reflections subtly leading off toward his eyes and nose, so that print could hardly have been plainer.

"Could we look at the basement you speak of?" asked Kesten.

"I'll show you how to reach it. You have to go out through the back door and come in again by another entrance. Our part is partitioned off from the boiler room."

She added at this other entrance that the room had no windows, and that it was reached by means of a wing-bone stairway of homicidal instincts; but there was a switch at the bottom that she would throw in half a second.

"If you need more light there's another switch near the sink. Mr. Apperson likes to have plenty of light."

"So do I," said Kesten.

The second switch threw the room into brilliant illumination. Cooney's first swift glance picked up a quarter-medium Gordon against the rear wall, an ill-kept imposing stone, three dust-covered case stands, and

Flesh and Blood, just like us

WHEN the prison fire gong sounded through the cheerless silences there came to him a thrill of terror he had never known before.

His young imagination, as yet undulled by his few months of service as a guard, pictured those long rows of cells alive with fear—blind fear that makes men helplessly beat their fists raw against the iron bars.

The thought flashed through his mind, "After all they are flesh and blood just like me."

"If I were the warden," he thought, "I'd let them out. It isn't fair not to give them a chance."

Just as he reached the nearest fire station shrieks came down to him from the barred windows above. As other watchmen were already unreeling the hose he raced on by towards the old East Wing where the danger seemed greatest.

The warden called him back—"Never mind that part, Anderson. Take this hose, and use it, boy. Don't let the blaze reach the stairway, or we'll have to open the cells."

He did as ordered but all the time he kept looking towards the East Wing.

Just as he feared, the old timbers caught at last. He heard them crackling, saw the flames leap and then as suddenly die down again.

"It's the sprinklers," cried the warden. "I knew we could count on them. We should have had them everywhere."

Last November, two great prisons were swept by fire. Others will burn this year. Now and then the barred and bolted sleeping quarters burn, and lives are cruelly sacrificed. *Are you waiting for that to happen, before insuring their safety?*

All modern thought and many organizations are working to make men and women prisoners into good American Citizens. It's a big job—but it's succeeding mightily. The best officials want the best for their inmates. They know that Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers give adequate protection to all parts of their buildings. Won't you help them?

Read—*"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"*

Write us for *"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"* and learn the truth. How about the penal institutions of *YOUR* town? Write us and ask about them. Address, Grinnell Co., Inc., 277 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

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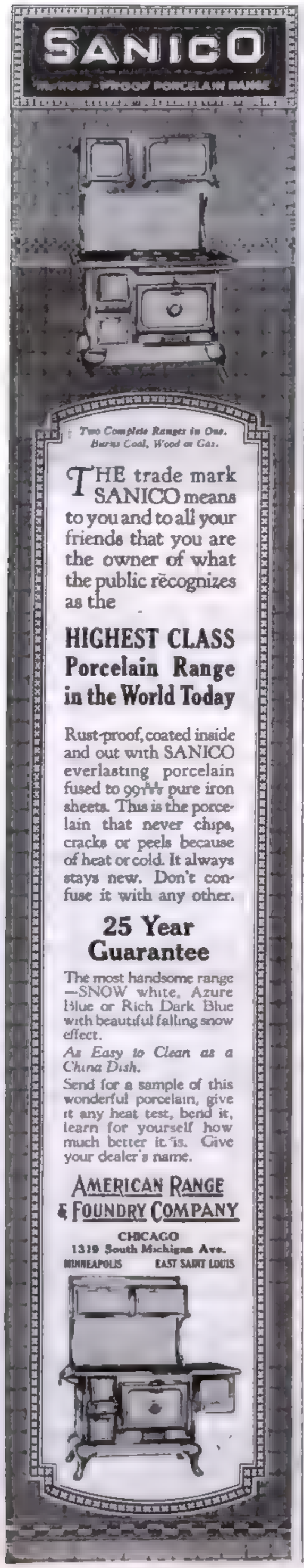
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MINNEAPOLIS EAST SAINT LOUIS

an ink slab with its brayer suspended above it. A second glance revealed further equipment—a mailing machine, an envelope sealer and a mimeograph. These stood across the room near a pine table.

"I smell ether, ma'am. Where does that come from?"

"I don't smell it," said the girl.

Cooney sniffed at the stale air, but it contained no slightest smell of ether.

"Where do you keep your lye? I smell lye."

"We use lye sometimes for washing off the ink from type. Those jars under the sink contain lye."

"Where do you keep your ink, ma'am?"

Kesten opened the door of the ink cabinet indicated by Miss Hilliken. Then he lifted the ink cans off their shelves one by one and held them to his nostrils for a moment.

"Where do you keep your other ink?"

"We have no other."

"This is ordinary job ink for use with type and rollers. It's not the ink I'm looking for."

His glance fell upon the galvanized-iron barrel in which the waste rags were kept. Reaching into it he fished out some inky rags that had been used in washing up after printing. They were stained with blue and green, but one of them, and it the oldest, was saturated with the remains of a black ink.

"This is the ink I mean," said Kesten, sniffing at the stains. "Where is this black ink on these rags?"

"That's ink from washing up the rollers. It's just regular ink."

"No, ma'am. This ink is copperplate ink. In making ordinary ink you use lampblack; but for copperplate work you use Frankfort black, which is much heavier. It's made from vegetable matter. They smell very different."

"I don't know of any other ink. Printing ink all smells exactly alike. You can't tell much by the smell."

He looked more closely at the rag stained with blue and green, but after a moment discarded it without comment.

"I can't do much with the ink because the room is filled with the scent from these rags. But that ether smell isn't on the rags. He probably keeps the ether with his inks."

Kesten walked slowly across the room, stopping now and then as if to inspect the walls or the floor.

"What's in that box under the ink slab?" he asked suddenly.

"That's just a stand for the slab."

"Somebody poured ether into a bottle in front of that stand and spilled a little of it. Ether evaporates at once; but there is always a higher edge of scent left behind for a day or so. You wouldn't smell it at all—it's too light for your nostrils; but it's very plain to mine. It's like the high sound of a piccolo among cellos. If you couldn't hear that high you wouldn't hear it no matter how loud it was. We'll look into this slab stand, if you don't mind."

Whereupon he lifted off the ink slab between two fragments of newspaper.

"I thought so. There's the ether bottle, and there's the ink. This ink is copperplate ink. Can't you smell the difference?"

Cooney crossed to the stand as Kesten lifted off the slab. As he saw the bottle of ether and the ink cans some of the lines of judgment about the corners of his mouth became subtly altered. He still failed to perceive what ether had to do with criminals, but he was forced to admire the finding of it.

Having uncovered the ink he was looking for, Kesten seemed to dismiss it from mind.

"What's that thing behind the mailing machine in the corner? It looks like a copperplate press."

"That's an old press Mr. Apperson used to use. He had a copperplate letterhead he used to print on it."

"It does look pretty badly gummed up." He walked over to the press and began poking his finger into its ribs. "All gummed up," he said. "Dust a quarter of an inch thick. The deposits of the ages silted over it. It looks like Pharaoh's mummy. All except the bearings. Somebody forgot about the bearings and oiled them. Fresh oil too." He leaned down over the cylinder. "Pretty dusty and old. How do you suppose the smell of fresh ink got in under that dust?"

"I didn't know it had been oiled."

"I don't smell even a trace of peach kernels," he said. "There isn't any such scent in this room. Yet the scent of black hawks is very plain. Who was this man, ma'am, who came in to help with the printing?"

"Mr. Apperson called him Hodge."

"Hodge. A fine name, ma'am. We've found the lye and the ether and the ink and the press and Hodge, or will find him; and I know where there's some good paper. Now about the plates. Where would your employer keep his plates?"

"What kind of plates?" asked Miss Hilliken.

"His etched plates he used yesterday on that press. One of them would be streaked with blue and one with green. The third plate ought to show a bluish-black in the shadows. If we can find these plates," he told Cooney, "I think I can put my fingers on your finger marks. If we can't—why, then I can't."

"Is that it, now? Sure, then, I'm with you."

Cooney told me that Kesten as before sauntered leisurely about the room as if seeing nothing. He himself, however, began an inch-by-inch search of the place. But no etched plates could he find. Of ordinary cuts in type relief there were a great number; three of the slides under the imposing stone were filled with them, and others lay about on galleys or in forms. But no copperplates.

"They must be here," said Kesten after a while.

"They're not in my district."

Kesten was leaning against the stone over one of the half-extended slides that the other had combed for concealed pockets; he was fingering the cuts, but not looking at them. Cooney, at the end of the stone, could see his every movement. He saw him gaze off toward the old press, saw him lift now this cut on the slide, now that one, saw him suddenly straighten and stand motionless.

A hunter will sometimes momentarily stand so on sighting game. After a moment he saw him look down at the cut in his hand, and then to his mystification saw him tender it to him.

"I don't get you," he said, taking the cut. "What about it?"

"It's heavier than a wood-mounted electrotype ought to be. Watch me."

Taking his knife from his pocket Kesten inserted its heavy blade under the metal. The plate was easily pried loose from its base; whereupon he lifted it off, disclosing the rectangular nest underneath with its rag folded upon a plate streaked with green.

"Why, it's a plate for printing money!"

"Just so. A plate for a twenty-dollar note of the Federal Reserve Bank. I had to find the plate to learn the denomination."

"The man's a counterfeiter!"

"He is. He's a counterfeiter, and he's safe in Faith Hospital with a bullet through his shoulder.

"You see he had reasons for not wanting to be robbed. Now for the scent of peach kernels. Have you had sight of any old friends recently? Probably convicts? Men who might have an ax out for you?"

"Long Pete Dilley's back. I saw him with his side kick on Halsted Street the other day."

"Touch anything for him with your fingers?"

"He had a black box I looked into."

"Could he have got your finger marks from this box?"

"Sure he could! I held it for him!"

"He had your finger prints photographed and reproduced on a rubber stamp. I guessed as much from the faint odor of rubber I smelled."

Kesten did not go to Faith Hospital to question Apperson; he preferred to work in the background. But the chief went, and Merrifield, of the Treasury Department service, went, and Patrick Cooney went.

Merrifield was to do the questioning; but before he could begin with his questions Apperson had shot an irritated question at him:

"What do you want now? Their pictures?"

"That's what we're calling to ask you about."

"You won't catch them," said Apperson, turning away.

"Why do you suppose they robbed you? You said you kept no money in your safe. Are you sure you had no money in there?"

"No money at all."

"Wasn't there a package of bills?"

Apperson glanced up quickly.

"If they dropped any money it was some they brought with them."

"Wrapped in a sheet of your paper?"

"I had paper lying on the table."

"Some of it bills of large denomination?"

"Some of it?" Apperson remained thoughtful for a moment, his eyes on the other's face. "I don't believe you found any money or any wrapper either," he said finally.

"You had a package of paper slips on the lower shelf. What about them?"

"Paper slips? Not me."

"They were wrapped in a sheet of your paper like the bills."

"What's on your chest?" asked Apperson. "You've got something you're thinking of behind your questions. Loosen up. What's the answer?"

"We're trying to run down the thieves who broke into your house and shot you."

"All right. Run them down. I don't know who they were."

"Coming back to these paper slips on the lower shelf of the safe. You say they are not yours. Why do you suppose these thieves brought in these slips and left them in your safe?"

"I don't know a thing about it."

"These paper slips smelled faintly of pearl-ash lye and ether. What do you know about that?"

"Not mine. I had no paper slips."

"It smelled like the lye in the jars under your sink. That was very peculiar paper, Apperson. It was exactly the size of a dollar bill, and when you held it up to the light you could see two lines of chopped-up silk threads running across it. Do you get me?"

"Not mine!"

"We were in your basement this afternoon; and what do you think we found? We found a copperplate printing press. Where do you suppose that came from?"

"That's an old press of mine. If you had looked in my desk upstairs you'd have found a lot of old plates. I used to do my letterheads on that press. It hasn't been used for a long time."

"Not since yesterday."

"You're crazy! That press is all gummed up with dust."

"We noticed it was. Funny thing about that old press—it had fresh oil in the bearings. Another funny thing about it—it smelled of Frankfort black."

"What's that?"

"It's the ink counterfeiters use in printing money."

"You're crazy!" cried Apperson.

"Not so crazy. We found the ink. There was a can of black, a can of green and a can of blue, all of the same thick texture. What were you doing with that colored ink?"

"Say! Do you mean to accuse me of counterfeiting?"

"Where do you keep your plates, Apperson—the plates for that twenty-dollar bank note you've been printing? I'll tell you where you keep them. You keep them under the imposing stone among the electrotypes. You forgot that copper is heavier than wood. We picked out the heavy ones and then pulled the nails to see what made them so heavy."

Apperson fell back upon the pillow, his thin face twisted in a snarl.

"Hodge told you," he said.

"We told Hodge. You see, we were delicate about using your name, and the papers printed it Wheeler, so that Hodge didn't know of your accident.

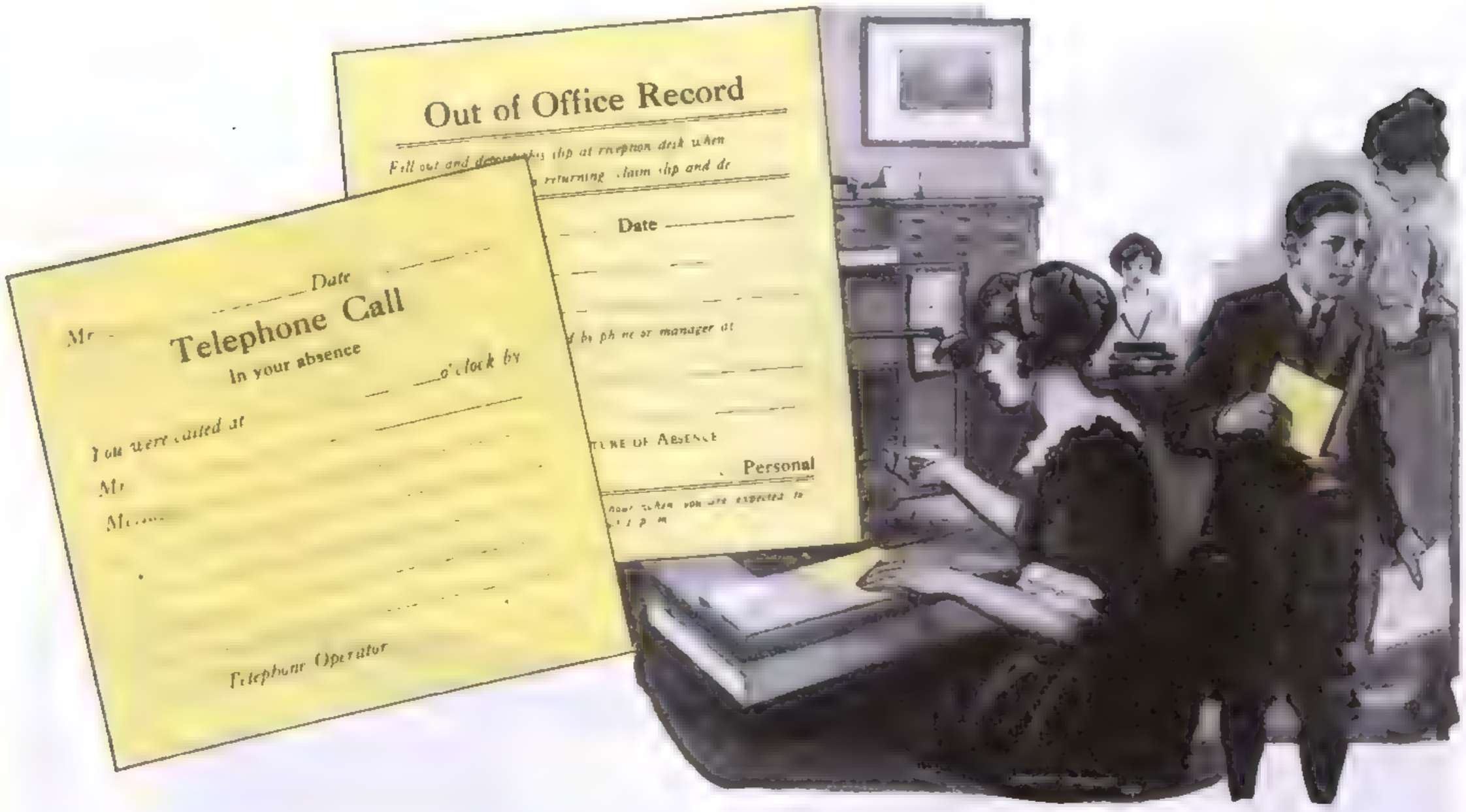
"To-night when he appeared for work we tucked him under."

"We cleaned up the whole nest," said the chief. "Even the poor rubber stamps who winged you."

"You see, Apperson, they didn't know the money was counterfeit, and began spending it."

"I know," said Apperson. "It hadn't been numbered."

"You are under arrest," said Merrifield.



Ten Seconds of a Busy Girl's Time—

BLAKE, purchasing agent for the Reliance Nail Co., wants to place a big order for wire, and he calls up his friend Brown, a salesman for the Acme Steel Co.

Brown is out, and if the switchboard girl at his office forgets to tell him of Blake's call, he and his firm may lose a ten-thousand-dollar order.

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The Utility Business Paper

This un-retouched photograph shows Goodyear Cord Tires in service on a semi-trailer, one of the lumber hauling units of the Co-operative Tie & Timber Co., Oklawaha, Fla.

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GOODYEAR

The Route of Least Resistance —Via Pneumatics

"On solid tires our trucks had to go long distances around bad stretches to get to the good. Pneumatics meant taking the short cuts, regardless of sand and corduroy roads infested with stumps, roots and marl. After carefully weighing the situation we changed to pneumatics. During approximately a year and a half no Goodyear Cord Tires have actually worn out; some are still going after 18,000, 20,000 and 25,000 miles of service."
—L. D. Lossing, Local Manager, Co-operative Tie & Timber Co., Oklawaha, Fla.

TRAINED and conservative observation constantly confirms, as in this instance, certain well-defined advantages of Goodyear Cord Tires broadly beneficial to motor haulage.

In radically different duty these adaptable pneumatics increase efficiency and economy by displacing effects of the solid tire unfavorable to drivers, loads, trucks and roads.

They smother shock, grip in slippery going, are persistently nimble and combine these virtues in a fine tire body made rugged with the sinews of Goodyear Cord construction.

Designed and built with the scrupulous care that protects our good name, this construction has supplied the practical basis for the whole success of the pneumatic truck tire.

Its present influence on motor transportation clearly reflects Goodyear's pioneering of improved truck operation with all-year highway fleets shod with Goodyear Cord Tires.

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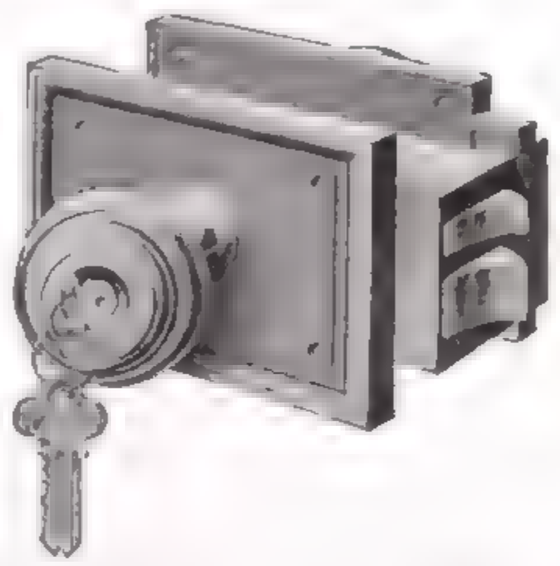

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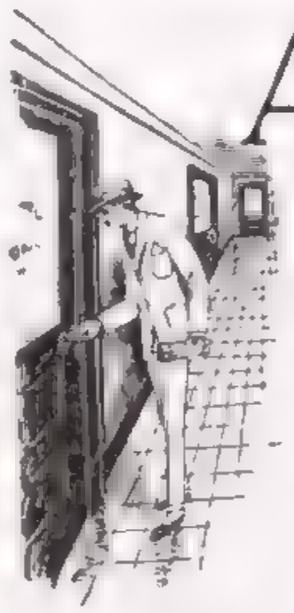

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CORBIN

THE BREAD SUPPLY OF THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 9)

wheat and rye, the heaviest crop of bread grains since the beginning of the war. The crop in Italy was forecast as 5,000,000 tons, but drought is already reported to have made serious reductions in this figure. The crop in the United Kingdom is expected to be one-quarter lower than last year, on account of reduced acreage. The crops of Spain and of the five neutral nations contiguous to Germany are forecast to fall within normal limits. The wheat and rye of Germany are below normal and the prospects of the east are poor. Everywhere in Central Europe early frosts made seeding last fall very difficult and the acreage was reduced in consequence. In Bulgaria, in Rumania and in the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes the acreage planted to wheat and rye last fall was so low and the condition in the early spring of this year so poor that the authorities of those states refused to sell their exportable surplus of wheat on the ground that they expected to need it themselves during the coming year. Conditions have greatly improved during recent weeks and these countries now expect again an exportable surplus.

The sum total of the forecasts for the present crop of wheat and rye in Europe outside of Russia represents 39,600,000 tons. Favorable weather may raise this figure 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 tons; unfavorable weather may reduce it by as much or more.

No one who has surveyed the nutritional conditions in Europe can believe that Europe should attempt to subsist during the coming year upon less bread than during the past year. Taking the figure of 39,600,000 tons as representing the wheat crop of Europe outside of Russia, where is the rest to be secured?

Exportable Surpluses

In the first place, three of the states of Europe have an exportable surplus in excess of the needs of their own nation. In Bulgaria, Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes is a carry-over of approximately 800,000 tons. If the forecasts of the present crop are maintained, 1,000,000 tons should be added to this figure. But this grain is included in the crop of Europe and must not be counted twice. The combined judgments of governmental officials and trade experts place the present wheat crop of the United States at 800,000,000 bushels, which, after allowance for seed, normal carry-over and requirements for flour, would leave an exportable surplus of 150,000,000 bushels, or approximately 4,000,000 tons. A half million tons of rye will be available. The forecast crop in Canada will apparently furnish nearly as much more for export. These figures of course may be considerably changed by harvest time. But they will serve for the present computation.

The sum of these figures plus the carry-over would represent an exportable surplus from the countries mentioned available for Europe during the year '20–'21 of approximately 19,300,000 tons.

The various buyers of wheat outside of Europe and Asia accounted in the prewar period for about 2,500,000 tons a year, and this figure must be subtracted from the 19,300,000 tons representing the exportable surplus previously arrived at. This would leave for Europe some 16,800,000 tons. This figure added to the figure for the forecast of the European crop, 39,600,000, equals 56,400,000 tons—enough to meet the bread requirement of Europe on the plane of the present year. But in order to do this the carry-over of the world—India and Russia excepted—would be absorbed with the exception of such surpluses as may be produced in excess of the stated crop yields. In other words, the world might face the crop of the fall of 1921 without a carry-over. When one recalls that the carry-over of last year was 6,100,000 tons and of this year 6,700,000 tons, one is brought face to face with the realization of the meaning of the situation next year if no carry-over were to be available. A short crop in North America next year would under such circumstances be a calamity for the world. The sum of the carry-over from the last year and the forecast available surpluses of the present year added to the forecast crop of Europe outside of Russia will provide Europe outside of Russia with just about enough bread grain to maintain the minimal supply of the present year.

In this computation I have taken no account of India and Russia. Russia has exported no grain since 1915. With all allowance for demonstrated reduction of acreage, wastage by war, losses and decomposition owing to lack of cover for storage, it would seem certain that there must still be bread grains in Russia in excess of Russian needs. The last crop in South Russia gave a heavy yield per acre, though the acreage was reduced. In Central Russia there was increased acreage of rye at the expense of flax, because the peasants planted it to meet the scarcity brought about by breakdown of transport that prevented grain being shipped in from South Russia. Grain must also be stored in Siberia. When bidding for resumption of foreign trade soviet newspapers in Russia frequently suggest such figures as 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons available surplus grain for export when Russia is reopened, but conversations with deputies of the present Russian Government have convinced the writer that these figures are gross exaggerations.

Europe Lean and India Fat

A British mission investigating conditions in South Russia has reported the figure of 1,500,000 tons surplus wheat available for export; and a soviet trade negotiator with whom the writer discussed the question in March agreed that this was a fair figure, which furthermore is in agreement with other data from several sources and secured in various ways. This surplus, however large, has no meaning for the coming year. The breakdown of railway and river transportation in Russia is so extreme and progressive from month to month as to make it certain that if Russia were opened to free trade to-day no material amount of grain could be moved out of Russia for a year except at the price of starvation of large numbers in Central and North Russia. Grain stored in Siberia is still less accessible than in South Russia. Both Russia and the world need to have Russia opened for intercourse, industry and commerce; but the needs do not revolve about the present exportable surplus of wheat.

The conditions in India are unusual and remarkable. The acreage is large and the condition of the crop good. The crop is indeed forecast at 9,500,000 tons as against the normal of 7,500,000. And yet it is not believed that over 500,000 tons will be available after the monsoon has set in, certainly not over 1,000,000. This is due in part to the demand for rice, in part to increase of consumption. For months the exportation of rice from India was prohibited. Of Burma rice not over 600,000 tons will be marked for export during the year. The Siam crop was not a failure as reported, but it is not believed that over 500,000 tons will be available for export. The normal exportation of Burma and Siam rice was about 2,000,000 tons. The Saigon rice crop is normal. But the Oriental demand is very heavy, the price is high, there is a high export duty and the purchase must be paid in silver, so that no relief is to be anticipated from this direction.

Prosperity in India has led to increased consumption of foodstuffs. The high price of jute and other Indian products and the enhanced value of silver and gold, with which all Indian commodities must ultimately be paid for, have resulted in enormous increase in the buying power of the Indian population, extending practically through all classes. Millions were more or less underfed in the prewar period. They are now feeding up. Ten years ago India was lean and Europe was fat; to-day Europe is lean and India is fat. With the prewar consumption of wheat the crop of India should yield 2,000,000 or 2,500,000 tons for export; under present conditions it is not safe to count on more than 500,000 tons. Not only in India has the consumption of wheat increased; this is also true of China and Japan. In each of these countries classes that previously ate little wheat

(Concluded on Page 104)

Zinc

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The world's standard for Zinc products

New Jersey
zinc

(Concluded from Page 102)

are eating more of it, and classes that ate only rice have added wheat to their diet. Japanese buying of wheat in Australia has led to unforeseen difficulties; and if the purchasing power of China and Japan remains high during the coming year we must expect to find them entering the markets of India and the Argentine.

The increase in consumption of food in Asia is not limited to wheat but is also evident in sugar. During the war years, when sugar could not be moved from Java, it fell to a low price and was eagerly consumed by Indians, Chinese and Japanese. Despite great increase in the price of Javanese sugar it still lies within the buying power of the Indians, Chinese and Japanese; and Java, which used to furnish the markets of the world with nearly 1,500,000 tons a year, is now practically closed to us.

Two qualifying factors still remain to be introduced. It is assumed that Europe could buy and transport 16,000,000 tons of wheat and rye. The financial limitations of Europe do not concern us here. The shipping limitations persist. Though a certain amelioration has become noticeable during recent weeks, by and large the statement is justified that judged by performance tonnage has been as scarce since the day of the armistice as it was during the last two years of the war. This has been due to scarcity of coal and to delays in loading and discharging. The port delays have everywhere been appalling; and the net result of inefficient operations has been that tonnage has remained as expensive and deliveries as delayed as was the case a year ago.

Up to the present year the larger exportable surplus lay on the shorter haul. In the present calculation for the coming year it is assumed that 4,500,000 tons of wheat will be lifted from La Plata when as a matter of fact 3,300,000 tons is the largest amount that has ever been lifted from the Plate during one year. We are therefore predicating an increase of shipments from the Plate for which we have no statistical warrant and which is not supported by present experience with ocean carriage.

Bad Transport and High Prices

Under these circumstances it is clearly the duty of every nation in Europe to plant more wheat and rye in the fall of this year. It is also the duty of North America, South America and Australia to plant more wheat. A scarcity of bread grain will profit no country. The frenzied buying of hungry nations, under the present circumstances of exchange and transportation, would result in speculation of the most extreme type, which in every country would occur at the expense of the consumer and to a very small extent only to the profit of the producer. The truth of this statement is clearly indicated in conditions in our country at the present time. The present price of wheat, $4.20 a bushel, nearly a dollar above the fixed price, holds at a time when we are going into a new crop with a carry-over of 150,000,000 bushels—unparalleled in our history except in 1915. Of this high price the farmer has had little gain. The price rests upon breakdown in transportation. European buyers at seaboard compete with each other for the small amount of wheat that in the present state of railway service can be brought to seaboard. The result is a high seaboard price that is not reflected directly in the primary markets, and is of little advantage to the farmer.

There is unquestionably some speculation in the buying; but the chief reason for the high price is that the demand is in one place and the supply is in another place and our disorganized railways are not in position to expedite the shipment of wheat from the Middle West to the Atlantic seaboard. Inefficiency of railway transport in this country must be expected to continue for another year or two, since it rests upon insufficiency of engines and cars that cannot be quickly made good. A speculative and frenzied world price for wheat during the next year, due to a world shortage, would therefore find an exaggerated expression in our country in the shape of a greatly increased spread between wheat price of producer and flour price of consumer. It would indeed not be outside of the range of possibility to witness a relatively low price at the primary markets with a high price at the milling centers and at seaboard.

This anomalous state of affairs is almost inevitable with a speculative market and broken-down transport, and would have occurred in every country of Europe during the past year if the prices had not been controlled by the governments. We are done with price control, as is also the case in Canada, South America, Australia and India. Every nation in Europe continues price control of bread grains during the coming year. Under these circumstances, paradoxical as it may seem, increased production in the world promises the best price to producers of wheat in the countries of free market. In other words, increased production is not only demanded by humanitarian considerations and by broad definition of the needs of the world, it is also warranted by economic considerations; the interests alike of wheat raisers and flour consumers outside of Europe will be better served by large crops and stable prices than by small crops and frenzied prices. The full realization of this depends upon restoration of transport on land and sea; large crops and ready transport mean relatively high prices to growers and relatively low prices to consumers. Free markets and ready transport mean stability and security from speculative influence. By this time American farmers must have learned that speculative high prices are not reflected to the grower.

Increased Acreage Required

For the wheat-exporting nations of the world the motive for an increased acreage must lie in the prospect of a remunerative price. It seems to be the judgment of the experienced wheat traders of the world that the price for the coming crop, a truly world price so far as the exporting nations are concerned, will be appreciably higher than the fixed governmental prices of the last years. The accumulated surpluses of Australasia brought the producers between seventy and ninety cents a bushel; and the present Australian crop, the price of which was to have been free, was a failure. Argentine wheat was $1.65 a bushel in November, 1918. It was driven up by speculators until it stood in July at over $2.75 a bushel, since which time the price gradually fell to $1.90, only to rise recently to $2.90.

In order to appreciate fully this speculative drive in price one must visualize the accumulated tons of wheat that were lying in Argentina. There seems to be no question that with dependable transportation within the wheat-producing countries and with further amelioration in the conditions of ocean shipping, the prices in all exporting countries would approximate a world price minus freight charges; and that this price would be higher than $2.26. In this contemplation lies the motivation in North and South America and Australia for the plantage of increased acreages of wheat in the fall of this year and the spring of the coming year.

An increase of acreage in these countries is attained with relative ease because it is not conditioned to a marked extent by price of fertilizer, scarcity of work animals or scarcity of seed; but it is conditioned to some extent in all of the countries mentioned by shortage of labor. Conditions in marketing are bad in this country, but promise to be better for grain than for other commodities. The costs of production are high, but probably not so much elevated for the raising of wheat and rye as for the production and maintenance of animals. The spread between producer and consumer is abnormally and excessively wide, but this too is less in evidence for grains than for meats and dairy products. In such uncertain times the more perishable the produce the greater the difficulties of the producer. These conditions should operate in favor of an increased acreage of wheat and rye this fall and next spring.

In Europe conditions are different and far more difficult. In most of the countries of Europe, outside of Russia, wheat and rye have for a long time been cultivated largely with the use of artificial fertilizer. The gold prices of nitrate, phosphate and potash are very high; and in terms of the depreciated exchanges of Europe they are entirely out of the question. Everywhere in Europe except in the United Kingdom, Spain, and the small nations contiguous to Germany, agriculture suffers from shortage of work animals and deterioration of machinery. There is also a shortage of labor, though this deficit is to a great extent repaired by the work of women. Large numbers of men are still under arms in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, and Italy; and the continued mobilization of these men occurs at the direct expense of agriculture.

The natural expectation for Europe would be that the surplus of one area should be used in other areas. This, however, has proved impossible this year and may next year prove impossible. No device or pressure has sufficed to secure the transfer of the surplus grain of Rumania and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes to Austria and Poland. Indeed it has not been possible to send the grain of the northern portions of the last-named country—from Croatia and the Banat—to the starving peoples of southern Serbia, Bosnia and Herzegovina. The grain remains in the area of production and will be stored or fed to animals. This situation is due in part to lack of transport, in part to the fact that the buying countries have no commodities to offer in exchange, in part to the hemming influences of new boundaries, in part to racial disinclination and political motivation. Flour has gone from California to Vienna while wheat lay on the ground a few hundred miles to the southeast. This is a condition and not a theory.

The greatest difficulty for Europe in a program of increased acreage of wheat and rye lies in the apparent inability of the governments to offer a remunerative price to the peasant. Only in France and Italy has a clear-headed and intelligent policy of high-price guaranty been followed. Last year the French price was seventy-three francs a quintal, and the Italian price eighty-five lire a quintal. For the present year these prices are to be raised in consideration of the fall of exchange. The French price will probably be in the neighborhood of ninety-five francs a quintal, the Italian price about 110 lire a quintal. These prices, while not comparable in gold figures with the prices of last year, are in terms of gold still relatively high—nearly two dollars a bushel in France and $1.70 in Italy, with the exchange rising.

The Wheat Price in England

The British Government made a short-sighted announcement of seventy-six shillings a quarter at a time when imported wheat was costing 124 shillings a quarter in Liverpool. This home price was later raised to ninety-six shillings; but the damage had been done and even this price was too low, and the wheat acreage will this autumn fall to the prewar level. No other result was to have been expected when it is realized that it was practically twice as remunerative to raise barley at a free price as to raise wheat at the controlled price. Conditions in Germany and Central Europe are still worse. The prices announced for the present crop in Germany have varied from 1100 to 1400 marks a ton for different sections of the country. Taking the latter figure, this amounts to $0.80 gold a bushel. The prices offered in the small countries to the east of Germany are as low as $0.30 gold a bushel.

In Germany and in Central Europe illicit traffic in foodstuffs is rampant. Illicit traffic in bread grains is difficult, because the grain must be milled and the governments control the mills. Therefore, in effect the peasant must take the government price for bread grains. But meats, eggs, poultry and dairy products are sold in illicit traffic at huge prices, and it is far more profitable to the peasant to devote himself and his crops to the production of these commodities. In a series of comparative prices studied during recent months in the countries of Central Europe it was proved that it was at least five times as profitable for a peasant to market the produce of an acre in animal and dairy products as in the form of bread grains at the fixed prices. Fear of requisition depresses the acreage directly. Under these circumstances the acreage devoted to bread grains tends to fall while the acreage devoted to animal and dairy products tends to rise. In all of these countries there are huge bread subsidies. The governments, which are more or less socialistic and antiagrarian, cannot be brought to the view that it is better to print paper money for a high price of domestic wheat than to print paper money to subsidize bread made from a high-priced imported wheat.

Everywhere in Europe governmental control in one form or another complicates the situation and defers the reëstablishment of fluidity in world markets. The bread subsidy in the United Kingdom has been £90,000,000 a year. Centralized governmental buying in Europe means that the producer and consumer in the country of free markets are alike placed at great disadvantage. This control may be used to operate against the consumer at one season and against the producer at another season. Though the conditions of exchange compel Europe to maintain control of imports this control in the long run injures her as well as the producing countries.

Farming of Paramount Importance

One further factor complicates the situation in Central Europe. Everywhere in Central Europe and also in Germany large estates are being, or are to be, subdivided. In Russia, and in all the countries of Central Europe from the Baltic to the Black and Adriatic Seas, a study of prewar crop records indicates that the yield to the acre was roughly proportional to the size of the holding. This was due to the fact that the large holdings had efficient managers, good machinery, practiced better agriculture, and also, unfortunately, exploited their labor.

Now with the division of the land into small holdings of individual peasants the exploitation of labor is gone, in theory at least. Gone also are the intelligent manager, the high-grade equipment and the abundance of work animals that were made possible by the capitalization of the large estate. Everywhere the tendency of the peasant with his individual holding is to work enough to cover the needs of his family and to furnish him in addition with that small buying power required to cover his simple purchases. The result is a lowering in the yield to the acre. If a thousand-acre estate employing thirty men were divided into thirty farms, the combined produce of these thirty farms would not, in the present state of agriculture in Central Europe, equal the produce of the one large estate; even though the acreage were maintained the total yield would be smaller. As a matter of fact the wheat acreage of last year is not maintained, according to the statistics of this year. And this falling off is causing almost as much embarrassment to the wheat-exporting states—Bulgaria, Rumania, and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes—as to the wheat-importing states—Poland and Czechoslovakia.

The peoples of Europe are on a greatly lowered standard of living. The rations should be increased if possible, to augment working strength. It is easy to say that potatoes and sugar should be increased in order to supplement bread and provide a commodity to export in purchase of bread. But potatoes and sugar beets are harder to raise than grain, require more labor and fertilizer, and tax transport more. In addition, selection of seed has been neglected for several years. Europe had last year millions of tons of sugar beets and potatoes freeze and rot in the ground for lack of transport and coal. Except for potatoes in the family garden and in certain zones, increase in food would be best promoted by forced increase in acreage of wheat and rye.

The world must return to work, and the nearest work is agriculture. It is more important for the world to employ the proved agricultural resources than to attempt to exploit the war-expanded manufacturing capacity.

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Do your washing at home for sanitary reasons

Gainaday
Washer Wringer

NOTHING BUT BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 34)

A person who acts that way doesn't usually want to buy anything. More likely he is trying to learn the value of his own diamond without paying a fee to have it appraised.

Hot-tempered jewelers have been known in such cases to grab their merchandise out of a customer's hand and suggest that there is plenty of room outside.

But Henry Parks restrained his natural impulses. There was one chance in a thousand that the fat man might mean business; a sale would make it possible to pay something on account to Bailey & Jacobs.

The fat stranger had a surprising knowledge of diamonds. He asked questions about the weight and cutting; he said disparagingly that the setting was too heavy for the stone. Henry met all his objections cheerfully, trying to make a sale in spite of the slim prospect. But it was no use. The fat man's interest subsided and he handed back the ring.

"I guess we can't do no business to-day," he said bluntly and turned to leave.

Henry walked with him to the door, determined to do his full duty.

"I'm sorry you can't use the stone," he said politely. "If you don't find anything that suits you better, come back. I'm glad you called anyhow."

The fat man walked heavily up the street toward Lampson Brothers. Parks felt pretty well discouraged at last.

Frank Bailey and his lawyer would be on hand in the morning and he had nothing for them but promises.

At eleven o'clock next morning Henry Parks presented himself at the desk of the St. Agnes Hotel and inquired for Mr. Frank Bailey, of New York. Mr. Bailey was in and had left word for the visitor to come up to Room 859. Three minutes later Parks knocked at the door bearing that number and was admitted.

Frank Bailey was a grizzled veteran of the wholesale game whose nerves had become frazzled by thirty years of struggle with slow-paying retailers. To make matters worse, several of his customers had recently gone the bankruptcy route. He was in that frame of mind which inclines a man to believe the worst of everyone; when he believes the only safe rule is to get the money first.

He introduced Parks to the attorney, Mr. Stenzel, a rotund man with a pleasant manner which did not seem quite natural. A third man, to whom they did not bother to introduce Parks, sat at the far end of the room clumsily fumbling a wallet of papers. The third man was Jonas Abeles, backer of the Lampson establishment and indirectly the cause of Henry Parks' troubles.

The presence of Jonas Abeles was not altogether an accident. Attorney Stenzel had long craved the chance to handle some of the big diamond importer's legal business; happening to meet him in the hotel lobby that morning Stenzel had asked him to sit in at the session which was to decide Parks' future. He would demonstrate to the big man how skillfully he could handle a delinquent debtor.

Proceedings were opened by the attorney. He produced a paper from his pocket and laid it on the table before Henry Parks.

"There is a statement of your account with Bailey & Jacobs, Mr. Parks," he said blandly. "It shows that you are owing them something over twelve thousand dollars. Practically all of it is past due. I presume you can let us have a check for the amount this morning?"

Mr. Stenzel was the kind of attorney who starts in mild and pleasant and ends up rough and strong. To Parks it seemed an unnecessary humiliation; it was self-evident that he could not let anyone have a valid check for twelve thousand dollars.

"You know I can't pay right now," he said, "but if Bailey & Jacobs can give me a little extra time ——"

"Did Bailey & Jacobs promise to give you extra time when you bought the goods?" demanded the lawyer sharply.

Parks had to admit that no concessions had been promised; he had bought the merchandise on regular terms, presuming that he would be able to pay when the bills fell due. Business was dull and he had not taken in the money. That was all there was to it.

"Then you admit that you can't pay? You deliberately bought valuable merchandise from Bailey & Jacobs on the mere chance that you might get the money before the bills fell due?"

Attorney Stenzel was working himself up into a state of righteous indignation, his voice loud and condemnatory. He shot a quick glance toward the corner of the room where Jonas Abeles sat, to see if the big man appreciated his work. Old Jonas did not appear to be taking much notice; he still sat back in his chair fumbling with his wallet of papers and chewing untidily on his black cigar.

Having presumably got his victim well scared the attorney became a little milder, but still severe.

"I don't pretend to understand your actions, Mr. Parks," he said, "in buying more than twelve thousand dollars' worth of merchandise from my clients when you admit that you had no real reason to believe that you would be able to pay the bills. But bad as the matter appears, perhaps we may be able to straighten it out."

He consulted some papers which he drew out of his inside pocket, and continued.

"According to this statement which you sent my clients," he said, "your total indebtedness is nearly thirty thousand dollars. Of this you owe Bailey & Jacobs more than twelve thousand. Now I have thought of a plan by which you may save your business. It is this. We will draw up a private agreement in which you will promise to pay Bailey & Jacobs one hundred cents on the dollar within two years. Then I will see the other creditors, telling them you are in a bad fix, and persuade them to accept fifty cents on the dollar for their claims. By settling on this basis you will be in better shape and my clients will be more certain of getting their money."

He waited for the logic of his argument to sink in. It was perhaps a minute before Parks answered.

"You mean that I am to skin everyone but Bailey & Jacobs?" he asked quietly.

"I wouldn't put it baldly that way," said the attorney, flushing a little. "But unless you get some relief you are going to be closed up. Should your stock be sold at auction the chances are that all of your creditors will lose money, Bailey & Jacobs included.

"If you will agree to settle with the other creditors at fifty cents on the dollar we will protect you. But if we have to come in on the same basis as the others we are through with you."

The attorney waited for his answer. Grizzled old Frank Bailey drummed nervously on the table with his fingers. The fat man at the far end of the room seemed to notice for the first time what was going on; he stopped fumbling with his wallet of papers and turned half round in his chair to listen. Parks stood up and faced the lawyer, speaking very slowly.

"All right then," he said, "if I have got to buy protection by trimming more than half of the people to whom I owe money you may as well get through with me right now."

"You mean that, do you?" queried the attorney menacingly.

"I certainly mean it," replied Parks tersely. "I am ready to turn my business over to my creditors at any time. The stock will pay a hundred cents on the dollar if properly administered, but Bailey & Jacobs will have to come in on an equality with all the others."

"And where will you be then?" snarled the attorney.

"You will be flat broke and looking for a job to sit down at a workbench somewhere, fixing clocks and watches. No walking round town as a high-class business man, on chamber-of-commerce committees and belonging to the country club. You will be nothing but an ordinary mechanic. And that's all you are fit for if you haven't sense enough to know a liberal offer when it is made you."

In his professional excitement the attorney stood up and thumped the table; he would show the great Jonas Abeles how well he could handle delinquent debtors. But Parks quietly stood his ground.

"Yes, I will be just a mechanic," he said. "But I am going to try and be such a good mechanic that people will want to do business with me. This time I made the mistake of expanding too fast for my capital. But I shan't do that again. Now I am going out to find a place to set up my repair bench and get to work."

Parks picked up his hat and moved toward the door. Old Jonas Abeles spoke for the first time. "Wait a minute, young feller," he called out.

Then he rose clumsily from his chair and approached Attorney Stenzel. Henry Parks gave a little start of surprise. He recognized the fat man as the same individual who had taken up his time the afternoon before in getting his ring appraised for nothing.

"The young feller is all right," Abeles was saying to the lawyer. "Just give him a few thousand dollars' worth more goods on credit and he'll pull out."

"My clients aren't going to throw good money after bad," Stenzel answered shortly.

"You wouldn't take no chances on this feller," Abeles argued. "Yesterday I tried him out. I went in his store and acted awful irritating on purpose. He didn't try to throw me out or nothing. He just kept on trying to sell me."

"That's got nothing to do with the money he owes Bailey & Jacobs," put in Frank Bailey cynically.

"But it shows he's willing to work," persisted Abeles. "And just now he showed he was honest. He wouldn't skin his other creditors even if you closed him up for it. You can't lose no money on a man who is honest and will work. Give the young feller a chance."

"I'll give him nothing," snapped Stenzel, forgetting in his excitement that he was snapping at the great Jonas Abeles, "except a chance to turn his business over to my clients."

Jonas Abeles set his feet wide apart, thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets and rolled his untidy cigar round in his mouth a couple of times before he answered.

"You don't need to give him a chance, then," he said, "because I'll do it myself, by golly!

"He can buy fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods from me right now. And I'll give him a year's time to pay for them."

"That's very nice of you, Mr. Abeles," said Stenzel sarcastically, "but merchandise is not cash money, and he owes Bailey & Jacobs twelve thousand dollars that is past due. How about that?"

"My customers is always on a cash basis," answered the big man cheerfully. "Get that statement of yours verified and I'll lend him the money to pay you to-day."

"You must be going into philanthropy as a side line," retorted Stenzel. "Taking on Parks here as a customer when you are already backing Lampson Brothers."

Jonas Abeles paused on his way out of the room and snapped his fat fingers in disgust.

"Lampson Brothers," he rasped, "is customers of mine no more. They was all right when they needed my help, but after they made money they don't act fair. Three times lately they take off discounts to which they ain't entitled. And when I write them about it they say I got to stand it because some other wholesaler offers them such terms. I come to this town yesterday on purpose to look for a new customer, and now I got him."

Still grumbling to himself he took Henry Parks by the arm and led the way toward the elevators.

"The extra discount they took was only forty dollars," Abeles went on, "but the principle ain't right. A feller that is skinning his wholesaler out of small discounts all the time maybe gets the habit. Then when a chance comes along to skin his creditors big, he does that too."

Down in the hotel lobby Henry Parks tried stumblingly to say some words of appreciation, but Abeles waved him off.

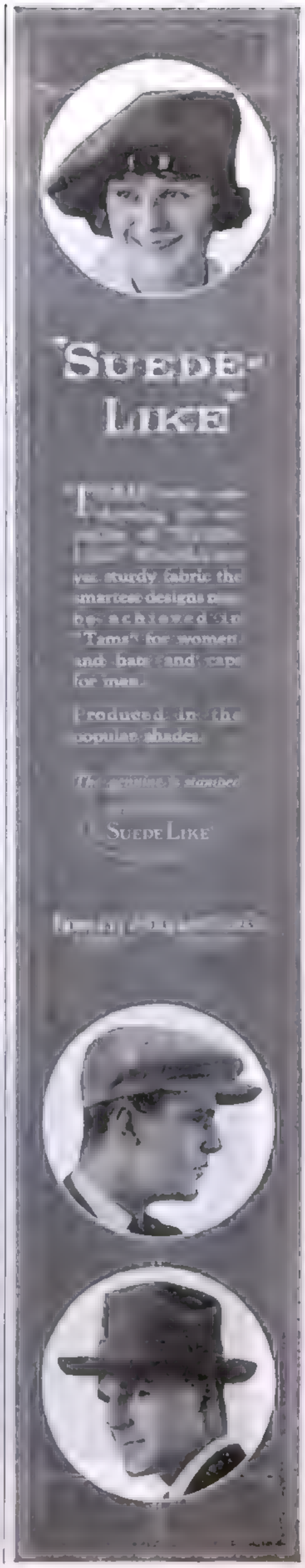
"It ain't nothing but business," he said tersely. "I got to have a customer in this town, and I figure you can sell more goods for me than anyone else. Just business, that's all."

He began to talk about the amount of merchandise Parks needed, and to suggest plans for the future; then he broke off suddenly.

"I guess we're forgetting something, ain't we?" he asked.

"What is that?" answered Henry.

"You ain't telephoned your wife yet," Abeles said gravely. "You better do it right now. I bet she is worrying. You shouldn't never let your wife worry a minute longer than necessary."



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"I am the owner of a new Hudson—my first. I wonder if you people ever think how much confidence it gives a new owner to see all the old Super-Sixes so able in duty.

"It is not always a manufacturer likes to be reminded of his earlier product. But I think if you will observe your Super-Sixes of early issue—notice how much pride is shown in their finely kept, well-groomed appearance and see how beautifully they are performing today—you will feel a gratification that will repay you for building so well.

"As for myself, I expect to have my Super-Six a good many years. And it is comforting to see in the older Super-Sixes what I can look forward to, in good service, good looks and steadfast reliability."

For nearly five years Hudson has outsold any fine car in the world. Some may say it is because it has proved greater speed, hill-climbing ability and acceleration than any stock car in the world.

What 100,000 Owners Find in Hudson

BUT that is only a part truth. Hudson is the fleetest car. Some have chosen it because of that. Others have wanted its power, its fast acceleration and its easy mastery of the hills. All value these qualities as they contribute to the rounded ability of Hudson performance.

Yet it is chiefly Hudson endurance that holds the loyalty of men year after year. That accounts for its freedom from annoyance, and the absence of mechanical difficulties which mar the pleasure of motoring.

At this season thousands of Super-Six owners and their families are undertaking long motor journeys and touring vacations that will run into weeks of time and thousands of miles. They commit themselves to the Super-Six with no more thought of discomfort or trouble than the experienced traveler feels in taking passage on an ocean liner.

They will explore to the end of the world's roads, far out of touch of service or repair stations, without a question of their ability to return. What they know of Hudson has put concern about the car or the fatigue of the journey remote from mind.

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REMEMBER this reliance in the Super-Six is a tribute to no other car. For the ability and endurance which earned the confidence of all these are exclusive to Hudson.

It results from an invention that no other can use. The patented Super-Six motor by minimizing the destructive force of vibration adds 72% to Hudson power and 80% to efficiency. Speedway and road records that prove such endurance are only possible by that exclusive invention.

Now the experience of more than 100,000 owners and five years of service confirms all that these famous tests promised for Hudson reliability and performance.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(5084)

INSIDE STORIES

(Continued from Page 4)

news breaks, and no sane city editor would assign an apprentice to a task of importance when he has master craftsmen at his beck and call. The callow beginner who, unaided and working against the handicaps of an unappreciative taskmaster at the city desk and self-sufficient, patronizing veterans in the city room, pulls off a monumental scoop, is to be found only in fiction. That, I may add, is exactly where he belongs, seeing that he is the figment either of a fiction-writer's imagination or of a fiction-writer's impulse to use stock models.

There may have been a day when great newspaper reporters were great drunkards, but I'll say this: It was before my day. A certain discipline, which is all the more exact and all the more exacting because on the surface it seems scarcely to exist at all, regulates the interior economies of a properly conducted city room. A modern newspaper no more desires to have a congenital drunkard on its staff than a bank president or a railroad president desires to have drunkards on his staff. Outside of working hours a newspaper man is free to lead the so-called Bohemian life if his fancy thus inclines, but he cannot bring a hangover with him into the office next morning without running the risk of being disciplined or fired.

I'll take that back. He might bring a hang-over in with him once in a great while. Once might be an accident; twice in the same week would be an unpleasant coincidence; and three times would be a fatal habit.

Personally I do not believe that there ever lived a great figure in the newspaper game who did his best work when he was drunk. Probably he did his worst work when he was drunk. Excepting a man who craves to study the effects of delirium tremens at first hand, I can think of no man, be his profession what it may, who qualifies himself for the higher achievement by getting pickled before he starts.

Of all the bunk, though, that is conjured up by story-tellers with newspaperdom for a background and a basis, the bunkiest of all must be credited to the playwriting brethren who introduce into their motifs the popular dramatic conception of a newspaper office. Almost one is moved sometimes to believe that the original creator of this scene—and it has been copied a score of times by playwrights following after—must have been an elderly maiden lady leading a cloistered life in a remote New England village. Surely it was someone who never saw the inside of a daily newspaper shop. Just as in any other establishment where efficiency has been organized to a high state, the place is apt to become quieter than ordinarily as tension increases and as the need for concerted action grows.

When Noise Is Not Zeal

A newspaper office is never a particularly quiet place, but it is apt to be quieter just before press time, when men are working against the clock and when hundreds of loose ends are being coordinated and shaped to purpose and design, than it is at any other hour in the twenty-four.

Once upon a time, back in those hectic early days of yellow journalism, there was a newspaper manager, one of the pioneers of the saffron cult, who confused tumult with enthusiasm and mistook vain noise for proof of zeal; but he didn't last long. His proprietor caught onto him, as Walter Pater would say, and cast him into the outer darkness, or else made an exchange editor of him, which comes to the same thing. These times any functionary in a city room, whether it were the managing editor or the news editor or the make-up editor or the head of the copy desk or so on right down the line to the newest office boy, who shrieked and raved when there was no occasion for shrieking and raving—and there never is any such occasion—who leaped from crag to crag as some character is forever doing in a stage newspaper office, would shortly find himself enrolled in the great army of the unemployed.

Almost the first story to which I was assigned after I had come to New York and had got a job on an evening paper was a threatened strike of the Interborough trainmen. The principal properties then owned by the Interborough were the elevated roads, but the first subway had just been completed and was about to be opened. The certainty that the strike—if it came—would delay the long-promised beginning of operations in the subway gave an added note of interest and apprehension to the prospective tie-up.

For sufficient reasons of his own, Mr. August Belmont, the head of the system, was doing his best to evade the newspaper men. I remember that a squad of us spent a whole day tracking him down. We hunted him from his house to the house of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, where he took part in a conference of some sort; thence to national Democratic headquarters—this was the year of the Roosevelt-Parker campaign; thence to his club, where he ate lunch; thence to the executive offices of the Interborough in a building on Dey Street, downtown; and finally late in the afternoon we trapped him in his own offices on the east side of Broadway in the Wall Street district.

In each separate movement Mr. Belmont had done his level best to confuse the trail, but each time Ray Carroll, the chief beagle of the pack, straightened out the chase. Eventually he surrendered. He had to. The front entrance and the rear entrance to his private suite were picketed and scouts were patrolling the public hallway in case he should make a dash for the elevator; and there were skirmishers downstairs on the sidewalk. He came out to see us, and told us a part at least of what we craved to know.

Mr. Belmont's Question

As we were on the point of leaving he said: "I wish you young gentlemen would tell me one thing. I have answered several questions for you and I'd like for you to answer just one for me: Why is it that newspaper reporters show more zeal in attending to other people's business than the average man will show in attending to his own? I hire the brightest young fellows I can find to work for me here, and I pay them all that they are worth and sometimes more than they are worth, but as a general proposition they very soon get into a routine and stay there. They become creatures of habit. They live in a rut and it isn't often I find one who after the first few months shows the energy, even in emergencies, which you reporters seem to show day in and day out. I wonder why it is?"

As I recall, none of us made a direct reply. Afterward I thought of a reply we might have made. We might have told him that, to begin with, a reporter's life was never a life of routine; that there was no rut into which a reporter might get and continue to be a reporter, because each day's job differed in some particulars from the job of the day before, each presenting some new quirk, some unique angle, which gave to every undertaking a spice of novelty. And there is another underlying cause: A newspaperman's work is spread broadcast on the printed page. It is not swallowed up and lost in a mass of anonymous detail, as the work of a man in a bank or an insurance office or a railroad president's office is likely to be.

His own little world, which means the staff to which he belongs and the staffs of the contemporary papers, has opportunity to measure up the thing he has done against stories on the same subject done by other men and by these gauges of comparison to decide wherein he excelled or wherein he failed to take full advantage of the opportunity presented to him. It largely is the personal equation, which in the last analysis means the equation of vanity, which inspires him to take any risks, to endure any hardships, to go without his meals and his sleep, in order to attain his ends.

Had Mr. Belmont been running a newspaper instead of a transit system I dare say he would have found his staff to be permeated with the same zest for work which he professed to admire in us.

I know of no profession wherein chances for individual initiative, for the exercise of the ability to think quickly and to act as quickly, are so frequent. I recall an instance in point: Some years ago a man waylaid Postmaster Morgan, of New York, on his way from his home to the subway and shot him down, then shot himself. The postmaster, though badly wounded, recovered. His assailant died instantly. A citizen thought he recognized in the dead man a neighbor of his in Harlem, and this claim was published in the extras which appeared on the street within less than an hour after the shooting. A little later, though, it developed that the citizen had made a mistake and that the suicide was really an erratic-mannered stranger who had been occupying a furnished room in lodgings uptown.

Quite by chance a reporter for the paper on which I was employed stumbled upon the fact of the correct identification. The police knew it, but for reasons best known to themselves were endeavoring for the time to suppress it. This reporter, whom we may call Sheridan, set out hotfoot for the house where the assassin had been living, reaching there in advance of the detectives. The proprietor of the establishment, a woman, answered his knock at the door.

"I want to examine the room of one of your boarders," he told her. "A little while ago he shot a man and then killed himself. His name is believed to be So-and-so."

"I'm sorry, mister," said the woman, "but I can't let you in. I just had a telephone message from the police telling me what had happened and ordering me to admit nobody to his room until officers from the station house could get here. They particularly said I was not to let any reporters in."

Hesitation on the reporter's part would have been as fatal to the success of his plan as argument would have been. He neither hesitated nor argued. Taking recourse in a somewhat common subterfuge, he threw back the lapel of his coat and gave the woman an instantaneous glimpse at the fire badge he wore pinned underneath.

"See that?" he said. "I'm not a reporter. I'm from the coroner's office, and in a case like this the coroner comes ahead of the police even. It is my duty to examine the personal effects of this man and it is your duty to assist me in every way possible. If you refuse you will be in danger of prosecution."

Without delay the woman admitted him. She led him up the stairs to the shabby room the stranger had occupied and unlocked the door for him. In five minutes Sheridan had found out what he wanted to know—namely, that the man was a homicidal maniac, a former inmate of an asylum, whose writings showed that for months he had been nursing an imaginary grudge against Postmaster Morgan. His perverted brain had been filled with the delusion that Morgan, as the head of a group of conspirators, had been plotting to withhold from him important private letters.

Two Play Coroner

Sheridan sped round the corner to the nearest pay-telephone station and in half an hour we were on the streets with a second extra giving the real name of the assassin and the principal facts about him, the most important of these being the motive for his act. It was a clean beat.

Five minutes after Sheridan vanished another reporter, whom I shall call Stone, jumped out of a taxicab and hurried up the front steps of the lodging house. Stone, also a reporter for our paper, had been detailed independently to a more remote angle of the shooting. At a police station uptown a friendly desk sergeant whispered to him that the assassin had been staying at such-and-such an address, and Stone darted out and hailed a passing cab and hastened to the place, not knowing of course that Sheridan had been there ahead of him, but only knowing he must move swiftly if he expected to attain any results before policemen arrived afoot or by street car, probably with a queue of reporters behind them.

As in Sheridan's case, the landlady met Stone at the door and barred his way.

"Oh, that's all right, I'm the coroner," said Stone, resorting to the same deceit which his confrere had practiced.

"Is that so?" inquired the woman skeptically. "Well, it may interest you to know that the coroner has been here and gone."

"Yes, I know," said Stone, "but the situation is this: There are two coroners in this part of town. I have the district lying to the south and the man who was just here has the district lying to the north. The middle of this street is the dividing line between the two districts. This house being on the south side of the street is in my district, and so the other coroner made a mistake and went outside of his own jurisdiction when he took charge of this case, which properly belongs to me and on which I must make a report or get into serious trouble."

"Yes, but the other man showed me his credentials," demurred the woman, only half convinced.

"What credentials did he show you?" demanded Stone.

"Why, he showed me his badge."

Out of Stone's pocket came his fire badge. He held it cupped in his hand so that the woman might make out its shape and yet not be able to read the lettering upon it.

"Was it a badge like this?" he asked.

"Yes," she admitted, "it was."

"Well, you see, don't you," he said, "that I have just as much authority to come in as the other man had?—more in fact because, as I've just explained to you, he accidentally went outside of his district into mine."

Completely disarmed of her suspicions, the woman admitted him, and when two detectives appeared they found him in the dead man's room going through the dead man's effects, which already had been hastily rummaged by Sheridan.

Sheridan has quit the newspaper business and is now an important figure in a big moving-picture concern. Stone is out of the game too. He died not so very long ago, leaving behind him a record crowded with reportorial achievements. Along Park Row they still recall memories of his shrewdness, his mental agility and his untiring energies when covering a story which appealed to his imagination and to that bloodhound instinct for nosing out obscure trails which all great reporters possess. They tell tales, too, of another side of his nature. He was by way of being an incurable practical joker.

Trailing the Mythical Duke

Once upon a time Stone had charge of the Tenderloin office of one of the evening papers. His headquarters was in the heart of the theater and hotel district, then centering about Herald Square. On the other side of the street, and almost directly opposite, was the branch office of another evening paper. Over the way one morning there appeared a freshly recruited member of the staff of the opposition sheet. The newcomer was a tall Englishman who wore a monocle and had a rich bah-Jove accent such as rarely is heard off the burlesque stage. I think it was this man's patronizing manner when he met Stone that afternoon, rather than his monocle or his accent, which immediately roused on Stone's part an antagonism for the Britisher, whose name, let us say, was Slocum.

On the following day, first making sure that Slocum was on waiting duty across the street, he called up the opposition office on the telephone and in a disguised voice said he wished to speak to Slocum.

"This is the city desk downtown," he stated when Slocum had answered. "We've just got a tip here that the Duke of Devonshire is stopping at the Hotel Durham two or three blocks from where you are now. He's come over on some private mission. Hurry right round to the Durham and insist on seeing the duke and get a good snappy interview with him. Find out if you can what business he's here on."

"Yes, sir," said Slocum, flattered at being trusted with what he regarded as so important an assignment at so early a stage of his American journalistic career, "I shall go at once, sir."

Stone rang off and immediately rang up the Hotel Durham and asked for the proprietor, a brawny Kentuckian who had lately come up from the South.

"Is that you, So-and-so?" inquired Stone. "Well, this is Cassidy, manager of the Hotel Madrid, speaking. There's a crazy Englishman making the rounds with a mania that he has to see the Duke of Devonshire. I've just found out that he went to two other hotels in this part of town before he came here. He came in about ten minutes ago and asked for the duke, and when the room clerk told him no such person was here he started the biggest rough-house you ever saw—almost wrecked the place. It took three husky porters to throw him out. After they'd thrown him out and as he was

(Continued on Page 114)

Hotpoint

Perhaps you think the principal reason that millions of women use a Hotpoint iron is to avoid the bang and the clang of setting it onto a separate stand. No! But here is the principal reason.

— *when you use an iron with a separate stand, every time you lift it up onto the stand you lift 6 pounds - you do this on an average of 5 times a minute as long as you iron - 30 pounds every minute, nearly a ton an hour*

But with the Hotpoint how different—it is so nicely balanced that a touch tips it up onto the attached stand where it rests handy to your hand. And also—

— the thumb rest is an exclusive feature. *It rests the wrist* and makes it easy to guide the iron into the pleats and tucks

— note that no holder is used—the handle is always cool and is shaped to fit the hand

— the point is always hot enough to press the goods. The edges are rounded to facilitate side ironing

— the Hotpoint has wonderful "balance" and is heavily nickelplated; no wax is needed

— the connecting plug has a cool fiber bar - when the iron is hot enough, pull out the plug and continue ironing without using current

— take it to the coolest, most convenient room in the house. Attaches to any lamp socket

— the hinged top of the plug and the coil spring prevent excessive wear on the cord

— finally, the Hotpoint has the world wide endorsement of womanhood (more than 4,000,000 sold)

Further advantages of the Hotpoint iron will be explained by more than 20,000 dealers, one of whom is doubtless near you. And they will gladly show you many other Hotpoint appliances.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.

CHICAGO

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EDISON
NEWS NOTES

The new battleship "Tennessee" uses 27,500 electrical horse power, enough power to furnish heat, light and power for a city of 100,000 inhabitants. All the baking is done electrically.

In the 75,000 homes in this country in which electrical ranges have already been installed, cooking dinner does not appreciably raise the temperature of the kitchen.

The oven of an electric range is built on the fireless cooking principle which conserves the heat and continues the cooking after the electricity is turned off; roasts retain their juices, are heavier, and bread and cakes retain their moisture longer.

When you build your house or your architect prepares specifications, be sure enough electrical outlets are provided so you can enjoy the full advantage of the convenience and economy of using electrical household appliances.

For the convenience of our customers we maintain the following

SERVICE STATIONS

Ontario, California
St Louis, 1003 Pine St.
Seattle, Maritime Bldg.
Boston, 138 Purchase St
Portland, 412½ Stark St.
Chicago, 157 W. Lake St.
Atlanta, 24 Peachtree Arcade
Los Angeles, 505 Equitable Bldg.
New York, 140–142 Sixth Ave.
Salt Lake City, 147 Regent St
San Francisco, 155 New Montgomery St.

SOME of the many superior features of the Eden are: the Sediment Zone that makes clothes cleaner; the Automatic Clutch to prevent blown-out fuses and a burnt-out motor; the Safety Interlocking Swinging Wringer which cannot wring while swinging or swing when wringing; the Fully Inclosed Moving Parts with fine, cut-steel gears; the Unit Oiling System that does away with the need of mussy oiling; the convenient Cylinder Doors that always stop on top; the Strength and Durability of every part—a washing machine that is built to last a lifetime—safe—speedy—and economical.

Eden

"Why the Sediment Zone Makes Clothes Cleaner"

Things washed in clean water are bound to be purer and look fresher than those washed in water full of dirt and foreign particles.

In the Eden, as dirt is freed from the clothes, it settles at once into the Sediment Zone, where it is trapped in quiet water and cannot get back into the washing cylinder to mingle again with the clean clothes. With this continuous elimination of sediment the Eden always washes your things in clean water.

There is a feeling of satisfaction when putting on an Eden-washed garment or using Eden-washed linens that comes from knowing that they are actually *clean*.

The Sediment Zone is a feature found only on the Eden Washing Machine.

Many other special features have been added and perfected for the convenience and safety of the woman in the home. Your Eden dealer will point out the Eden superiorities in a free demonstration. You can buy if you like and pay as you save.

Send for our Book, "An Eden in the Home," illustrated in colors. *Free on request.*

GILLESPIE-EDEN CORPORATION

New York

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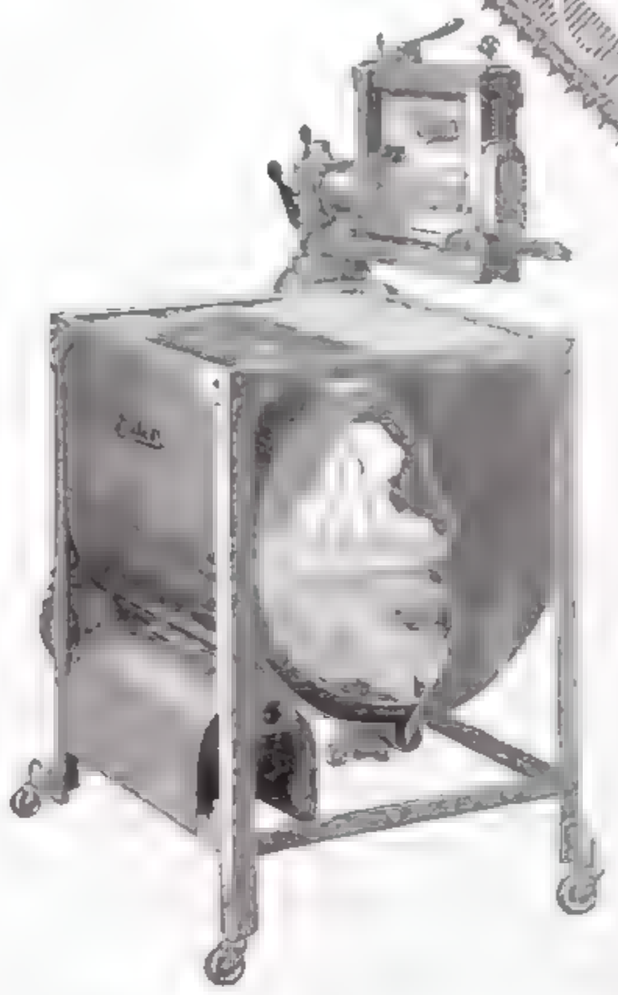
FACTORIES AT LOWELL MASS AND ALTON ILL.

Armco rust-resisting iron is used in the Eden.



This X-ray picture of the Eden Washer shows the Sediment Zone, a depression at the bottom of the tub which traps all dirt and keeps the wash water clean throughout the entire process of washing.

How the Eden Washes

The Sanitary Zinc Cylinder is perforated with thousands of holes—a part of the Eden system of continuous dirt-elimination. Within the cylinder, smooth wooden shelves pick the clothes up, carry them to the top of the revolving cylinder and drop them back. This action is exactly like that which a woman uses in washing a bit of lace in a bowl of suds—the dipping up and down until the garments are spotless and pure.

Blankets, linens, lace curtains, rag rugs and delicate garments—all are washed with the same gentleness and care by the Eden dip. The cylinder need not be full to wash effectively. A single handkerchief is washed as clean as weighty blankets. By the Eden method, light pieces cannot float on top of the water when there is not sufficient weight to hold them down, while the water swishes back and forth beneath them instead of through them. You don't need weight to keep your things under the water in the Eden washer.

The saving of clothes-wear alone makes the Eden the most economical method of washing, and its cost of operation is but a few cents an hour.

(Continued from Page 110)

going away one of the porters heard him muttering to himself that he was bound for your hotel next, so I thought I ought to give you a warning. He's a tall sandy-haired chap—wears a monocle and talks like the boiled-down essence of Piccadilly. If you'll take my advice you'll beat him to it. If I were you I'd have a couple of strong-arm chaps waiting at the desk and the moment he asked for the Duke of Devonshire I'd let that be the cue for them to grab him and throw him out in the street."

"Thanks," said the Kentuckian. "Don't worry—we'll be organized for him when he comes."

And he was, or so Stone deduced when—watching from a window—he saw, fifteen minutes later, the battered and disheveled Slocum dragging himself back into his office to report by telephone to a perplexed superior, who hadn't the least idea of what he was talking about, that in the performance of a perfectly legitimate mission he, without provocation, had been set upon and most grievously assaulted by a ruffianly innkeeper and two accomplices, and further to state, that if these barbarous practices obtained generally in America he intended to resign his position and return overseas to a civilized clime upon the next steamer.

Metropolitan newspaper traditions are dotted thick with annals of successful undertakings on the part of reporters who ferreted out crimes and criminals after the police had failed, but to my mind one of the most notable examples of high-grade detective work ever performed by a newspaper man has never been narrated except by word of mouth. The case at the outset briefly was this: A young man holding a responsible position with a large financial concern lived in a pretty cottage in an outlying suburban district of one of the subdivisions of a big Eastern city. Very early one morning he wakened his wife and told her he heard suspicious noises on the first floor and was going downstairs to investigate. He bade her stay where she was. He took a pistol and slipped down the steps.

A few moments later the wife, waiting above, heard a shot. She screamed for help, rousing the neighbors. A man who lived next door was the first to respond. Coming at top speed he found the front door standing open. He ran in and switched on the lights. The head of the house, shot through the body and dying, was stretched upon the floor of the dining room. His pistol, unfired, was near him. A second revolver, with one cartridge in it freshly discharged and with its barrel still warm from firing, also was lying close by the victim. On the table was a sheet containing silverware tied up in a bundle.

Further search on the part of residents in the vicinity and on the part of the policemen, when they arrived, resulted in the finding of a double trail of footprints, one set leading across the lawn and upon the porch to the door; the other set, spaced far apart as though made by a man running, led back again to the street. Muddied footprints corresponding in outline with those outside were thick upon the carpet in the room where the tragedy had occurred.

The Fox Terrier Clew

The police—and everybody else—advanced the theory that the householder, coming upon a burglar, had been shot down before he had had opportunity to use his own revolver. Going upon this plausible and apparently indisputable hypothesis, detectives scoured the neighborhood, rounding up suspicious characters in wholesale lots and giving them one by one the third degree. A certain reporter, who since has obtained a wide reputation as a special writer, worked on the story. Even after popular interest in the tragedy had somewhat abated, and after search for the supposed murderer had taken on a perfunctory phase, he continued his investigations single-handed. Privately he told his city editor he was not altogether satisfied with the views held by the police department, and the city editor having confidence in the young man's skill as an amateur sleuth told him to take as much time as he pleased for the private inquiry.

Within forty-eight hours thereafter the reporter jolted the town and the police force with sensational disclosures. The victim had not been killed by a housebreaking marauder. He had killed himself. He was in difficulties, though he had managed to keep his embarrassments secret. He carried life insurance for a considerable sum; the policy he had taken out a few months before. The policy contained the customary clause invalidating the insurance in the event the insured should willfully take his own life within a specified scope of time; and so in order that his widow might not be left without means the young man, with infinite care and detail, had planned an elaborate stage setting with a view to creating seemingly incontestable proof that he had died by violence at the hands of another.

Presumably in the early part of the night of the tragedy, while his wife lay sleeping, he had made the double series of telltale tracks, employing for the purpose a pair of shoes much larger than the size which he himself customarily wore. Likewise he had opened the front door, had tied up the silver in a sheet, and finally—after waking his wife—had gone downstairs and shot himself with a revolver procured in advance for that very contingency. The widow had believed he was murdered. The neighbors had believed it. The police all along had been absolutely convinced of it. Then why hadn't the reporter accepted what seemed on the surface of things a plain and provable state of facts?

Here's why: Shortly after he reached the spot—and that meant a very short time after the shooting—he talked with the citizen who had answered the first alarm. That man had said to him:

"Do you know, there's one peculiar feature about this awful thing. There's a pet fox terrier over next door, and when I ran in there after I heard the shot and after I heard Mrs. Blank scream the dog was standing right alongside his master. From all I can gather, the dog must have come downstairs with him when he first heard the burglar at work in the dining room."

A Case of Sheer Luck

"But the curious thing about it is that the dog didn't bark a single time after the shooting took place. And I am almost prepared to swear he didn't bark beforehand either, because I'm a light sleeper and I'm certain I would have heard him if he had. So from this circumstance I figure that the murderer, whoever it was, was somebody that the dog knew—maybe somebody that had worked round the place and had got to be on friendly terms with the dog."

"Did you tell this to the police?" inquired the reporter.

"Yes, I did," said the neighbor, "but they didn't seem to attach any particular importance to it."

The reporter did attach importance to it. He owned a fox terrier and he knew something of the habits of the run of fox terriers. He knew how prone is a fox terrier to yelp when disturbed or excited. With this slender thread to guide him, the reporter, steadfastly keeping his own counsel and taking the tragedy itself for a starting point, worked backward step by step until he ferreted out the facts concerning the insurance policies. By a deft stroke, which in itself would be worth the telling as a separate narrative, he likewise found out the truth relating to the dead man's tangled personal affairs. Finally by the exercise of audacity, persistency, some diplomacy, some intimidating tactics and a great deal of deductive talent, he pieced together the clews into a fabric of circumstantial evidence which could not reasonably be disputed.

Here was a case of a reporter digging out a big story by dint of sheer ingenuity and powers of mental concentration. I recall an equally conspicuous case wherein the element of pure chance—call it luck—enabled a reporter to score a notable beat. This reporter was a green hand at the game. He had a job on an evening paper in a city in the Southwest. His beat was the city-hall beat, so called, including the municipal offices and police and fire headquarters.

One drowsy summer afternoon, business being slack, he slipped away from his post without notifying his chief, and on a street car rode five miles up the river to the northern edge of town on a private mission having nothing at all to do with his duties. As a matter of fact, a sweetheart was the compelling motive behind his truancy. The home of the young woman's parents stood on the river bank at the end of the car line.

Just below the house one of the biggest railroad bridges in the United States was nearing completion. As the youth turned in at the yard gate he faced about to look for a minute at the great structure covered, as it was, with swarming workingmen and steam cranes and hoisting paraphernalia. At that precise moment the huge middle span collapsed, carrying with it, down to death, between fifty and seventy-five men.

The reporter dashed indoors to the telephone and flashed the word of the disaster to his office. His paper was on the street with an extra containing a thrown-together half-column summary of the horror before the staff in a rival shop two blocks away knew even that the ghastly thing had occurred. Indeed the first intimation to the opposition that a monumental news story had broken came when a popeyed circulation manager ran into the city room bearing a copy of the extra which he had snatched from a newsboy on the street below.

With the added advantage on his side of having been an eyewitness, the truant reporter poured additional details over the wire into his own shop in so steady a stream that long before any other reporter for his paper or the opposition paper reached the spot his first bulletins had been amplified into a two-column spread.

Toward dusk, having issued the final edition for the day, the city editor, through the telephone, started to congratulate him upon his coup. And then for the first time, understanding having suddenly come to him, the city editor broke off his commendatory speech to demand, "But say, look here! How the hell did you come to be away up yonder at the Point at three o'clock this afternoon, five miles from where you belong?"

With practice a reporter acquires curious coupled senses of detachment from and attachment to details. Let me illustrate: While off duty a seasoned reporter visits, let us say, some place he has not seen before. Except that his natural processes of observation are perhaps trained to a higher state of development than are those of the average layman, he views the scene merely with a casual eye, chambering no special impressions but taking in only the general broad outlines of the picture. It is as though he had put his reporter's bump to sleep. But let him be sent to the spot with orders to get a descriptive story and at once his vision becomes so sharpened that the salient bits of local color automatically are recorded and mentally card-indexed for use in the story he means to write.

Repression in Telling the News

Under another given set of circumstances the power to exercise this dual faculty is even more paradoxically exemplified. Watch a group of veteran sport writers in the press stand at a baseball game. Seemingly they pay but small heed to the game. They are chatting among themselves. Only occasionally does one of them jot down on a folded scrap of paper a word or a cabalistic cipher. But make no mistake. Not a single essential point of the game is escaping them. That night, merely by reference to a few fragmentary notes and to a copy of the box score, each one of them is able to re-create a brain photograph of every important play that occurred during the full nine innings. It is as though one lobe of his brain had been educated to follow the progress of the play while the other lobe had been left free for the discussion of unrelated matters with his mates; and that, in a way of speaking, is exactly what has happened.

There is a popular fiction to the effect that reporters delight in exaggeration. In the minds of some folk this notion goes even farther. They believe that the most valued reporters necessarily are those who are the greatest fakers. As a matter of fact, reporters who attain to distinction and to lasting reputations in their profession are the reporters who, regardless of natural impulses, cultivate the difficult art of repression and simultaneously develop an adaptability for underestimation in literary expression rather than for overestimation.

Nearly every great news event, and certainly every great crime event, is made up of two chapters running roughly in parallel lines. One of these chapters—or perhaps it would be more proper to call it a serial, since it develops from day to day as developments multiply—is the account which the public reads in print. The other is the inside story, which, for reasons of expediency or because of the danger of libel suits, or oftener still because of respect for public morals and public ethics, or sometimes because of a genuine desire to protect some innocent person from humiliation or suffering, is never printed. And this, too, despite the fact that nine times out of ten, were it printed, it would create a bigger stir than those details which go into the columns.

When one newspaper man asks another newspaper man what the inside story of such-and-such a case is he means that for his own information he desires to hear a frequently scandalous and startling budget of minutiæ which has been withheld from publication altogether, but which all the same is common gossip within the sanctity of every city room in town. The public does not appreciate, I am sure, how common is this practice; certainly the public gives the papers no credit for it.

Reverting for the moment to the personal, I fetch up out of my own experiences as an active newspaper worker memories of two occasions when by printing all that I had been told, instead merely of a part of what I had been told, I might have scored rather impressively.

In the earlier stages of the great war, back yonder in the fall of 1914, I, serving as correspondent for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, was with the German Army in Southern Belgium and Northern France.

At that time, in the official German communiqués, the Crown Prince was being credited with victory after victory. I had never seen the Crown Prince, but I had seen pictures of him, and I doubted—as did many another—whether to his military genius and strategic gifts were due the successes which the forces ostensibly under his command had been scoring in the invasion and the occupation of Allied territory. Along about this time I reached a basis of social understanding with an officer of medium rank who nevertheless stood high in the councils of the imperial general staff.

The Truth About the Crown Prince

One evening at a captured château in France there was a dinner. The food was not especially plentiful, but for all who cared to drink it a gushing abundance of confiscated wine had been provided. Possibly my friend of the staff took more champagne than was good for him. At any rate his tongue loosened as the fuzzy stuff warmed his brain. By someone at the table mention was made of the Crown Prince, the speaker sinking his voice to that tone of reverence which all German soldiers of high or low degree employed those times when naming any member of the royal family.

Turning to my acquaintance, the staff officer, who sat next to me, I said: "Tell me, Von Blank, is it really true the Crown Prince is personally responsible for the brilliant things with which your war office and your intelligence department credit him?"

He stared at me a moment out of those agate-blue Prussian eyes of his, and then with just the faint ghost of a smile twitching at the corners of his mouth under the spiky mustache he said to me: "My friend, listen! I am telling you this only because you are my friend. All true Germans love and admire the Crown Prince. Some day he will succeed his illustrious father upon the throne of the Vaterland, and from our cradles we are taught to give obedience and devotion to those whom we expect shall rule over us. Besides, the Crown Prince is naturally quick-witted, and he is a soldier by profession. But"—and here for just a moment he paused, while his smile broadened—"but we have in our army, as commanders, men who are older than he both in years and in the science of warfare.

"Now then the situation is this: On the evening before an extensive movement is expected, when all the plans have been made, the Crown Prince is escorted to his headquarters, which probably are some distance in the rear of the battle lines, and there he is made comfortable and happy, and there he remains the next day while the fighting is progressing. You understand of course that it never would do to permit the heir to the throne to expose himself to the dangers of an engagement. So!

"He stays where he is, quite serene until near nightfall, let us say, when the fighting is over. Then if all has gone well with our gallant troops his generals accompany him to the Front and to him they say: 'Behold, Highness, what you have this day accomplished!' And he says: 'So! I then have done this? It is well. See to it that I do as well again to-morrow.' And then he returns to his château, and on to-morrow, Gott willing, it is as he has willed."

(Continued on Page 118)

The Round Oak Indian Symbolizes Heating Satisfaction

In more than two million homes the Round Oak Indian, as a symbol on warm air heating systems, ranges or stoves of Round Oak origin, is known to typify products that steadfastly deliver an entirely satisfactory service.

A characteristic trait which the Round Oak Folks have builded into their products for generations is revealed by the pronounced frugality of the Round Oak Moistair Heating System in the consumption of every fuel, including hard or soft coal, coke, wood or gas.

Although users are so highly appreciative of the healthful moisture and glowing warmth it so steadily circulates that they would not begrudge it more fuel were more necessary, it heats amply on reduced rations.

The person with a scientific bent can trace this thrift to important causes: One, the unusual distance that the hot gases must travel, delivering heat the full trip. Two, a most efficient combustion of fuel. Three, an absolute fire control, leaks being prevented by the permanently tight-fitting seamless castings.

Very saving of fuel, too, is the fact that 68° in the Round Oak automatically moistened and circulating air feels like 75° in dry air.

Manifestly this frugal consumption of fuel reimburses the user, many times over, for the little additional investment required to possess this competent system.

The Beckwith Company, Dowagiac, Michigan
"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

ROUND OAK
MOISTAIR HEATING SYSTEM

Throughout the United States and Canada just one good store in each locality handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features: Round Oak copper-fused boiler-iron Chief Range; Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range—patented gas-tight joints; Original Round Oak Heating Stoves; Round Oak Pipeless Furnace—clamped; Round Oak Moistair Heating System. A request to us brings complete information concerning any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million

SAFETEE SOAP CORP., Jay & Johnson Sts., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Enclosed please find ten cents in stamps for big trial size of Safetee Soap checked below. (If both are desired, enclose 20c in stamps.)
☐ Safetee Stick ☐ Safetee Cream
Name
Address
City

Big Trial Offer

SAFETEE SHAVING STICK—"the soap with the Cocoa Butter Center"—is a unique combination of perfect lather and most efficient skin soother. The soap softens and saturates the beard *instantly*—the cocoa butter heals the skin like an added lotion. Made especially for men who use safety razors.

SAFETEE CREAM is a pure, pearly soap that billows into an *instant* lather which paves the way for a quicker and better shave. A real discovery.

Like the Safetee Stick, Safetee Cream will not clog your safety razor.

SAFETEE SOAPS FOR SAFETY RAZORS

Standard size Safetee Soaps sold by dealers everywhere, 30c.

We want every man who uses a safety razor to get acquainted with Safetee Soap—so fill out the coupon and send it to us, enclosing five two-cent stamps—*to-day*.

SAFETEE SOAP CORPORATION
Jay and Johnson Streets
Brooklyn, New York

Cocoa Butter Center

(Continued from Page 114)

Now just at this particular time it would have interested the whole world to learn on the word of a German officer in position to know the facts that the Crown Prince was bedded down miles away from the scenes of his supposed victories. Moreover, no spoken pledge of secrecy had been exacted from me by my wine-bibbing companion when he told me this. Still there was an implied confidence in the relations existing between us. I take no particular credit to myself that I refrained from including in my dispatches the substance of what he told me; that indeed I did not so much as hint at it. I was governed merely by a sense of reportorial proprieties which had been implanted through years and years of training.

Until he reads these lines in manuscript the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will not know that in 1914 I was in position, had I so chosen, to puncture the Crown Prince's lovely little red balloon. But having himself been a newspaper reporter once upon a time, the editor fully will understand and appreciate the motives which guided me in my forbearance when the provocation to divulge the information was very strong. I feel that I can divulge it now without violation of my professional code, because there isn't any Crown Prince any more, but only a foxy-faced fugitive; and the fighting force he professed to lead in 1914 is but a phalanx of ghosts, a thing formless and void.

The other personal illustration I have in mind bears upon an interview had by me with Lord Kitchener, then the head of the British War Office, which was printed in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in December, 1914. It was stated at the time—not by me and not by this publication, but by sundry persons—that this was the only interview granted by Lord Kitchener to a newspaper man in the whole of his life. As a matter of fact, this statement was incorrect. In the South African campaign against the Boers Kitchener more than once made direct statements for publication to British correspondents. But it is true that the interview I secured from him was the only one given by him during the great World War. Also it is true that the only time I ever personally have been accused directly or indirectly of faking was following the publication of the interview.

Kitchener is dead and could not speak for himself even were he so minded. To some it may seem as though I, swollen with a sense of my own self-importance, were digging moldy bones out of an ancient grave when I undertake to revive the memory of this particular incident. But for apter illustration of the point I have been trying to make—namely, that an experienced reporter ofttimes withholds better stuff than he prints—I crave leave briefly to narrate certain circumstances which have never been printed.

Back from the German Front

Less than two weeks out of the German front lines, I landed in London in the late fall of 1914. I was one of three correspondents who had been vouchsafed an opportunity to accompany the invading columns across one corner of Belgium and on into France. Naturally every Englishman with whom I came in contact was interested in having me sketch for him my impressions of the Germans as individuals and as units of a great fighting machine.

One day, in company with Doctor Jameson, the Transvaal raider, and a fellow correspondent who had been my traveling mate while we trooped with the Teutons, I was a luncheon guest at the town house of Lord Northcliffe, whom I regarded then and still regard as the greatest journalist of the English-speaking daily press. It was inevitable that the table conversation largely should deal with the things we two had seen and heard and felt while campaigning with the enemy's forces.

Early next morning a ring on the telephone lifted me out of bed at the Hotel Savoy. Over the wire a voice said: "This is Lord Northcliffe's secretary speaking. Lord Northcliffe wishes to know whether you would care to see Lord Kitchener to-day."

The phraseology confused me as to the real intent of the message. I knew Lord Kitchener's reputation for confirmed reticence. I knew he was supposed never to receive personally any newspaper men. Taken by surprise as I was, I jumped at the conclusion that what Lord Northcliffe's invitation meant was that I might have opportunity, if I so desired, not to meet Lord Kitchener but merely to be at some advantageous point for seeing and for studying at close range perhaps the sphinx-like figure whose very silence had made of him a popular myth and a current superstition and who at that moment bulked so great in the eye of creation.

So I replied: "Well, I'm obliged to Lord Northcliffe, but I'm not particularly interested in seeing Lord Kitchener merely for the sake of seeing him."

Over the wire I caught an echo of the secretary's gasp of astonishment. He went on to explain: "What I mean to say is that if you care to have an audience with Lord Kitchener, Lord Northcliffe desires you to know that the matter already has been practically arranged by him. It is Lord Northcliffe's idea that Lord Kitchener might be interested in hearing some of the things which you told Lord Northcliffe yesterday, and that you might be interested in getting some of Lord Kitchener's views."

That was different. I hastened to accept the invitation with thanks. I was told that if I would be at a certain wing in the War Office at ten o'clock I promptly would be admitted to Lord Kitchener's presence.

The Kitchener Interview

At ten o'clock I was there, and I spent substantially forty minutes in Lord Kitchener's company. As I stated in the article which I subsequently wrote and which was published in these columns, Lord Kitchener put to me probably two questions for every one question I put to him. He prefaced his inquiry by telling me that if in his zeal to serve his own country he chanced to ask me something which I—in view of the fact that I had been a guest, so to speak, of the German Army—felt in honor bound not to divulge, he would not take it amiss should I decline point-blank to answer. It was on this basis of understanding that the dialogue proceeded.

On the following day, being again Lord Northcliffe's guest, I told him in detail what Lord Kitchener had told me, and I asked him whether in his opinion, he having been responsible for the meeting, and having, I take it, vouched for me to Lord Kitchener, I was justified in writing for publication in America the gist and the substance and—so far as a well-trained memory would permit—the language used by Kitchener. In effect his reply was as follows:

"To my way of thinking, there could be no impropriety in your doing that very thing. I know some of the views you have just given in quotation are substantially the same views Lord Kitchener has expressed, and some of the phraseology you have just attributed to him seems to me characteristic of his modes of thought and of expression. Moreover, Lord Kitchener undoubtedly understands and appreciates that I did not bring about this meeting between you merely for social purposes. He knows, too, of course what your profession is. For his purposes he naturally wished to get something from you. For your purposes you are, I think, absolutely justified in getting a return in value from him."

When I reached America a fortnight later I wrote an honest and painstaking and, I am sure, an absolutely accurate account of the call upon Lord Kitchener. I had not taken any notes while I was with him, but almost immediately upon leaving his offices I had made a careful transcript of what he had said to me. It was these memoranda which I now used for freshening my memory. I had done the same thing scores of times before when interviewing notable men in this country.

More or less liberal extracts from my article as it appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST were cabled to England by the resident English correspondents of some eight or ten important English daily newspapers. Following a customary procedure, these cable dispatches, on reaching British shores, were taken over by the press censor, who was an arm of the War Office and a part of the British military establishment. By the censor the dispatches, as subsequently developed, were held for from twelve to eighteen hours. Then without change or elision, without the striking out of a word or the insertion of a word or at least that is my understanding they were released for publication in morning papers through the British Isles.

Late that afternoon, after evening papers all over Great Britain had had full opportunity to lift and to publish these dispatches as reprints, some unnamed functionary in the War Office issued a statement to the effect that certain of the utterances attributed by me to Lord Kitchener were in large measure imaginary, and that though Lord Kitchener had seen me for a few minutes on a certain date, he had not given me a special interview.

Not until nearly three weeks later, when the editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST received from a clipping bureau in England a compilation of comments by British newspapers upon the controversy, did I or my employers know the circumstances governing the handling of the cable dispatches on the other side of the ocean. And likewise not until then did we know The London Times had stated editorially that if my version of Lord Kitchener's remarks was willfully or unintentionally false, that if in what I had set down as purporting to be the essence of his language I had distorted his words or given a misleading or incorrect twist to his meanings, it devolved upon the press censor, as a part of the War Office, to suppress the dispatches outright upon their arrival instead of permitting them to attain a wide circulation before issuing the denial of authenticity. In other words, the time to scotch a lie is when it is young rather than after it has attained lusty proportions and has spawned a whole breed of lesser lies and contradictions and repudiations and protestations.

Now, then, by this somewhat roundabout route I come to the point I have been seeking to make. In the course of his conversation with me Lord Kitchener uttered two things which, had I written them—and I might very well have done so, since he had no way of stopping me—would have given to the printed interview an interest greater than it had. Speaking of his chief military opponent, Von Kluck, and with particular reference to the latter's conduct of the advance which had been checked at the Marne, he said Von Kluck had made an ass of himself. These were his exact words. A few minutes later, in referring to the treatment of Belgian noncombatants by the Germans, he said the conduct of the Germans, who called themselves a civilized race, was comparable to the conduct of the savages against whom he had fought years before in his Khartum campaign.

Voluntary Discretion

Taking counsel with myself, I elected to leave out of my manuscript these two significant utterances. With regard to the first I believed that if Lord Kitchener had had opportunity—which he did not—to read the draft of my interview he would on second thought have stricken out his remark regarding General Von Kluck. Accordingly, then, of my own volition I excluded it from the quoted matter.

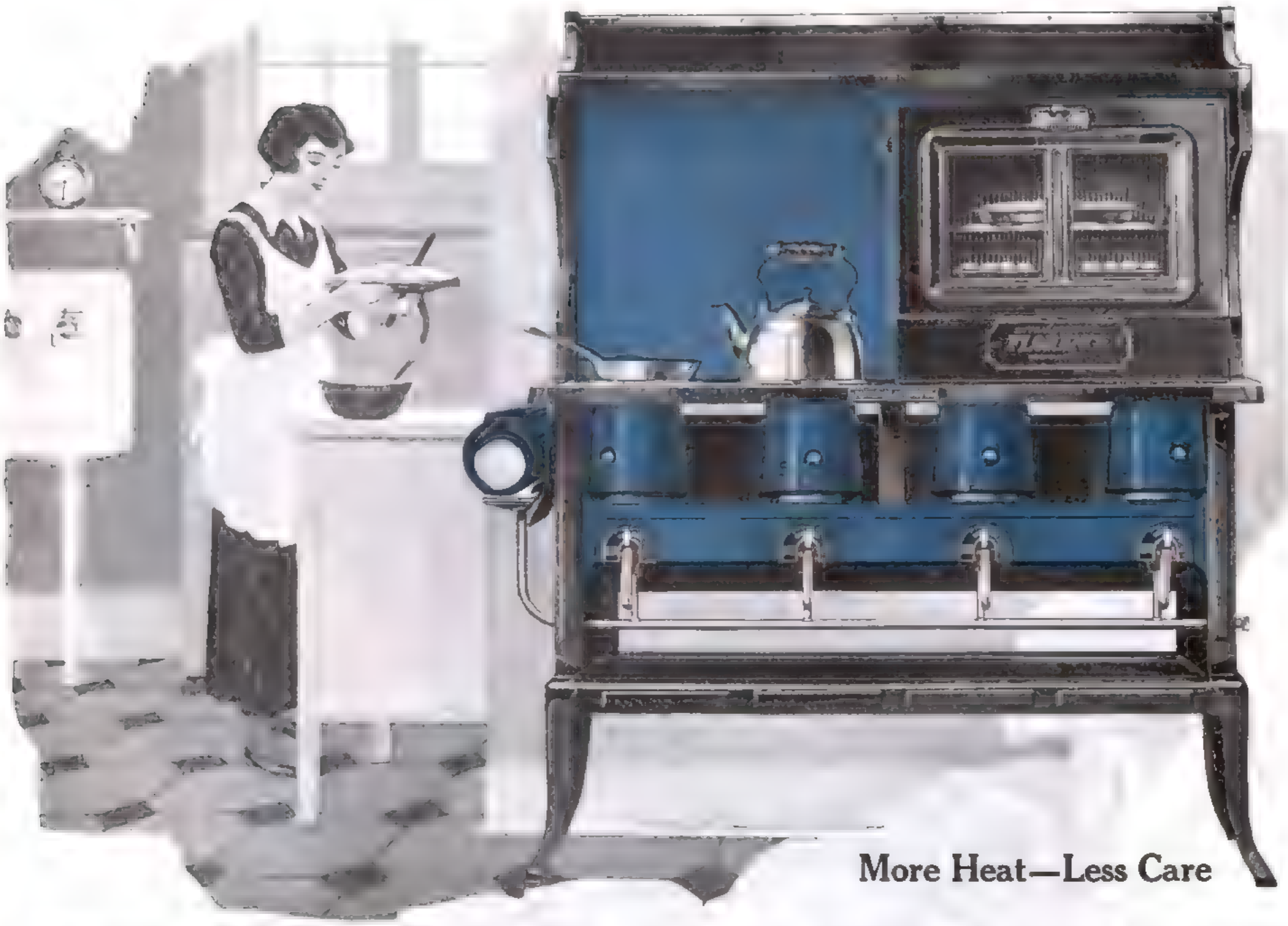
With regard to the second statement I had the fear in my mind that the Germans, reading where Kitchener had likened their behavior to the behavior of a horde of undisciplined and fanatical Africans, might profess to believe Kitchener had intent to serve wounded Germans who fell into his hands after the same summary fashion of extinction in which he was popularly supposed to have served wounded barbarians in the Sudan and that, acting on this inference, the Germans for their part might find alleged justification for retaliating upon wounded British captives.

Privately I satisfied my own conscience. Publicly I had to face the imputation that I had misquoted one of the most prominent men alive at that time. To me, though, the conviction that professionally and personally I had kept the faith more than balanced the journalistic stigma. At the same time I may as well confess that ever since the thing happened I have been waiting suitable opportunity and occasion for setting forth my version of my side of the dispute between that anonymous statement maker of the British War Office and myself.

Newspapers are supposed to be published mainly for the benefit of their readers. So far as the reporter is concerned he is working all the time for the glory of the paper, which means incidentally his own glory, with an eye single to the main impression which will be created in the minds of those who read what he has helped to fashion. Of editors as a class this is not so true. Mind you, I speak of them as a class, and not with regard to the exceptions of a somewhat common rule.

Many editors edit newspapers with a view to the effect upon other editors of other

(Concluded on Page 120)



More Heat—Less Care

FLORENCE OIL COOK STOVES

No more late meals due to slow fires and faulty draughts when you use a Florence Oil Cook Stove.

The Florence burner is the most practical burner made. Just raise the chimney and touch a lighted match to the asbestos kindler—in a few minutes you get an intense, clean, hot blue flame right under the cooking. Heat is automatically controlled by lever handles. The heat goes into the cooking and not into the kitchen.

The Florence Oil Cook Stove is easy to use—easy to keep clean and is safe. This sturdy stove burns kerosene—a cheap and clean fuel. You can see through the glass bull's-eye in the tank when the oil is running low.

The Florence Portable Oven has a baker's arch that sends the heat to all parts of the oven. Asbestos lining keeps all the heat inside. *Best for oven cookery.*

Your dealer will show you why the Florence Oil Cook Stove means more heat and less care. Let us send you a free copy of illustrated booklet.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE COMPANY, 341 School St., Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves (1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 burners), Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Oil Heaters

Made and sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

More Heat ·· Less Care

PEERLESS

TWO POWER RANGE EIGHT

"LOAFING" RANGE — "SPORTING" RANGE

Touring Car $3230 Roadster $3200
Coupé $3920 Sedan $4140 Sedan-Limousine $4400
F. O. B. CLEVELAND: *Subject to change without notice*

"Every one is the son of his own works"

BEAU BRUMMEL would have cried "Failure!" at Abraham Lincoln; but the world smiles at the fop and kneels to the Liberator.

Most of us desire something better from life than to be known as leaders of fashion, though we may not attain to the leadership of a people.

If here at the Peerless factory we can continue to build the best motor cars we are capable of, we shall feel true satisfaction in having followed the urge of Emerson:

"To do with might and main
what you can do."

Let others have the honors of Beau Brummel, while we bend our energies to principles of construction and their application.

Our work is the Peerless Two-power-range Eight—a solid, serviceable car, with a true heart and a generous and enduring spirit. We are content to stand or fall by the measure of this accomplishment.

Five years have passed since the first Two-power-range Eight was built. The Peerless of 1920 is in all essentials the same kind of a car—a tested and proved car, faithful to a creed of moderation in everything but endurance.

Peerless Motor Car Company

CLEVELAND · OHIO

Your Matthews Lighting Plant Runs Itself

MATTHEWS owners will tell you that. You merely keep the plant supplied with fuel and oil and let the "Automatic Caretaker" attend to the rest.

When the storage batteries need recharging, the "Automatic Caretaker" will automatically start the generator. And it will automatically stop recharging when the batteries are full. There will be no danger of damaging your batteries either by over-exhausting or over-charging.

MATTHEWS FULL AUTOMATIC TRADE MARK

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER PLANTS

take care of extraordinary demands for current, too. When the batteries are overloaded, the "Automatic Caretaker" automatically starts the generator which takes all the load off the batteries. If the generator is overloaded, the batteries will be "cut in" again and both generator and batteries will carry the load.

Matthews rating is based on what the generator alone will produce—not generator and batteries combined. Consequently, a 50% reserve capacity is available for five hours in case of emergency.

Made in six sizes to operate from 15 to 500 (20 watt) lamps, all burning at once. Prices from $445 upward. Cut shows size suitable for country estates, villages, motion picture houses, etc.

Write for Free Booklet "A"

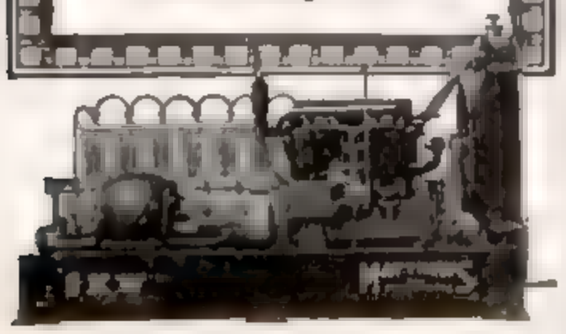
Dealers—Some good territory [illegible] open. Act quickly.

Full Automatic—starts and stops itself—not merely self-starting.

"Automobile Caretaker"

CONSOLIDATED UTILITIES CORPORATION — CHICAGO

730 S. Michigan Ave.



This is No. 3 of a series of 13 ads.

(Concluded from Page 116)

papers. I know sundry members of my craft will take issue with me in this assertion, but nevertheless I maintain that I am not far wrong. The trouble, I think, is that editors, being indoor creatures and chained up close to the thing they serve, lose in a measure the sense of perspective and sometimes the almost infallible sense of news values which very possibly distinguished them when they were reporters; and as such reporters were not closely attached to the shop, but on the other hand ranged afield, coming daily in direct contact with outside causes and outside influences.

When I say an editor may edit his paper for the sake of the reactions upon his brother editor across the road I mean just this: In his mind a beat, as they call it in New York and Chicago, or a scoop, as they call it in most other cities, acquires its chief attraction through the fact that it will fill with envy the soul of some outdistanced or outwitted rival. Accordingly he very frequently will play up on the front page a piece of news which happens to be exclusive, without regard to its actual attractions for the public.

Too Much Obituary

In my own case it was necessary for me to divorce myself from work on the daily press before I came to perceive that the so-called exclusive nearly always has very much less interest for the reader than it has for the men who feature it in the make-up. The reader, I am sure, judges a paper and favors it or does not favor it, as the case may be, on its merits and its lack of merits in the essentials of its typographical appearance, its literary style and its customary tone in the treatment of publishable events and public issues rather than because three weeks ago it was first upon the street by a margin of half an hour with the verdict in a murder trial, or because tomorrow it may be the only paper in town to announce the filing of a sensational divorce suit.

Inside the shops these coups are deemed precious as rare jewels. Over them there is much boasting and for them special awards are given. Outside, barring only Newspaper Row, they promptly are forgotten. Indeed I am certain that except among newspaper men they generally go unnoticed. To my way of thinking, the ideal news editor would be one who handled his news according to his own tastes without ever seeing contemporary sheets. Only, of course, as the yokel said when he saw the giraffe, "There ain't no such animal!"

By reason of his state of semidetachment from the outer world and his state of complete attachment to the job he holds, your average editor often develops a perverted idea of the importance, from a news standpoint of view, of whatsoever may transpire which directly affects the paper itself. The owner of a big metropolitan daily dies. To the public at large the news of his death and the details of the life he has lived mean just as much as similar tidings regarding any man equally conspicuous in any other calling—mean exactly so much and no more. But do the editors of the paper which he owned think so? And do they in the columns over which they preside govern themselves accordingly? Not so that you could notice it.

Two years ago this spring, when Mr. James Gordon Bennett died, I was in Paris. On the day following the Paris edition of The New York Herald devoted the greater part of its reading space to his death. This perhaps was as it should be. Mr. Bennett was the founder of the Paris edition of The Herald and its chief proprietor, just as his father before him had been the founder and the main proprietor of the parent sheet in New York; and he had been an outstanding figure in the journalism of his generation and a person of consequence in many spheres of activity. But day after day, stretching on into weeks, the Paris Herald reprinted commendatory editorials from big and little and medium-sized papers in America and in Europe, all dealing with the life, death and works of Mr. Bennett. It continued to print them even though some of them were weeks old before they reached France; continued to print them despite the fact that the crisis of the Great War was reaching its culmination and that every word about the progress of the supreme battle then raging a few miles to the north of Paris was of enormous interest to every English-speaking person within the scope of the paper's Continental circulation. The thing came to be a joke among the correspondents.

Across the breakfast table one man would say to another, "What's in the Herald this morning?" And the second would reply, "Well, I see here that Mr. Bennett is still dead."

There is record of at least one instance where vanity, and not modesty, led a paper to the opposite extreme. On October 17, 1897, Charles A. Dana died after having ruled over the destinies of The New York Sun for thirty years. What happened is told in Mr. Frank M. O'Brien's most interesting book, The Story of The Sun. This is what Mr. O'Brien has written:

"A few years before, on observing an obituary paragraph which Mr. Dana had written about some noted man, John Swinton asked his chief how much space he—Swinton—would get when his time came.

"'For you, John, two sticks,' said Mr. Dana. Turning to Mr. Mitchell, then his chief editorial writer, he added, 'For me, two lines.'

"On the morning after Mr. Dana's death every newspaper but one in New York printed columns about the career of the dean of American journalism. The Sun printed only ten words, and these were carried at the head of the first editorial column without a heading:

"'Charles Anderson Dana, editor of The Sun, died yesterday afternoon.'"

The Sun's One Mistake

As I said just now, I do not think this was modesty. To my mind it was an exhibition of vanity masking itself as modesty. But whether we credit it to modesty or to vanity, the outstanding fact is that an injustice was done to the readers of The Sun. Mr. Dana was one of the biggest men of his time, but no man is too big for an obituary. The readers of The Sun were as fully entitled to an adequate account of his life and to a presentation of the facts of his last illness and his death and the plans for his funeral as were the readers of any paper. In other words, I think The Sun should have treated the death of Mr. Dana, not as The Herald subsequently treated the death of Mr. Bennett, but substantially as The Herald probably treated the death of Mr. Dana; that is to say, with dignity and respect and a reasonable and balanced fullness as to detail. To my way of thinking, this is the one glaring journalistic mistake which may be charged to the old Sun, which then, when Mr. Dana died, and for years thereafter was, in the opinion of a majority of newspaper men, the best morning paper that ever was printed anywhere.

It is a part of the penalty which most reporters pay for the jealous taskmistress they serve with an entire devotion that they uniformly must sink their own personalities in the personalities of the papers on which they are employed. I am not speaking of the conspicuous one-tenth—the special writers who sign their names to what they write and the likes of them. I am speaking of the submerged nine-tenths, the ordinary reporters who run their legs off and risk their lives and their limbs to get the news, knowing all the while that oftener than not other men will write the stories and get the main credit if the stories are well written.

For months now newspapers all over America have been carrying articles to prove how ill paid are teachers and preachers and clerks and bookkeepers and the white-collared groups generally. The figures to bolster up these arraignments are collected and compiled and in many instances written out by reporters and sub-editors, who, considering all that they must know and all that they must give to their jobs, are more shamefully underpaid than any of the classes upon whom they shower a meed of sympathy and for whom they demand a proper justice in the matter of pay envelopes. Outside of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and perhaps one or two other cities—possibly St. Louis and San Francisco should be added to the list—the rank and file of city-room staffs, the lads in the trenches and the kids behind the guns, receive less wages in proportion to the labor they do and the sacrifices they make and the physical and mental exertions they undergo than do school-teachers or dry-goods clerks.

But do you find any passionate and excited articles in the daily newspapers calling for better pay for newspaper men? You do not! In the first place it doesn't seem to occur to the newspaper man that he should include himself along with the rest of the undersalaried industrials. In the second place, if he had the temerity to dare to do it, it wouldn't be printed.

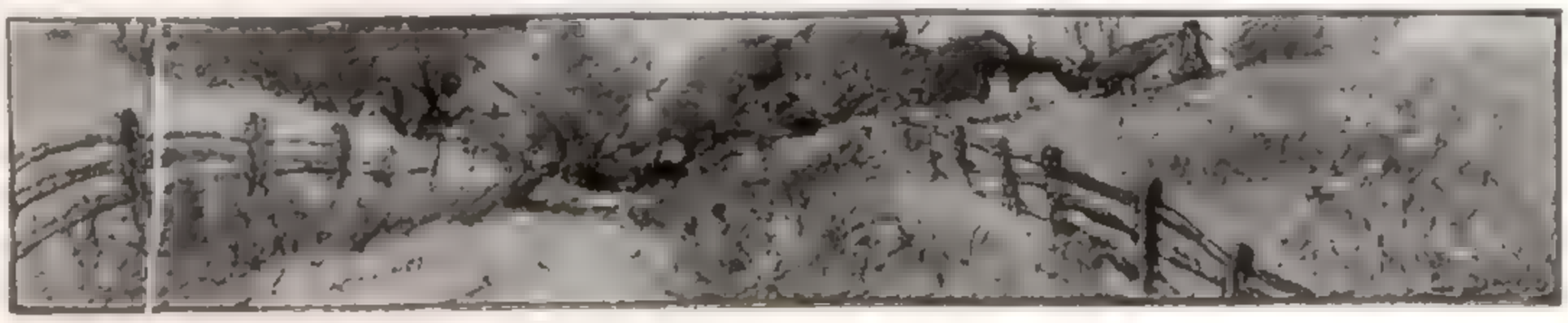
Teller and Window Cleaner

Not so very long ago a suburban correspondent of a paper which is published in a large city near by dropped into a savings bank in the town where he lived. It is assumed that his call was purely social in its nature. Being a reporter, he naturally wouldn't have any money to deposit. And being a reporter, he naturally couldn't expect to be able to borrow any money from the bank. The teller was a friend of his—one of his occasional sources of news.

"See yonder?" said the teller, pointing to an overalled alien of a Slavic aspect who languidly was mopping off a plate glass at the front of the establishment. "Well, every time I look at that Hunkie I get mad. I've been with this bank for going on fifteen years now. He's been working for it for about two months. I have to wear good clothes and clean linen and keep my finger nails clean and my hair cut and my face shaved. I have to give bond for my honesty and I am responsible for the handling of thousands of dollars every week. He doesn't have to do any of those things. I sometimes work twelve or even sixteen hours a day. He never works more than eight hours in a day. He's unskilled and I'm skilled. But he's organized and I'm not. I don't know whether there's a union of window washers in this town, but I know there's a combine of them strong enough to do a lot of dictating. And so the consequence is that I draw thirty-five dollars a week from this bank and he draws forty-two."

Knowing that the recital of the teller's grievance would make a human-interest story, the reporter went away and wrote a little piece about it and sent it in and his paper next morning printed it. No names were given, of course, but the townsfolk readily identified the bank in question, inasmuch as it happened to be the only savings bank in the town. One result was that the teller came very near to losing his job, and the other result was that the window washer struck for a three-dollar-a-week increase—and got it—because publication of the yarn led to the discovery on his part that divers window washers in the same neighborhood were getting forty-five dollars a week instead of forty-two.

But the real joke didn't come out. The reporter, who had to apply as much intelligence and ability and technical knowledge to his job as the paying teller applied to his, and who had to keep longer hours than the window washer kept, was getting ten dollars a week less than the paying teller got and twenty dollars less than the window cleaner now gets.



Great Fire Insurance Company Gets "Quantity Production in Accounting" with Elliott-Fisher System

One of the most complete installations of a modern accounting and recording system in the country. All recording and bookkeeping details of THE HOME INSURANCE COMPANY, NEW YORK, kept with Minimum Overhead

TREMENDOUS volume of work and legal exactness stand, so to speak, shoulder to shoulder as accounting problems in the offices of The Home Insurance Company, 56 Cedar Street, New York. This great fire insurance company's entire business, however, is kept smooth-running and free from accounting snarls through the use of seventy Elliott-Fisher Machines.

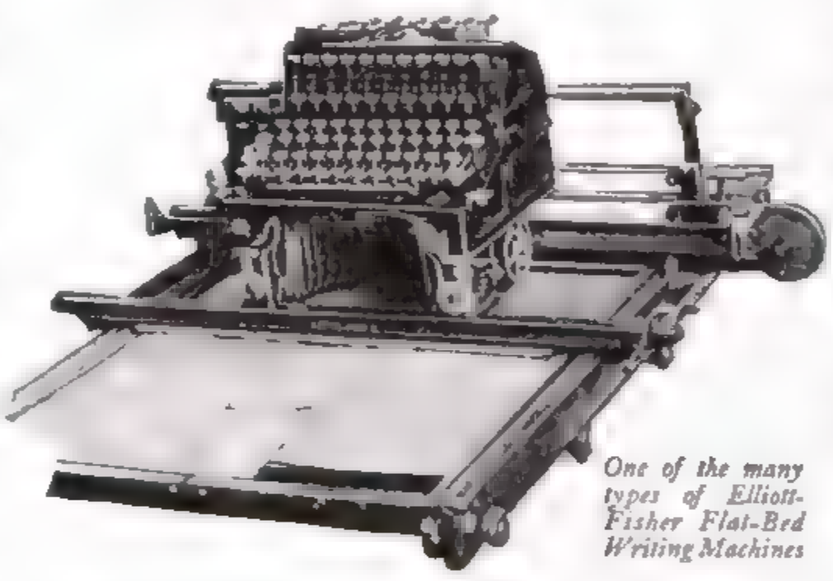
Some departments have twenty machines, other sections only one, depending upon requirements.

In the reinsurance work alone over sixteen hundred entries are made daily, involving well over a million dollars a month in premiums.

This work is a demonstration of the service of Elliott-Fisher Machines for quantity production in accounting.

The Home Insurance Company is the largest fire insurance company in America, doing a gross business, during 1919, of between forty and fifty million dollars.

You can mentally survey the almost overwhelming detail to be handled in a business of this size and the paramount necessity for the elimination of the personal equation wherever possible, the great value of constant checking and simplifying of the work, and the need of keeping expenses at minimum.



One of the many types of Elliott-Fisher Flat-Bed Writing Machines

Some of the major uses of ELLIOTT-FISHER Machines according to Departments of
THE HOME INSURANCE COMPANY NEW YORK

Bordereau Department
- Daily Premium Bordereau, Reinsurance.
- Monthly Cancellation Bordereau, Reinsurance.

Loss Department
- Recapitulation Cards
- Statement of Automobile Losses and Expenses
- Statement of Losses and Expenses
- Book Record of Agency Losses
- Book Record Tickler-Condenser
- Notices to Reinsurance Companies
- Railroad Department—Schedule of Losses and Expenses to Reinsurance Companies
- Marine Department Schedules
- Claim Envelopes and Cards

Auto Department
- Premium Register
- Cancellation Register
- Monthly Account Sheet
- Transmittal Report
- Cancellation Advice
- Additional Premium and Cancellation Report

Eastern and Western Departments
- Daily Agency Register of Reports

Postal Department
- Monthly Statements, Register and Journal of Insured Registered Mail Shipments

Accounting Department
- Agency Journal

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THE MOST POPULAR LADY

(Continued from Page 7)

"I never did, and you never either—not more than seven or eight times since he got into short pants. But that don't account for none of the other boys' showing up."

"No, he can't lick 'em all," agreed Mrs. Bailey.

"I wouldn't put it past him, but there couldn't be no wholesale slaughter like that without news of it in the papers—and I doubt if he could have got enough bail. Sometimes when I look at Ollie I'm tempted to go to the mat with the lad just to see if he's as good as they say he is, or if I'm getting old." Mr. Bailey flexed the muscles of his sinewy arms and crooked the pregnant hinges of his knees two or three times to assure himself of their suppleness. "I believe I'll go in the setting room and bounce him in a friendly way, just for beans," he said.

"Hush! He's going now," said Mrs. Bailey.

Usually Ollie went away from the Bailey residence with his head well up, his broad shoulders squared, his lips puckered to a lilting whistle and his step light and springy. The exceptions were when his manly will had been relentlessly thwarted, his honest ardor mercilessly wet-blanketed, his laudable motives shockingly misconstrued and his piteous protests cruelly laughed at. In other words when Viola had soaked it to him in the cervical vertebræ. This particular night, however, Viola had been pretty good to him. He could recall several kind words that she had vouchsafed; she had smiled on him several times, unsolicited, and laughed with him without constraint; she had shown a real interest in what he had told her of significant happenings in the store—and, by the way, that was the straight goods he had given her about liking his job. He was making good and knew it, and wasn't the only one that knew it; he could sell a man what he wanted and what he didn't know he wanted without making the mistake of selling him what he didn't want; he could be smooth without slopping grease, and kid without overstepping the bounds of gayety and landing on a bunion. What was more, he knew his stock and had a present and prophetic sense of its demand. There was a suggestion box in the store, to which he had contributed a few ideas, some of which the management had adopted, and these had not been all in the range of his own department. Thirty-five a week was no money for him; he knew that; but he had also a large optimistic hunch, confirmed by friendly hints from superior sources, that this anomaly would be corrected ere long. Viola had added her confirmation.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Ollie's chin inclined to his collar button and he came as near as possible to slouching as he walked homeward. His expression once more became gloomy. He had come to a perfect realization of the fact that he was up against what Archbishop Whately called "A conditional syllogism with two or more antecedents in the major and a disjunctive minor"—a dilemma, with long 1870-Texas-model, needle-tipped horns. Premising that every Jane is popular or unpopular, a peach or a lemon, a guy is a bonehead to tie to the popular peach, because she'll string him along and then, as like as not, throw him down—and who in Hellvill, Madagascar, wants to pick a lemon? What's the answer? You tell it, brother. Aulus Gellius made a stagger at it about seventeen hundred years ago and I'll not say he wasn't right.

But here was what put most of the gloom upon Ollie's youthful cheek. It was up to him to crab the game of his beloved. Clearly! She was going to that dance. You couldn't keep her away from it with a machine gun. She would in the ordinary course of human events have a walk-away, and in addition to the untoward consequences already foreseen, every son of a gun that voted her ticket would think he had a call on future favors in the gift of the administration. It was up to him to put the kibosh on that, and by working with the opposition it could be done. It would be for the girl's own ultimate good—and his.

But ——

But double-cross Viola! Knife the poor, unsuspecting, trustful playmate of his happy childhood, the kind companion when his luck was good—of his riper years! Simulate devotion to her cause and basely betray it, feign loyalty to his sovereign lady and plot to topple her from her throne in favor of a little sawed-off googoo-eyed goulashine! What kind of a breed pup would you say he was to do a thing like that!

Food for thought! Great stuff for a guy to take to his downy pillow; the kind of thing to sink a man fathoms deep into peaceful and profound slumber four or five hours after he hit the feathers, and refresh him for his next day's work!

But through all this travail and wrestling of spirit, which extended all through the day following, Ollie knew that he was going to do this thing that his soul abhorred. It behooved him, therefore, to get busy and take no chances of failure, and it was with this idea in mind that after supper he betook himself to Collier's Billiard and Pool Parlors on Delacy Street, where the gang who called Flinkow chief, and did fairly well to call him chief, made its headquarters. It was early in the evening but Jake was already there, high on the dais, as beseemed his state, watching a game of Kelly and throwing a casual word now and then to the white-aproned attendant of the parlors who stood beside him. A slightly built young man still under thirty, who had looked no younger at eighteen and would look no older at forty, a hard-faced, thin-lipped, wide-mouthed, big-nosed, sleek-haired, popeyed young man, who wore a large yellow diamond screwed into the bosom of his soft shirt under his black butterfly bow tie, and another gem of about the same magnificent caliber embedded in a ring that decorated his left hand—that was Jake Flinkow; and whatever he appeared to be, it wasn't foolish. As a matter of fact Jake is to-day—well, never mind. His diamonds aren't off color anyway.

On Ollie's entrance the players stopped their game long enough to welcome him with the cheerful badinage that a man gets when he is well liked and healthily respected. Flinkow turned to him an expressionless face and slightly waved his bejeweled hand in greeting as the attendant moved away.

"How's every little thing, Ollie?" he asked in the low, slow and even voice he affected.

"All the world is sad and lonely everywhere I roam, Jake," Ollie replied, climbing to the seat behind him. "I seem to hanker for pretty bright lights and music and my feet need some lively exercise. Couldn't us Arcadias do something about it?"

"You been out of town, ain't you?" asked Jake. "The Arcadias are giving a dance at the hall Wednesday night. Didn't you hear about it? Well, you would of."

"Sooner or later," Ollie supplemented pleasantly. "Come to think of it, I did hear a kind of a rumor somewhere or another. When did the boys fix it up?"

Flinkow turned his black bulging eyes full on him. "Tuesday evening," he answered. "While you was on blockade duty, I guess."

"Come again," Ollie requested with a puzzled air.

"Patterolling the head of Arbor Street. That's where Jim Bailey lives, ain't it? Artie Wentworth told me he was going to call on him and you told Art that he was wanted at home, and he went home to see what had happened. I guess there was one or two others got turned back."

"They probably got me wrong," said Ollie. "Mistakes will happen. I ain't sure you didn't make one, not letting me know about the dance. A prize to the most popular lady, ain't there?"

"The boys thought that might draw them out." Jake controlled his facial muscles, but the diamond on his finger sent out quick quivering golden rays.

"Club members only?"

"Free for all at two bucks a throw," Jake informed. "Any gent—you got too much English on the ball, Sam—any gent'man of good character and standing that has the price and feels able to behave himself will be admitted. No charge for ladies escorted. One ticket to each gent'man entitling the holder to one vote. Do I hear any objection?" Again he gave Ollie a front view of his poker face.

"I'm strong for it," said Ollie.

"Fine," said Flinkow succinctly.

"I'll be there, and I'll recommend it to my friends," said Ollie.

Flinkow shook a cigarette from a packet and lit it. His fingers still trembled slightly. "Bring the whole Green Street academy," he said calmly. "McCabe, as well." Then his manner changed abruptly. A red spot burned on his sallow cheek and his lips parted viciously, showing a wide line of white teeth. "Listen, bo," he said, and tapped Ollie's knee smartly with his lean forefinger: "This is one time you can't bluff me—see? You try to put across any rough stuff at this dance and you'll find me all fixed and ready for you. Get me?"

He continued to emphasize his remarks with his tapping forefinger. Ollie, smiling broadly, caught his wrist with the snappy unexpectedness of a steel trap and playfully slapped it.

"Mustn't, Jaky!" he said. "It makes Ollie nervous."

"What makes you think I'd try to put across any rough stuff?" he asked, releasing Flinkow's hand. "You're foolish if you think I would. There ain't no reason why I would."

"I'm pulling for a lady to get that prize, and her name don't begin with a B," said Flinkow doggedly. "I gotta right, ain't I? I'll say I have. You've got the same privilege."

"I don't want it."

Flinkow stared.

"I don't want it," Ollie repeated. "I hope the lady whose name don't begin with B gets it. But you'll have to hustle, just the same, Jake. The lady whose name begins with B is going to be there, and while she don't want any prize and while I don't want her to get any prize, still it might get wished on her. Do you get me?"

"Have a good cigar on me," said Flinkow unemotionally.

Ollie hesitated a moment and then accepted the gorgeously wrapped Havana, lit it and emitted a thick pearly cloud of smoke. The die was cast. He had taken the peace pipe from Sachem Flinkow's hand. But the flavor was bitter in his mouth, for all that.

The lady whose family name began with B and was—as a matter of course—not going to be switched to any other letter during the term of her natural life—that lady was like the second little pig that evening, inasmuch as she stayed at home. It was her own choice, because in the furniture storage warehouse on the avenue where she was typist, secretary-bookkeeper, cashier and custodian of the cases Mr. Harold Empson, general manager, wagon boss, claim adjuster, room clerk and son to the proprietor, had, for the first time, invited her to a good show and all the trimmings, and she had turned him down.

"You said you didn't have nothing on," Mr. Empson complained.

He had been struggling against Miss Bailey's charm for a month or two and, having done her the honor of succumbing, naturally felt a little piqued by her firm and final manner of declining.

"I said nothing particular," Viola told him, twitching her lilac sweater coat into place and settling her hat. "It's my steady's night, that's all."

Her tone was flippant, but she felt herself blushing. It was an awful thing to say! Of course she had no steady and didn't intend to have, ever; but now that Harold seemed to have fallen for her she didn't believe she wanted him on her string. It was long enough without having an end dangling over into business hours.

"Oh!" said Harold. He managed a smile. "Some off night then?"

"He doesn't have any off nights," said Viola

"What's that on your hand?" asked Harold, and as Viola looked wonderingly at the hand he was looking at, which was the left, he snickered rather offensively and turned away, then and there abandoning the pleasures of the chase and saving himself a good deal of trouble and anxiety. Viola got his idea though. There was nothing on the hand whatever but bare fingers. Rather nasty of Harold.

If it had not been for that, Viola, as the shades of night began to descend on Arbor Street with no sign of either steady or intermittent, might have been quite regretful of her hasty decision, for Harold, though somewhat fat-faced and conversationally banal, would have been somebody, and the show might have been a good one. And it was wrong of her to deceive. If she had, to placate her sensitive conscience, momentarily considered Ollie Barron in the light of a steady—meaning a person steadily devoted and irritating and perplexing and troublesome—even then she had been wrong. She had confidently expected him hours ago, having the next thing to invited him—out of pity—and here it was time for the second performance at Meyer's Rialto, and no Ollie. And no anybody else, and what do you know about that! Here it was Friday, and not one of the boys had been anywhere near since—well, it was since Sunday, the day she had taken the air in Billy Watts' cute little Lizzie hight September Morn. Not since that. It was on Sunday night that Ollie had skinned his knuckles, and on Monday that she, Viola, had skinned the rest of him and he had parted from her forever. But leaving out Watts, laid up for repairs, what about Artie Wentworth and Will Price? What had become of Tony Coculini, of Carl Musser? Viola went down the list. Not one of them representing. Ollie at McCabe's probably, with that roughneck bunch that he told her he was through with.

"A penny for your thoughts, sister," Mr. Bailey proposed, bending to look at her over his spectacles. "Is the shero in trouble with the hero? Cheer up! It'll all come out right in the last chapter."

Viola unclenched the little fists that supported her chin and turned a page of the book that was lying before her on the table. "You'd better buy a wad of wildcat oil stock with your spare money, daddy," she replied. "Don't you feel it stuffy in here?"

"The windows is all open," said Mr. Bailey.

"I believe I'll step outside and get a breath of air," said Viola.

She went out on the porch and dragged a chair across it noisily. Then, treading lightly, she descended the steps, passed by the side of the house into the back yard and, opening the gate, looked up and down the alley.

Arbor Street is blind—a *cul-de-sac* with the high fence of the cement works shutting off thoroughfare at its bottom. The back alley runs on through the works to Gleeker and the avenue, but only peddlers' carts and the garbage wagons use it, coming in from Stephenson Street of course.

The alley was dark by this time. There was a moon, but it gave only enough light to deepen the shadows, and it took nerve for a young lady in white slippers and a tricolette silk dress to traverse the best part of a long block along that gloomy byway, but Viola did it, though her heart was pounding furiously by the time she reached the Stephenson Street end and its welcome lights. She did not, however, emerge into the light, but peered cautiously round the corner of the fence. Almost immediately she drew back, at the sound of footsteps on the opposite side of the street. The sound ceased, but she waited a moment or two, before she had the courage to look again, when she discerned the figure of a man standing and apparently looking down into Arbor Street. The figure seemed familiar to her. Another moment and it walked slowly away, stopped and came back again, pausing at Arbor Street and then coming on.

"If he passes under the lamp I'll be sure," thought Viola.

Slowly Ollie came on, passed under the light of the street lamp, and Viola recognized him beyond the peradventure of a doubt.

"Just what I thought," she told herself, and sped with winged feet down the alley and home.

Mr. Bailey looked up from his paper as she reëntered the sitting room, and then shifted his chair to get a better view.

"I'll say your breath of air done you good," he remarked. "Come here and let me smell it."

"Smell what?" asked his daughter, dimpling at him.

"The breath. Viola, darling, you haven't got a bottle hid out there, have you? You know I've been a good father to you, sweetheart lamb, and I've never denied you anything in reason. If you had anything good hid away you'd let the poor parched old man in on it, wouldn't you, honey?"

"Don't talk nonsense, father!" said Mrs. Bailey. (Continued on Page 125)

Grinnell Gloves

"Best for every purpose"

Grinnell Driving Gloves Mean Wear and Comfort

The Grinnell Driving Glove illustrated is a favorite because it is cool, comfortable and durable. It is an extremely handsome glove, splendidly made, perfect in every detail.

It appeals to the driver who values not only the appearance of his hands but the real worth of the gloves he wears.

These gloves are made of Grinnell velvet coltskin—soft and pliable, yet wearing like iron. They are also produced in choicest imported South African cape. We guarantee them not to shrink, peel, crack or harden. They wash in soap and water or gasoline and dry out like new.

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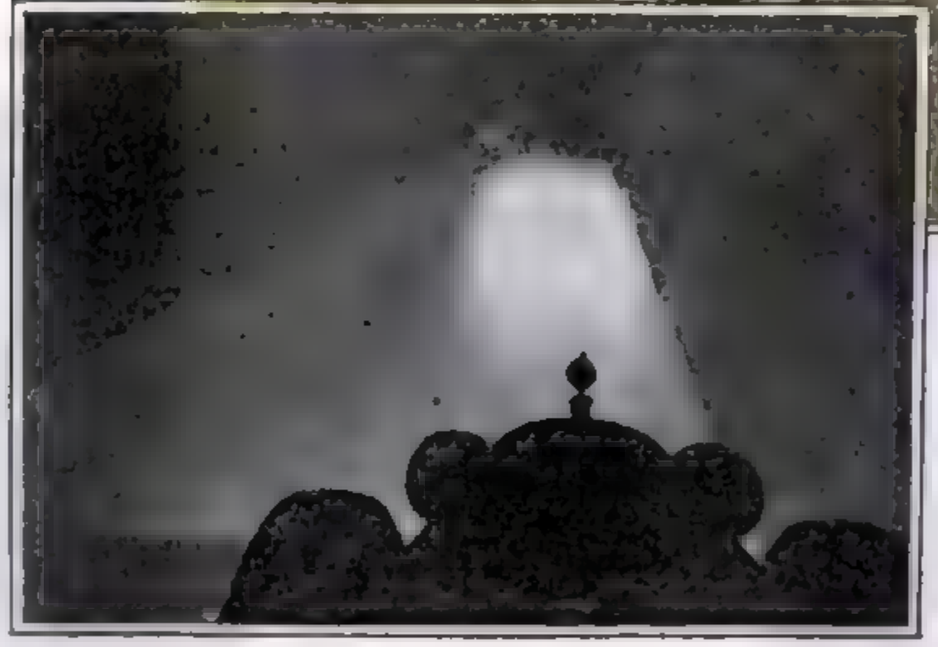
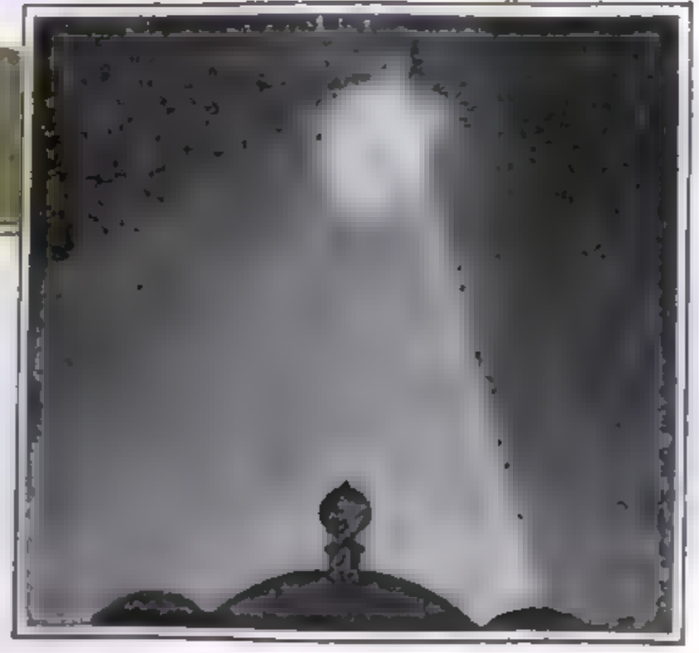
Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX



Actual photo showing 2-Way Lamps in normal, or downward, position. Note full light on road for both cars. Approaching car not in glare.



Actual photograph of 2-Way Lamps (when no car is approaching), flooding road 200 yards ahead. Note telephone poles "picked out."

2-Way Head Lamps

End Motoring's Greatest Danger

TO drive at night you must *see*. Glaring headlights are a blinding menace. Yet, to see you must have *light*. But how?

While science has struggled for the answer more thousands of cars crowd the highways, making the danger more acute. Accidents increase. Law makers are perplexed.

Dimmed lights that may not blind, but do not let you *see*, are only a risky compromise. Think of your own experience. Anything that merely wastes, misdirects or *prevents* ample light does not *solve* the problem.

The scientific answer is presented herewith.

At last you can have *full* light, not only without danger to others, but in addition you actually help others to see better!

The 2-Way Head Lamps do *not need lenses*. They do not give *less* light, but use *all* of it properly placed at the proper time.

Like all great inventions, they seem simple, once they are perfected.

By pressing a button (vacuum controlled) the bright shafts of light from both head lamps are directed *down* in front, illuminating the road without blinding others. This is the normal driving position. Or the light beams may be thrown far ahead when the road is clear of other users. (Note actual photographic contrasting views above.)

Wherever scientific tests have been made under scientific laws, 2-Way Head Lamps have been approved one hundred per cent.

This great improvement is one of the features of the Series "S" Lexington cars.

See your Lexington Dealer—or write to us.

Lexington Motor Company, Connersville, Indiana, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 122)

"Look at her cheeks and her eyes, then. Listen to her giggle."

"Listen to me play you a chune," said Viola gayly, dancing over to the piano. "You can yip all you want to, daddy. Here's where I wake up all the neighbors."

If any of the nearer neighbors had retired for the night they certainly must have been sound sleepers if Viola failed to rouse them to at least a semiconsciousness of her lively effort. The solitary sentinel on Stephenson heard it plainly and wondered if anybody had slipped by him.

The thought made him so uneasy that he sneaked down Arbor Street to see what was going on; but the window shades were down—Viola had seen to that. He waited until the rhythmic racket stopped, and listened for voices, but only heard Papa Bailey's bass and Viola's laughter. He was sorely tempted to go in.

"But I couldn't look her in the face," he muttered, and sneaked back to Stephenson, and thence proceeded home, feeling reasonably secure concerning evening callers, but with lowered self-respect.

For it beats all what a man will do when a skirt is in question. Nothing too little and low-down; nothing too big either. Look at Jaky Flinkow, who never in his life took a licking from any guy that he could outrun—the Jaky who dodged the draft while brave boys like Ollie were braving shots of dope and high-explosive drill-sergeant language at Great Lakes; the same Jaky who stood, white-faced and shivering and dumb, while Frank Casey—the big four-flusher—bawled him out and then ran in his floaters and came within one of getting the precinct for Schwartz; the identical Jake who shrieked and went out through the window into the alley when Ole Peterson got soused in at Bostock's and made a pass at him with a bottle—Jake, the rabbit with a weasel's craft, now, skirt-inspired, had become imbued with the weasel's courage. Sitting beside him in the pool room Ollie knew that he had looked into the pop eyes of a potential killer. Had he a gat in his coat pocket when Ollie slapped his wrist? Ollie thought so; but it was on the wrong side to get at conveniently, so there wasn't much risk.

Viola stood by her mirror in her little bedroom, brushing a rich auburn, autumn-leaf, chestnut-and-gold cascade of tumbled hair and smiling happily at her reflection. Well, Mr. Ollie wasn't at McCabe's anyway, and the recent decline and falling off of suitors was not to be attributed to any waning of her charms—the possibility of which she had almost begun to fear. Had she compassion for her own true knight, pacing in the lonely darkness his vigil beneath her casement window, as it were? Not a bit of it. Good enough for him! But not bad enough; no. For the three evenings of innocuous desuetude, solitary confinement and mental anguish to which he had condemned her—well, just wait! Wait until next Wednesday night, and if in the meantime he wanted to risk his precious death of cold, one should worry.

Wait and see!

Having waited until Saturday afternoon we find that Mr. Oliver Barron arrived home in an intoxicated condition, the symptoms being much the same as Viola's after her little alley excursion. His mother noticed it at once, and with some anxiety—an abnormal brightness of the eyes, a tendency to burst into song and to execute dance steps at frequent intervals, not to speak of his greeting, which was even more boisterously affectionate than usual; the way he caught up the old cat and wooled her until she squalled her disgust—or his lack of appetite for his dinner.

"What's happened, son?" asked the fond parent.

"All sorts of things," he replied, grinning in an aggravating way. "Take a slant at the paper, dear heart. That brown suit of mine home from the cleaners? All right. Excuse haste. I'm going out among 'em and I haven't any time to spare."

He bounded up the stairs three at a time and his mother heard drawers opened and shut in quick succession, shoes falling on the floor and other sounds indicating the rapid progress of his toilet; but she heard nothing from him at that time to satisfy her natural curiosity. He came running down, attired in the brown suit and looking, she thought, irresistibly handsome; he seized her, waltzed her three times round the kitchen, embraced her with a vigor that made her gasp, and was out and halfway down the street before she recovered her breath.

It was, loosely speaking, but three steps and a jump from the Barron cottage to Arbor Street. Ollie covered that distance in record time and found Mr. Bailey watering his eighteen-by-twenty lawn. The old gentleman turned the nozzle of the hose in his direction as he approached and played a nicely calculated barrage on the sidewalk. Ollie halted, drew a white handkerchief from his pocket and fluttered it.

"Advance five paces and give the countersign," said Mr. Bailey. "Thank you kindly." He deftly caught the cigar that Ollie tossed, and turned off the water.

"You were taking your life in your hands if you only knew it," Ollie observed, spreading his handkerchief on a step of the porch and seating himself.

"I was resisting the temptation of my life if you only knew it," returned Mr. Bailey. "You got off cheap. What's the good word? Give me a match."

"I tell you," said Ollie. "I'm just beginning to realize that all these guys kicking and bellyaching round about the way things are going to the devil ought to be shut up in the nut hut. They're crazy. Holy smoke! Mr. Bailey, ain't the sun shining? Ain't the birds singing? Ain't your hollyhocks there blooming, and the green grass growing all round? Listen! Ain't we making good money, even if living is high? I'll say we are. Don't we have all the time we need to improve our minds and water our lawns? You know it. Ain't merit appreciated? You bet it is. Ain't it a peach of a world and a peach of a day?"

"This is a rotten cigar," said Mr. Bailey.

"You ain't used to good tobacco, only when I'm round. Where's Viola—in the house?"

"She's out," replied Mr. Bailey. "Why do you ask?"

"I guess it must be because I want to know," answered the young man. "That must be it; I can't think of any other reason. Then she ain't in?"

"I've known her to be in and out, but this time she's just out. I thought I told you."

"You didn't tell me where."

"I could. Did you want to see her? Well, she's —— A message wouldn't do, I suppose? No? How would it be to wait till she got back? Must be important then. Well, don't tell her I told you. Act as if you'd met her by accident. You'll find her downtown somewhere. You can't miss her if you look in the right place at the right time."

"Where downtown?"

"At one of the theaters. I don't remember which one, but it's a matinée somewhere. If she ain't at one she will be at another. She's with her Aunt Mary, and after the show she's going back with her to Aurora to stay over Sunday."

"You're a great old kidder," said Ollie wrathfully.

"I've a natural disposition to be lighthearted and gay," said Mr. Bailey. "Living in a grand and glorious world like this is, with the sun shining and the hollyhocks blooming, I couldn't be otherwise. And this is a peach of a cigar, now I've got it to burning."

So Ollie had to abandon certain roseprint plans that he had made for that evening and Sunday. He only half considered a run down to Aurora. Aunt Mary was a lady who scorned to conceal any unfavorable opinions that she formed, and her opinion of Ollie had been formed in his unregenerate days. There were some hick cousins, too, on Aunt Mary's farm five miles out, and Ollie had had words with Viola about those young men before. Altogether it seemed the part of wisdom to await Viola's return.

On Monday morning Viola left Aurora after a sinfully early breakfast and arrived at Empson's only half an hour late, but in no amiable frame of mind. The visit had not been a success. The ride down on Saturday had given Aunt Mary a headache very unpleasant for everybody, with a Sunday hang-over; the elder and more interesting of the hick cousins had got himself engaged to a young hickess who was all swelled up over her capture and actually commiserated Viola's unattached condition and criticized her hat. What do you know about that!

Furthermore, this farmerine with the cherry-decked skypiece went sailing off with her fiongsay in the new Henry, and Viola was left to an afternoon airing in the old side-bar drawn by a Pliocene plug with whiskers on his ankles over rutty dirt roads, with the cousin that wasn't considered real bright to shofe the vehicle and explain the scenery, which was predominantly corn. Then, the good-looking druggist on Main Street had got himself married since Viola's last visit. It made one sick, all this pairing off! Not that Viola cared. The druggist would most likely have made himself a nuisance—as they all did—as they did on the train returning to Chicago. She had been obliged to change her seat and seek refuge with an elderly virgin of vinegary visage to escape all the solicitude for her comfort and entertainment.

"I wish I had a sharp red nose and yellow skin!" Viola thought, covertly surveying her seat mate. "It would save me lots of trouble."

Harold looked at his watch and compared it with the office clock as she walked in.

"Oh, sure I know," said Viola, answering his unspoken comment. "You'll just have to dock me. I've been up all night with a sick cow."

"Been out of town?" asked Harold, taking notice of the rattan suitcase.

"You'd have thought so if you'd been there," Viola replied.

"I didn't know but that steady of yours had got away with you," Harold smirked. "They tell me the St. Joe boat was crowded yesterday."

That didn't improve Viola's temper. It was evident that Harold was going to overdo this steady thing, and the warehouse would no longer be the haven of rest that it had been.

"I hate them," thought Viola. "They're all alike—in different ways.

"Steady!

"That would be great! Lovely! Just one fellow sticking round all the time! Go with him or stay home and have him to entertain there! Wear a tag: 'I'm Freddy's steady; whose steady are you?'

"I wonder if he'll be round this evening or whether he's got a permit from the city to set up a tent at the head of the street and starve me out!"

At noon she ate a hurried lunch from a hypertrophied chair arm and then scurried round to do some hasty shopping, which diverted her mind. A ball costume requires some thought, even if it is made over. Any little schemes of vengeance would therefore have to be postponed until Wednesday night. The dance would be just a beginning. That was what she thought, but as a matter of fact Ollie's punishment began that very evening.

He was round all right; and he found himself intruding on a hive of industry in the Bailey sitting room. Viola was busily stitching by hand at a table littered with paper patterns, shears, thread, scraps of silk, satin, lace, gauze and tinsel; Mrs. Bailey sat at a humming machine. It was a sight to daunt the stoutest manly heart and Mr. Bailey had already beat it. Ollie, who had made one leap of the four porch steps and whose heart had been particularly light and gladsome, was daunted quite considerable, though he tried not to show it and made a quip about reporting them to the garment workers' union.

Mrs. Bailey turned and bestowed upon him an abstracted hello-Jimmy-dear-run-along-I-think-your-mother-wants-you greeting and added: "Scissors, Viola."

"Hello, Ollie," said Viola. "Scissors? Now where—oh, here they are." She passed them to her mother and resumed her sewing.

"Be so kind as to be seated, Mr. Barron. Thank you, I will," said Ollie. "To what do you owe the pleasure of this visit? Why, nothing special, ladies. I heard that Viola had got back home and I thought I'd drop in and see if she was much changed. Have a good time, Viola?"

"The time of my life!" Viola answered enthusiastically. "I'll tell you about it when I'm not busy."

"Too busy to put on your hat? I've got something to tell you that will make your hair curl and save you an hour at the beauty parlors."

"Spill it," said Viola. "Ma, watch out you don't take in those seams too much. Just to where I pinned it. What is it?"

"I need room to tell it—all outdoors."

"I'm dying to know, but I'll just have to die." She rethreaded her needle and gave him a quick look as the thread went through. "How many Stephenson Street blocks to a mile, Ollie?"

"How would I know?" demanded the young man, somewhat disconcerted.

"I suppose you'll have to step it off. I'll have the other sleeve ready in just a minute, ma."

Ollie eyed her narrowly, but the only thing that her face told him was that she was interested in her work. At the next stop of the machine Mrs. Bailey asked him how his mother was, and after that there was a cessation of conversation.

"I've got a sort of an indefinable feeling that I'm in the way," Ollie said at last with a pathetic attempt at nonchalance. "You don't want to hear about my rich uncle in Skagway dying and leaving me a million bucks. I can see that."

"My! You're bright!" said Viola admiringly. "Guessed right twice running, didn't you?"

"Good night," said Ollie abruptly, and got up.

He was fairly at the street door when Viola called. "You're not going away mad? Say, Ollie."

"Well?"

"You'll be round on Wednesday night, won't you? Because if you don't want to, I guess it isn't too late to get somebody else to take *me*—by going down on my bended knees I could probably get somebody to risk getting slugged on the way here."

"I'll be on time," said Ollie gruffly.

He did not reply to her final good night. He was striding up the street at a lively clip, and if he wasn't going away mad he was a talented impersonator. He had—he called heaven to witness that he had entered the house with a heart overflowing with generous forgiveness and happy anticipations. He had hoped that after all it might not be necessary to inflict humiliation on this frivolous, callous and unappreciative young person, and that what he had to tell her would dispel all misunderstanding between them, and all would be joy and bliss. But he had never quite realized the full extent of her heartlessness and indifference. Of course somebody had wised her to his patrol of the street; but even so—here it was Monday, and he hadn't seen her since Thursday, and she gave him the glassy eye when he walked in as if—as if —— Oh, well! For one thing, he was through. Ab-solutely! She needn't be afraid of him impeding the traffic her way from this on. She could take Billy Watts if she wanted him. But she didn't want any "him"; she wanted "them," b'gee! Well, he would keep his word and take her to the dance, but if she didn't get the jolt that was coming to her! And then he would quit her cold.

All of this Ollie thought, and much of it he earnestly meant; and the next day he steeled himself so continually against any relenting that Joe Weil, Gluck's secretary, frankly told him that he was making a bum start and asked him what was on his mind, and when Ollie told him it was neuralgia he recommended him to take something for it right away.

"What shall I take?" Ollie asked.

"Take a tumble!" snapped Joe.

Ollie took it and managed to pull through the day with credit. Somehow he got through the night, and with the next day's work. Then, thanks be, there wasn't any too much time to hustle round and get ready.

Arbor Street got the surprise of its life. It wasn't poor enough to be visited by the compassionate and charitable rich; it wasn't a quaint street; it had no ducky little restaurant, no junk cellar where marvelous samovars and candlesticks could be picked up for next to nothing, my dear; nothing, in short, to explain a limousine of the very highest polished green with the most elegant upholstery inside and the thickest and most expensive kind of tires outside, and a chauffeur in uniform at the wheel and all. This luxurious equipage drove nearly to the end of the street, swung, stopped dead within an inch of the opposite curb, described a swift backward semicircle, went ahead, and stopped directly in front of the Bailey cottage simultaneously with the foremost of a racing string of children.

A young gentleman with a remarkably glam face, attired in a faultless-fitting dark-mixture invisible stripe and patent leathers, got out of the car and entered the cottage, whereupon, after gawping for a minute or two, the assembled urchins dispersed and reported.

"It's Ollie Barron, ma! It's Ollie Barron!"

(Continued on Page 129)

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The extra price of McGraw Cords is recovered in fuel alone the first few thousand miles. After that the *fuel saving* and the *mileage surplus* are clear gain.

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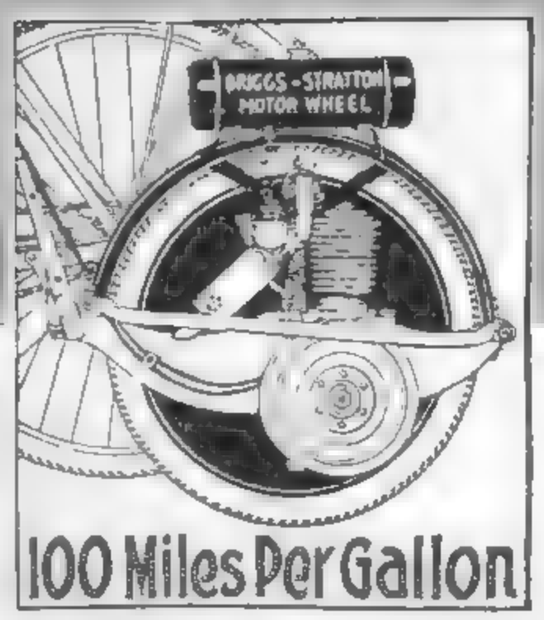

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FITS ANY BICYCLE

BRIGGS-STRATTON MOTOR WHEEL

BRIGGS & STRATTON COMPANY-MOTOR WHEEL DIVISION

GENERAL OFFICES AND WORKS — MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 125)

"Well, whadda y'know!" exclaimed Arbor Street, and continued to watch.

Five minutes later Mr. Bailey came out on the porch in his shirt sleeves and carpet slippers and puffing at his pipe. He surveyed the limousine with a critical air and then walked down and addressed the chauffeur.

"They'll be all of half an hour yet, Bill. Let's you and me drive round to Mike's for a minute or two, so's not to be wasting time."

"I'll go you," assented the liveried menial. "Hop in, old sport."

Mr. Bailey entered the car, lay back on the cushions with dignified ease and elevated his feet, allowing the carpet slippers to protrude from the window. The starter whirred, but at that moment Ollie came out, with some precipitation.

"What's the big idea?" he inquired, gently but firmly pushing Mr. Bailey's feet down and opening the door. "Come out of this!"

Mr. Bailey protested but yielded to earnest solicitation, and the two reëntered the house; but it actually was half an hour before Viola and Ollie came out. Then Arbor Street again exclaimed. "Well, whadda y'know!" and if you could have seen Viola you would probably have said the same thing yourself. A dream! And style? Say, one of the movies ought to have got that picture. You'd have taken her for one of these movie queens; and Ollie himself wasn't exactly lacking in class as he handed her into the car. And there wasn't the flicker of an eyelash to show you that she thought it was anything out of the common.

"Up to the hall, Bill," said Ollie.

"I gotcha," returned the chauffeur respectfully.

The young spectators cheered shrilly and the car glided away.

Viola looked languidly round the interior.

"Is this the best you could do?" she asked.

"Pretty rotten, I know," replied Ollie unamiably. "Nothing like Billy Watts' boat, but it was the best I could do at the price I thought I was justified in paying."

"Ain't those orchids?" Viola glanced at the ornate cut-glass flower holder.

"Orchids or sweet peas or begonias or something," Ollie replied indifferently.

"Well, they go with my dress anyway." Viola removed the blooms daintily and arranged them at her bosom. "I suppose I'll have to spare you one for your coat. Turn round this way."

She began to pin one of the flowers in his buttonhole as he twisted round to her, but with his face averted. The car swerved to avoid a dray and she was thrown close against him. He felt himself trembling, and, what was worse, weakening. If he looked at her he was a goner, so he did not look at her.

"There!" said Viola, with the indispensable final pat. She looked through the glass at the chauffeur's back. "That's Bill Barnhart, isn't it? He acted like he didn't know me."

"That's Bill."

"How much did he set you back for all this?"

"I don't remember."

"A week's wages, I bet. I suppose you think you're sensible."

Ollie grunted.

"I haven't heard about any street-car strike."

"No, but you can't tell any minute."

"Sore, Ollie? You know I had to fix something to wear, and I couldn't visit with you when I had that to see to, could I? You wouldn't want to take me any place looking tacky, would you?"

"Sure I wouldn't," returned Ollie unexpectedly.

He was holding out pretty well, considering; but another sweet little spiel like that and he would have to throw up both hands. He was still staring straight before him, but he felt Viola's curious and prolonged regard.

"I hope Tony will be there," said Viola wistfully. "He's such a good dancer and always so good-natured. I never knew Tony to have a grouch. Gee! I can't wait until I get my feet on the floor!"

"You won't have to wait long," said Ollie, and as he spoke the car drew up to the curb in front of Arcadia Hall.

He helped her out ceremoniously, and they joined the straggling procession of couples ascending the stairs to the second floor, where Jake Flinkow, gorgeously garbed and with a retinue of badged committeemen almost equally splendid, sat at a desk by the door, dispensing tickets to such occasional gentlemen as were not provided with them. He smiled blandly as Ollie appeared, and his smile widened as he welcomed Viola and waved them both onward to the doorkeeper, but for a fleeting instant his face gloomed when he looked after them, for without exception the head of every male about him turned in the same direction and every eye was fixed on Viola with frank or furtive admiration. It was the neighborly verdict of Arbor Street confirmed. A dream! And style? Oh, man! Their eyes said it.

And once inside, where already the musicians were tuning and trying their instruments with deliciously thrilling discordances embracing squeak, twang, blare, thump, jangle and rattle, the same tribute was rendered. And here came Butch Davis, skating over the polished floor, and here was Carl Musser, pink as a shrimp and puffing clumsy compliments; Artie Wentworth sidled up, with a heedful corner of his eye on Ollie; and Micky Sullivan swaggered into the group. With them were some of the girls, and then it was gab, squeal, guffaw and giggle until you couldn't rest.

But Viola was not the only queen holding court. At the end of the hall near the orchestra there was another gathering, and there the center of attraction was Anna Waskowicz in a flame-colored confection that set off her vivid dark beauty to perfection. She was chattering and laughing with her usual animation and her hands and her arms were flung abroad every once in a while in her not ungraceful trick of gesture, and at every movement there were bursts of approving laughter.

"I'll say Jake didn't pick any forty-to-one shot," Ollie murmured as he edged from his group. "All I've got to do is keep neutral, from the looks of it."

Ed Harmon slapped him on the back and two or three other men came up, grinning and with genial salutations; Min Rodman and Eileen Sparks waved to him from the chairs outside the dancing floor, and he waved back with a gayety he was far from feeling. He wanted to size up the crowd and it was hard to give his mind to it with all the kidding bunch and trying to keep track of what those ginks were saying to Viola and what Viola was saying to them, and keep up his end of the gabfest. Big crowd, all right. There was Jaky, standing by the door now and buzzing Chris Bleeker, his side kick, while he looked over at Anna and didn't overlook Viola. Probably worried. Poor boob! Ollie felt sorry for him. Cheer, cheer, the Flinkow gang all here—Mannie Abrams, Frog Finnegan, Sam—the whole push. But if Jaky wins he loses. Poor Jake!

Ollie laughed heartily at something he wasn't listening to. He was looking at Viola again. Gee, but it hurt! Gee, but you had to hand it to her! When she smiled she wasn't thinking about making a hit; she smiled because she felt like smiling. Her eyes didn't roll round and she didn't try to do funny things with her eyelashes; she was just Viola.

"She would laugh at one of Pa Bailey's jokes just the same as she was laughing at those guys—and quicker. That's what got 'em all; no cutie camouflage; the real thing. Wasn't she a dream!"

He felt a touch on his arm. Flinkow.

"Want to lead the march, Ollie?"

Ollie couldn't help grinning. "This is so sudden, Jake. You don't mean it?"

Sure Jake meant it. It was an honor that he was even anxious to bestow—and Harmon and the other boys heard him offer it. A point. Precautionary, perhaps.

"I guess not," said Ollie. "You and Anna lead; it's your party. That's all right," he added reassuringly at Flinkow's soul-searching glance.

Flinkow nodded and slipped away. At the same time Chris Bleeker's brassy voice filled the hall: "Ladeez and gentamun, line up for the gr-rand march."

Flinkow, pale but smiling, with Anna Waskowicz on his arm, stationed himself by the orchestra, and the committee hastened to marshal the parade behind him. Presently the last couple took their station, the leader of the orchestra brought down his baton, and to stirring strains of the immortal Sousa the long line stepped out. Once round the hall and then, abruptly, with an access of wail and rattle above a rhythmic throb, the time broke, changed and quickened, and with it the orderly ranks of the dancers broke and dispersed, whirling, gliding, back-sliding and bobbing over the entire floor.

The dance was on.

"Before I forget it," said Ollie as he led Viola to her seat.

He fumbled in his waistcoat pocket and gave her his ticket of admission. Viola glanced at it. It bore the legend "Arcadia Social Club," with the date and occasion added. At the lower left-hand corner was the word "Over." Viola turned the card and read: "YOUR MY CHOICE."

"Well, ain't that lovely!" said Viola. "So glad to know it."

"It's a vote," Ollie explained unsmilingly. "Jake Flinkow's idea. You'll probably get a few others."

"Well, that will be lovely too," said Viola. She dropped the card carelessly in her lap and opening her vanity bag took out a lacy scrap of handkerchief and dabbed her nose with it. "Anything eating you, Ollie, or have you been eating something? Oh, here's Tony at last! At last, at last!"

Tony came, his white teeth flashing amiably, his liquid eyes glowing with admiration, his bow almost a prostration. None of the boys could bow like Tony. Ollie had tried it in derision but he couldn't come within a hundred miles of it. Still, Tony had never cost Ollie a pang—until now. A good little wop, but a wop, American born as he was, and for all his thriving corner candy store.

"I'll see you later," said Ollie, and moved away.

There was something doing at the door. Flinkow and Bleeker seemed to be having an argument with some new arrivals, and Frog Finnegan was hurrying toward them. Ollie also strolled thitherward, but glancing back he saw that Tony Coculini was already reënforced by three.

"Oh, I guess she's unpopular!" he exclaimed bitterly.

Nevertheless he continued to the door, and there found Flinkow waving aside a yellow-backed bill tendered by an elderly square-built man with a twisted nose who seemed to be supported by five burly hard-faced youngsters whose attitudes and expressions were, in varying degrees, threatening.

"I'll tell you why," Jake was saying in his flat emotionless tone: "There's only six of you, and that means six tickets; no more, no less, if you all want in—see? No objections to you coming in, and staying in as long as you like, as long as you act like gent'mun, but ——"

"Sa-ay, bo ——" began one of the hard-faced youths with a snarl.

The elderly man stopped him with a look. "Go on, young feller," he said to Flinkow.

"Here's the idea," continued Jake. "This ain't no church bazaar, it's a dance; and about the prize, it goes to the most popular young lady, not the young lady whose friends have got the biggest wad—get me? You can't buy no twenty-five tickets for six admissions, not if you flashed a million-dollar note. That's the rule, and if you don't like it, it's easier going down the stairs than it is coming up. Get that?"

"That's right, McCabe," said Ollie, interposing. "It's the rules of the game. Hello, fellers." He smiled and nodded familiarly to the young men.

"Fair enough," said McCabe. "Six, then. That's twelve beans. Let 'em run."

Jake counted out the tickets and the change with a tremulous hand, and Ollie herded the party inside just as the music started up for the next dance.

"Too late for this," he said, "but we'll get you all matched up for the next round. Getting giddy in your old age, ain't you, Martin?"

"Some of the lads was telling me about this beauty contest of Jake's, and I thought I'd look in and sort of referee—and maybe cast a vote or two if I was let," explained the head of the academy. "These society butterflies here wished themselves on me, didn't you, boys?"

"I appreciate it, Martin," said Ollie, "but there isn't anything for you to do except enjoy yourselves. You might give me those tickets though, if you want to."

"I'll do that little thing," said McCabe, handing them over. "I guess you'll vote 'em right." He chuckled.

"Sit down a minute and I'll be back," said Ollie.

He returned to the door, where Flinkow and his henchmen were conferring with apparent earnestness, and called Flinkow aside. "Here's six for you, Jake," he mumbled, slipping them unostentatiously into Flinkow's hand. "Give them to Anna."

"I won't forget this," said Flinkow in the same undertone.

"You'd better," Ollie admonished. "You do some of the hardest forgetting you ever did, as far as I'm concerned. I'm going to forget it myself."

On his way back to the McCabe academicians he saw Butch Davis sitting apart and accosted him.

"Why ain't you dancing, Butch?"

"I need a rest," replied Butch, who was built on the lines of most habitual tenors. "A fellow can't dance all the time. Why ain't you?"

"Me, I'm electioneering. Let me have your ticket."

"I'm going to give it to her myself when I get a chance," said Mr. Davis stoutly.

"Better give it to me," Ollie persisted gently, looking the young man straight in the eye with a peculiar expression. "You might not get a chance. Come on, Butch."

Butch wavered. "Well, I suppose it's the same thing," he said, and came across.

Time sped on and dance followed dance. During the intervals Flinkow moved unobtrusively here and there, drawing aside one and another of his acquaintances for confidential colloquy, accosting strangers urbanely, shoulder embracing, hand shaking, smiling and smiling and smiling. Ollie, too, was busy, doing a good deal of glad-handing himself, and he danced every dance—but not with Viola, which was a reversal of custom on such occasions. Viola, in fact, had hardly ever seen him dance before. She knew that he danced beautifully with feet that never stammered, a wonderful supporting arm and an unerring instinct of guidance; but it did seem strange, passing strange, to see him exercising these great gifts with other girls. Queer, too, how he stood out from the crowd. Well, she hoped he was having as good a time as she was. Smarty! If he thought she cared he had another thought coming! If he thought that she was going to hold out any olive branches to him she would give him one more guess. Let him grouch! And he had a grouch. He could go grinning round and flirting with things like Min Rodman and Irene Sparks all he wanted to, but he was only bluffing. Couldn't fool little Viola.

And she had made a new crush. One of the floor managers had brought him up and introduced him. A nice old man with a broken nose and a skin like a baby's, well tailored and wearing a diamond horseshoe pin in a red necktie.

"Let me introjuce Mr. McCabe," said the floor manager; and Mr McCabe had said: "I'm acquainted with your father, Miss Bailey, and I know a young lad that mebbe ain't a stranger to you—Ollie Barron. Kind of a scalawag, but there's good points about him. I let him take my ticket to vote it for me. Some ticket collector he is, I notice. He's been gathering them in all evening. Probably going to vote 'em for that young lady in the red dress—eh?"

And he chuckled. Quite a giddy old gink he was, and not tough at all, like Viola had thought. As light on his feet as a young girl, too, for all his bulk and age.

Ollie having escorted Julia Wells to her seat turned away and encountered Flinkow. Flinkow was almost rosy. He had danced this one with Anna, and Anna danced like—imagine a mænad fox-trotting in a Cithæronian grove with Pan jagged and jazzing his jazziest.

"How are they coming, Jake? You must have a safe majority rolled up by this time. Here's a couple more."

"Thanks," said Flinkow gratefully. "No, not a majority, Ollie, but a safe plurality, I guess. What do you know about Tony Coculini pulling for Maggie Brady! And Ret Sparks thinks she's got a show, and there's scattering that we won't get anyway. No, I figure that there won't be sixty per cent of the vote polled; but we'll have enough at that."

"We! We'll have enough!" Ollie left him abruptly, not trusting himself to speak. A nice pup he was! A sweet-scented Judas! Shame overwhelmed him.

He looked over at Viola. Micky Sullivan and Joe Harper were buzzing her, but she saw him—and beckoned. As he stood, irresolute, she smiled and beckoned again, and with leaden feet he went to her. Sullivan and Harper strolled away as he came.

"If you're too bashful to ask me to dance I suppose I'll have to ask you," said Viola. (Concluded on Page 133)

Men of Independence even in their

YOUR real American has always stood for self-determination; for freedom of choice and action, not only for the nation but for the individual.

In whatever he builds or buys, he must express himself: his own preferences and selective ability.

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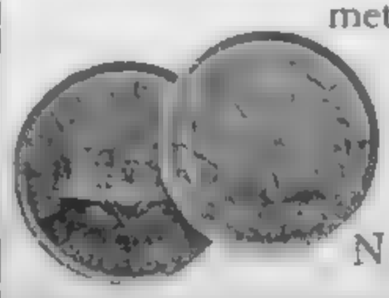
Obviously, there can be no discussion as to the importance of advertising to industry. That is an established fact. It is important. It should be expressed and developed with a care worthy of its importance.



N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

(Concluded from Page 129)

"You don't have to," said Ollie. It sounded more ungracious than he meant it to, but Viola only sighed, a sigh of infinite patience.

"I apologized once," she reminded him.

"There ain't anything to apologize for. I just thought—there seemed to be enough without me—Tony and all."

"Tony's been telling me about Maggie Brady. Did you know they were engaged? I've heard a lot of news to-night. Linda—— Come on."

The music had started. She led him with a warm clinging hand that seemed like a little child's, and the touch of it thrilled him with mingled ecstasy and compunction. She abandoned herself to his embrace, and the impulse to crush her to him savagely, brutally, almost mastered him, and in the same instant he felt himself savage and brute, and could have roared, bellowed, his abasement.

"Still mad at Viola, Ollie?"

"No." But his face was grim and set.

"Because I'm not mad at you, and I ought to be."

He said nothing to that and she said nothing more until the dance was over and he had seated her and with a stiff bow was about to turn away.

"Sit down." And then: "Why don't you look at me?"

Ollie gave her a ghastly grin.

"I wish I hadn't come!" she said with sudden passion.

"Why?" asked Ollie harshly. "You ain't missing any of the fun as far as I can see. And think of being the most popular lady." He laughed, but there was no mirth in the sound of it. Viola laughed, too, in much the same way.

"Anna Waskowicz thinks she's going to get that toilet set. She took me to look at it and talked as if it was on her bureau. Poor Anna! 'Jake's working for me,' she says. I suppose she thinks that settles it."

"Jake's a worker," said Ollie gloomily.

"So are you," said Viola, with a confident smile that stabbed him to the heart.

He looked vaguely round the room, trying to get his whirling chaos of thought into order, and his eye fell upon a sallow-complexioned young man in a white waistcoat. Click! Suddenly the whirl stopped and his mental machinery took a steady hold on a new purpose and began to work it swiftly and efficiently to a conclusion.

"Viola, I've got to break away right now. Excuse me." His face was serious, but he spoke in a different tone, gently, and at once left her and approached the young man in the white waistcoat.

"Gene," he said, "do me a favor. Slip out into the hall and I'll be right with you. A hen on. Don't rush; make a sneak."

He turned away and at the beginning of the next dance went out into the hall and found Gene Tapper awaiting him. Without a word, but with a gesture enjoining silence, he took the printer by the arm and forced him down the stairs.

"What's the big idea?" asked Tapper as he was steadily propelled into the street.

"Listen," said Ollie impressively. "Your shop turned out the tickets for this dance. Ain't that so? You told me. Well, you come along with me and run me off an extra fifty of them. It's a hurry order, so we won't lose any time."

Tapper jerked his arm loose, and to Ollie's amazement burst into a paroxysm of suppressed laughter, doubling himself up and slapping his thigh. Ollie contemplated him for a moment or two and then seized and shook him vigorously.

"Shut your mouth, you boob!" he commanded. "What's struck you anyway?"

"Nothing," replied Gene, wiping his eyes. "Just my funny bone, that's all. But, Ollie, it can't be did. Say, you crazy nut, what are you doing? You're hurting my arm."

"I'll break your darn neck if you don't hustle along!" said Ollie ferociously. "I'm not fooling."

It was quite evident that he was not. A look at his face convinced Gene that he was in deadly earnest, so for the moment he appeared to acquiesce, and hurried meekly along by Ollie's side.

"It's all right," he said, "but you don't think we kept that job standing? The type's distributed and I'd have to set it all over. They're going to call in the tickets and make the award at midnight, and it's near eleven now. It'll take me an hour to set it and get the form into the press."

"Hurry!" said his conductor sternly.

"I'm giving it to you straight," protested Gene. "Even if I got the job off the ink on the tickets wouldn't be dry. You couldn't fool a blind man with them. Well, then, see here, if you're bound to have them, I can fix you right now without going to the shop. Here's your tickets—just fifty of them."

From his inside coat pocket he produced two small packages secured by rubber bands. "I had these in case the boys needed more, but they won't. They ordered a hundred and fifty and they haven't sold a hundred all told."

Ollie took the tickets and considered.

"Jake's got fifty extra then?" he said.

"The committee has," Gene answered with a grin. "Tony Coculini is on the committee, and so is Billy Watts; and they're both running candidates and watching Jake. That's something Jake overlooked. What he gets he'll have worked for honestly." Gene had another fit of laughter.

"I've got the rest of it figured out," said Ollie. "Forty votes in a lump will beat him. Here's a couple of sawbucks, Gene. And keep your head closed about this—or you won't have any head to speak of by the time I get through with you."

"Don't worry," said Tapper. "If Jake got wise I'd thrown him down I'd get worse than a beatin' up. Let's go back. I'm catching cold without my hat."

They reëntered the hall separately and Ollie at once rescued a wallflower and mingled in the dancing throng. He wondered afterward how he did it and what his, by courtesy, fair partner made of his conversation, for now that he had accomplished his criminal purpose the whirl had got back into the old bean worse than ever. What had he done? What was he going to do? First, thrown down his girl and then double-crossed his friend—well, his ally. Viola had trusted him and was trusting him now. It didn't cut any ice that he had weakened. He had lied by implication for every one of the fifteen or sixteen tickets that he had gathered in and turned over to Flinkow. He had practically stolen them from the girl's friends to use against her. Flinkow had trusted him. Flinkow, who had stood up to McCabe with more nerve than it would have taken for a ten-round bout with the old fighter—stood up to him while his knees were knocking together, for the sake of his girl. Flinkow had trusted him, and here he was knifing the poor gink—putting him in bad with his girl. Fine work for a fellow who had always run straight!

One thing, he was too low-down to think of Viola any more. She was entitled to a decent guy. But when he went West, or somewhere she wouldn't be likely to run onto him by accident, he would go with the consolation that she had got what she came for. He would see that these tickets went through at face value. He would certainly put that across. She trusted him—and so did Jake! If this went on much longer he would weaken again. Nearly an hour to the show-down. No use to wait though.

"You did come back, didn't you?" said Viola. "What was the important business?"

"How many tickets have you got?" Ollie asked.

She opened her bag. "One, two, three, four, and yours makes five. It looks like Anna would have me beat, doesn't it? But most of the boys have brought girls along. I suppose—never mind. Why, Ollie! All these?"

Ollie had given her his ill-gotten ballots and stood guiltily before her, his eyes shifting from her direct gaze.

"Did you ——"

Ollie made haste with his lie, but he did it badly. "A lot of the fellows—too bashful to hand 'em right to you, I guess—wanted me to give 'em to you."

"Of course you didn't ask for them?"

"Why would I?"

"I've got enough here ——"

"Sure! You're the most popular lady, and you get the prize."

"Wait!" said Viola. "Gee, it's close here. I want a breath of air. Come over here by the window with me."

There was an open window at the end of the hall. Viola leaned her arms on the sill and for a moment stared out at the dim bulk of the building across the alley. Then she opened her bag and took out the tickets—all of them—and glanced back over her shoulder.

"Look, Ollie."

With a quick motion she threw the cards out of the window and then turned to him and smiled.

"I—I don't want to be popular, Ollie."

She laughed nervously at his stupefied stare.

"I'm going home, Ollie. I'm tired. Do you want to take me home?"

Ollie still stared at her. She looked tired, very tired, all at once. The pink had almost gone from her cheeks. There was the brightness of gathering tears in her eyes, and her chin quivered.

"Well," she said sharply, "do you want to take me?"

"I'll go phone for the car," he said humbly. "Of course I want to take you, Viola. You know that."

"I don't want any car. We'll walk. I want to walk. Get your hat. I'll run and get my wrap and we'll go."

They were descending the stairs when a sharp hiss from above stopped them. It was Gene Tapper with an anxious face and he beckoned urgently.

"Excuse me just a second, Ollie; just a second."

Viola went on and Ollie awaited his accomplice, impatient and frowning.

"Going, Ollie? What about them tickets then?"

"That was a joke," Ollie answered. "The tickets are out in the alley if you want to go pick them up. I haven't any use for them."

"Honest? Then what —— Say, Ollie." He grinned. "Them tickets was for Jake. He was going to stuff the ballot with them, and I was just waiting to hand them over to him when you braced me. 'Ollie's giving me a song and dance about throwing down his girl,' says he, 'but I don't trust him. He's got something up his sleeve,' he says, 'and I ain't going to take no chances.'" Gene grinned again. "I told him just now that there wasn't any more of the stock we had used for the tickets, and he's scared stiff. I just thought I'd tell you the big joke."

"Tell him we've gone home, and don't tell him any more than that," said Ollie. "See you later."

He ran down the stairs and rejoined Viola. She slipped her hand within his arm and they walked for some distance in silence.

"I guess you're madder at me than ever now," said Viola presently.

"Don't ever think I am," Ollie replied with fervor. "Somebody ought to take and boot me till their boots give out, the way I acted."

"I don't blame you. I've been pretty mean to you, Ollie. And then after all the trouble you went to for those tickets——"

"Listen, Viola." His voice shook. "I gotta tell you ——"

"But it made me sick! Those girls—Anna and Maggie and Linda—coaxing and begging and making eyes at the men. Popular! It just makes trouble. I know it made you sore, but I wanted to plague you. You never in all your life were like that with me, Ollie. We were always good friends before. It made me sick."

"I gotta tell you ——"

"Billy Watts told me you were pulling for Anna. I'm glad you did knock his teeth out now."

"He was right," Ollie confessed. "I was at first."

"Well, you weren't afterwards," said Viola after a long pause. "I suppose you were sore. But you made up for it, didn't you?"

"Listen," said Ollie desperately. "I was crooked. I got those tickets by a dirty, crooked deal, Viola."

They turned the corner into Stephenson Street and Ollie paused as they encountered and passed a couple of belated pedestrians; then he gulped and wet his lips with his tongue. He had to run straight now. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the dirty, degrading truth, if he choked.

"It was like this." A groan escaped him. "Viola! Oh, Viola!"

Was he dreaming? Did her hand tighten its clasp on his arm? Did she draw to him so closely that he felt her soft young bosom yielding to the contact?

"I know all I want to," said Viola. She withdrew her hand and thrust it beneath the flowers at her breast. "Here's one that you didn't get on any dirty deal—the one you gave me first; the only one I want."

She showed him the card that had admitted them and, turning it over, read: "YOUR MY CHOICE."

"Is that so, Ollie? Because it looks like a girl had to settle on just one, herself, after all. And I'm glad of it, after all, because I—I made my choice to-night, Ollie."

It was nearly an hour later that Ollie left the Bailey cottage on Arbor Street. He went away in no state of wild exhilaration, but soberly, with a humble, chastened and contrite spirit in the realization of his unbelievable and undeserved happiness. For he had come clean. Stumbling and halting through the humiliating confession, he had, nevertheless, held nothing back. Of course he had told Viola of his bitter disappointment when he had hastened to her to tell her of his advancement in position and salary at the store and found her first absent and then seemingly indifferent; but he had not urged this in excuse or even palliation of his offense. And Viola would have forgiven him anyway—had already forgiven him. That wasn't the word either. She loved him. Loved him!

Tenderness, understanding, sympathy, forgiveness—all in that. Was that a thing a man would want to whoop about, to double-shuffle and throw his hat into the air about?

"And that little rat, Jake, wasn't trusting me, after all!" muttered Ollie; and there he did permit himself the first genuine grin in days.

BEAUTIFUL KATIE

(Continued from Page 15)

"I guess I've seen them all," she'd say, "but they're too expensive or else they look like they wasn't."

But one time we was all coming home in a taxi from a show and come up Broadway and all of a sudden she yelled for the driver to stop.

"That's a new one in that window," she says, "and one I never see before."

Well, the dive was closed at the time and we couldn't get in, but she insisted on going down there the first thing in the morning and I and Ella must go along. The car was a brand new model Bam Eight.

"How much?" I asked him.

"Four thousand," he says.

"When could I get one?" says Katie.

"I don't know," said the salesman.

"What do you mean?" I asked him. "Haven't they made none of them?"

"I don't know," says the salesman. "This is the only one we got."

"Has anybody ever rode in one?" I says.

"I don't know," said the guy.

So I asked him what made it worth four thousand.

"Well," he says, "what made this lady want one?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Could I have this one that's on the floor?" says Katie.

"I don't know," said the salesman.

"Well, when do you think I could get one?" says Katie.

"We can't promise no deliveries," says the salesman.

Well, that kind of fretted me, so I asked him if they wasn't a salesman we could talk to.

"You're talking to one," he said.

"Yes, I know," said I. "But I used to be a kind of a salesman myself, and when I was trying to sell things, I didn't try and not sell them.

"Yes," he says, "but you wasn't selling automobiles in New York in 1920. Listen," he says: "I'll be frank with you. We got the New York agency for this car and was glad to get it because it sells for four thousand and anything that sells that high, why the people will eat it up, even if it's a pearl-handled ketchup bottle. If we ever do happen to get a consignment of these cars, they'll sell like oil stock. The last word we got from the factory was that

(Continued on Page 136)

This is Why They Bank the Track

WHEN the train hits a curve at any speed, the tendency of the flying mass is to travel straight ahead. The force of gravity, however, and the flanged wheels hold the train to the track. But the weight—or the center of gravity—is swung over to the outer wheels and lifted from the inner wheels.

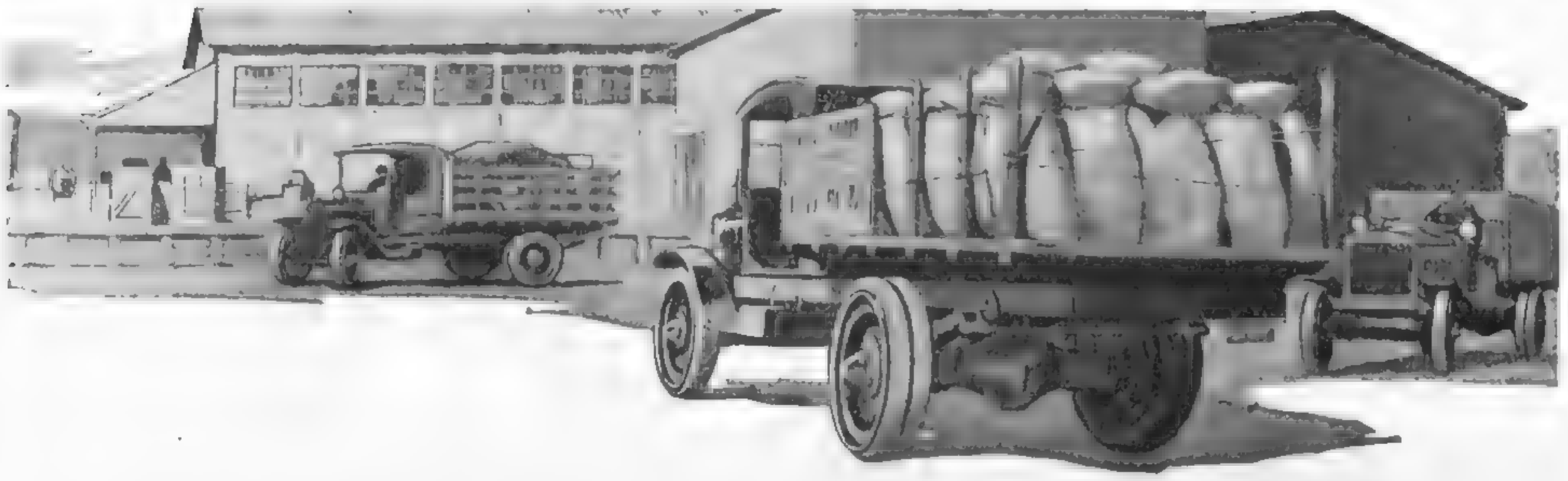
To help to overcome this tendency of the mass to travel straight ahead, the track is "banked" or sloped, with the inside lower than the outside. This helps to balance the weight, for it is easy to see that if the train were standing on a banked curve more weight would rest on the inner wheels than on the outer. Consequently, the inner wheels of a moving train are held down partly by the extra weight thrown to the inside by the banking of the track.

This, of course, does not distribute the weight perfectly. To do this would demand a train of a certain weight at a specific speed. Therefore there is always a tremendous side-strain on locomotive and freight-car axles and bearings when the train is rounding a curve.

TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Look for this Sheldon trade-mark cast on the housing at the rear end of the worm gear. It identifies a Sheldon Axle and is your assurance of strength, long life, safety, and economy of upkeep.

Sheldon



Locomotive and freight-car axles are designed to overcome these tremendous side-strains. The bearings are spread apart as far as possible.

And on this same principle Sheldon Axles are built.

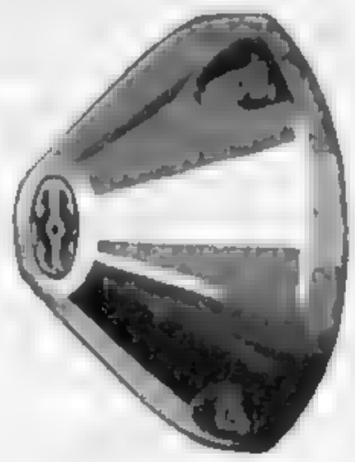
What happens to the train happens to every motor-truck on every curve to a greater or less degree. The shifting weight throws great strain on the bearings, and in most cases the roads are not banked to allow for this.

Sheldon Axles have widely-spread bearings and worm-gear drive with ball bearings that need no adjustments.

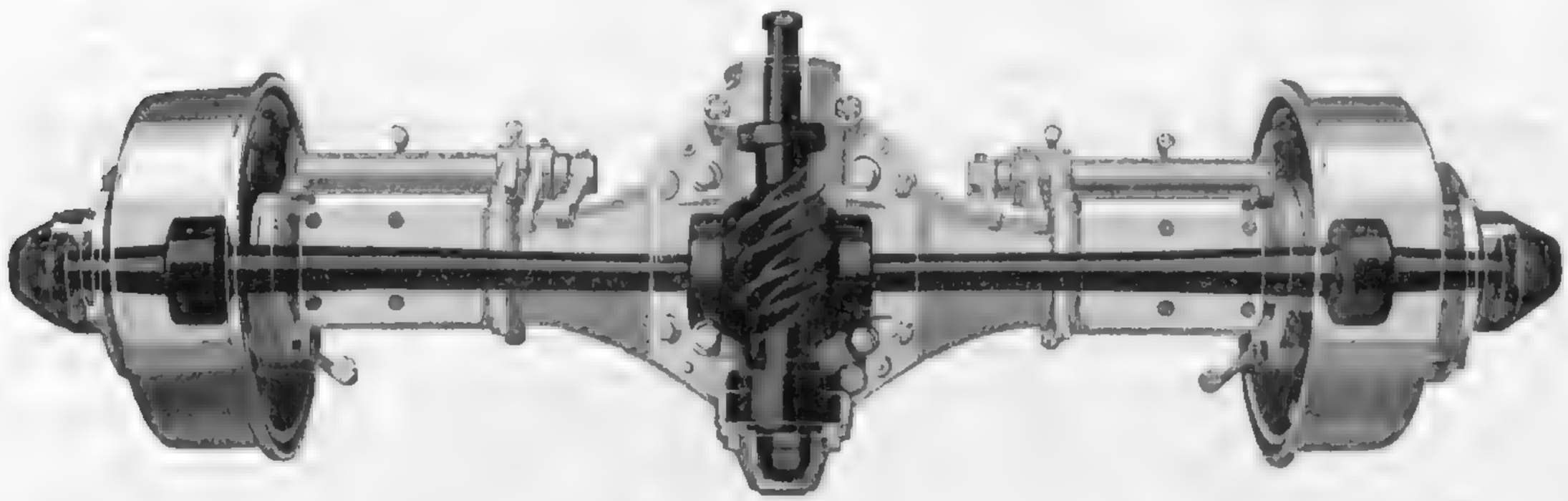
You can recognize them by the torpedo-shaped hub caps and the double-anchor trade-mark. Made for all trucks from ½- to 5-ton capacity.

SHELDON AXLE AND SPRING COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Trucks and Automobiles



When you see a truck with these torpedo-shaped hub caps—it has Sheldon Axles.



Axle FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

PUT YOURSELF IN THE YOUNGSTER'S SHOES!

WHAT would you think if all your questions about parenthood were met with evasions, repressions, or lies?

Every child asks natural questions, inevitable questions, regarding parenthood and sex. Most parents dread to answer them—evade them, ignore responsibility. Yet, they are not willing that the "street" shall school their children in matters vital to their whole future!

What Will You Do?

How are you facing these problems with your children? Will you guide them in safety past the dangers of life? Are you equipped with the proper knowledge and facts? Here is a duty no parent may rightfully shirk! Clean, frank home instruction, at just the proper time and in the *right way*—gradually unfolding the necessary facts—will protect and insure the future of *your child*—every American child.

The Government's aggressive social hygiene policy calls upon all men and women, young and old, to LEARN. Good citizenship is demanding a better understanding of social hygiene. LEARN for the child's sake.

Your Duty

You must *learn* too—you must understand social hygiene as applied to home life; marriage; divorce; the effect of prostitution and the venereal diseases on individual, community, and national life. Ignorance regarding these subjects endangers the future of many beside yourself. LEARN!

DO THIS: Send for the booklets listed below. They will give you the essential facts. Their distribution and this advertising have been made possible by public-spirited men and women who realize that through the spread of social hygiene the family life of America will be improved, safeguarded and made healthier.

For Parents

"Child Questions and Their Answers" will give you a clear insight into the need of home instruction—tell you how to handle the matter with children from six to ten years old.

"The Boy Problem" will prove invaluable to parents of boys of from ten to sixteen.

For Men

"Health For Men" gives the necessary and accurate facts regarding venereal diseases.

"Why Let it Burn?"—a strong indictment of the "Red Light" for all who are interested in clean communities.

For Men and Women

"Conquering an Old Enemy," by Will Irwin, is a straight from the shoulder discussion of the venereal disease problem from the national standpoint. It should be read by everyone.

Any pamphlet sent for ten cents to cover the cost of printing and mailing. Send today

American Social Hygiene Association, 105 West Fortieth Street, New York City

I enclose ——— cents for which send me copies of

Child Questions and Their Answers	10c
Boy Problem	10c
Why Let it Burn?	10c
Health For Men	10c
Conquering an Old Enemy	10c
	50c

Name ———

Address ———
(Print name and address plainly)

Thousands of men and women have urged a continuance of this educational publicity on social hygiene. The work depends on popular support. Will you help? Send a contribution of any amount. It will be used, every cent of it, in promoting *national publicity on social hygiene*—the great force needed to effect the ultimate eradication of the venereal diseases.

Among the national agencies co-operating in the work of social hygiene are the United States Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board, the United States Public Health Service, the Army and Navy, State and Local Boards of Health, the American Social Hygiene Association.

This advertisement paid for by public-spirited men and women

(Continued from Page 133)

they'd send us three cars next September. So that means we'll get two cars a year from next October and if we can spare either of them, you can have one."

So then he begin to yawn and I said "Come on, girls," and we got a taxi and beat it home. And I wouldn't of said nothing about it, only if Katie had of been able to buy her Bam, what come off might of never came off.

III

IT WASN'T only two nights later when Ella come in from shopping all excited.

"Well," she said, "talk about experiences! I just had a ride home and it wasn't in a street car and it wasn't in a taxi and it wasn't on the subway and it wasn't on a bus."

"Let's play charades," said I.

"Tell us, Sis," says Katie.

"Well," said the wife, "I was down on Fifth Avenue, waiting for a bus, and all of a sudden a big limousine drew up to the curb with a livery chauffeur, and a man got out of the back seat and took off his hat and asked if he couldn't see me home. And of course I didn't pay no attention to him."

"Of course not," I said.

"But," says Ella, "he says, 'Don't take no offense. I think we're next door neighbors. Don't you live acrost the hall on the sixth floor of the Lucius?' So of course I had to tell him I did."

"Of course," I said.

"And then he said," says Ella, "'Is that your sister living with you?' 'Yes,' I said, 'she lives with my husband and I.' 'Well,' he says, 'if you'll get in and let me take you home, I'll tell you what a beautiful girl I think she is.' So I seen then that he was all right, so I got in and come home with him. And honestly, Sis, he's just wild about you!"

"What is he like?" says Katie.

"He's stunning," says the wife. "Tall and wears dandy clothes and got a cute mustache that turns up."

"How old?" says Kate, and the Mrs. kind of stalled.

"Well," she said, "he's the kind of a man that you can't tell how old they are, but he's not old. I'd say he was, well, maybe he's not even that old."

"What's his name?" asked Kate.

"Trumbull," said the Mrs. "He said he was keeping bachelor quarters, but I don't know if he's really a bachelor or a widower. Anyway, he's a dandy fella and must have lots of money. Just imagine living alone in one of these apartments!"

"Imagine living in one of them whether you're a bachelor or a Mormon," I says.

"Who said he lived alone?" asked Katie.

"He did," says the Mrs. "He told me that him and his servant had the whole apartment to themself. And that's what makes it so nice, because he's asked the three of us over there to dinner to-morrow night."

"What makes it so nice?" I asked her.

"Because it does," said Ella, and you can't ever beat an argument like that.

So the next night the two girls donned their undress uniforms and made me put on the oysters and horse radish and we went acrost the hall to meet our hero. The door was opened by a rug peddler and he showed us into a twin brother to our own living room, only you could get around it without being Houdini.

"Mr. Trumbull will be right out," said Omar.

The ladies was shaking like an aspirin leaf, but in a few minutes, in come mine host. However old Ella had thought he wasn't, she was wrong. He'd seen baseball when the second bounce was out. If he'd of started his career as a barber in Washington, he'd of tried to wish a face massage on Zachary Taylor. The only thing young about him was his teeth and his clothes. His dinner suit made me feel like I was walking along the station platform at Toledo, looking for hot boxes.

"Ah, here you are!" he says. "It's mighty nice of you to be neighborly. And so this is the young sister. Well," he says to me, "you had your choice, and as far as I can see, it was heads you win and tails you win. You're lucky."

So when he'd spread all the salve, he rung the bell and in come Allah with cocktails. I don't know what was in them, but when Ella and Katie had had two apiece, they both begin to trill.

Finally we was called in to dinner and every other course was hootch. After the solid and liquid diet, he turned on the steam piano and we all danced. I had one with Beautiful Katie and the rest of them was with my wife, or, as I have nicknamed them, quarrels. Well, the steam run out of three of us at the same time, the piano inclusive, and Ella sat down in a chair that was made for Eddie Foy's family and said how comfortable it was.

"Yes," says Methuselah, "that's my favorite chair. And I bet you wouldn't believe me if I told you how much it cost."

"Oh, I'd like to know," says Ella.

"Two hundred dollars," says mine host.

"Do you still feel comfortable?" I asked her.

"Speaking about furniture," said the old bird, "I've got a few bits that I'm proud of. Would you like to take a look at them?"

So the gals said they would and we had to go through the entire apartment, looking at bits. The best bits I seen was tastefully wrapped up in kegs and cases. It seemed like every time he opened a drawer, a cork popped up. He was a hundred per cent proofer than the governor of New Jersey. But he was giving us a lecture on the furniture itself, not the polish.

"I picked up this dining room suit for eighteen hundred," he says.

"Do you mean the one you've got on?" I asked him, and the gals give me a dirty look.

"And this rug," he says, stomping on an old rag carpet. "How much do you suppose that cost?"

It was my first guess, so I said fifty dollars.

"That's a laugh," he said. "I paid two thousand for that rug."

"The guy that sold it had the laugh," I says.

Finally he steered us into his bedroom. "Do you see that bed?" he says. "That's Marie Antoinette's bed. Just a cool thousand."

"What time does she usually get in?" I asked him.

"Here's my hobby," he said, opening up a closet, "dressing gowns and bathrobes."

Well, they was at least a dozen of them hanging on hangers. They was all colors of the rainbow including the Scandinavian. He dragged one down that was redder than Ella's and Katie's cheeks.

"This is my favorite bathrobe," he said. "It's Rose D. Barry."

So I asked him if he had all his household goods and garments named after some dame.

"This bathrobe cost me an even two hundred," he says.

"I always take baths bare," I said. "It's a whole lot cheaper."

"Let's go back in the living room," says Katie.

"Come on," said Ella, tugging me by the sleeve.

"Wait a minute," I says to her. "I don't know how much he paid for his toothbrush."

Well, when we got back in the living room, the two gals acted kind of drowsy and snuzzled up together on the davenport and I and the old bird was left to ourself.

"Here's another thing I didn't show you," he says, and pulled a pair of African golf balls out of a drawer in his desk. "These dice is real ivory and they cost me twelve and a half berries."

"You mean up to now," I said.

"All right," he said. "We'll make it a twenty-five dollar limit."

Well, I didn't have no business in a game with him, but you know how a guy gets sometimes. So he took them first and rolled a four.

"Listen," I says: "Do you know how many times Willard set down in the first round?"

And sure enough he sevened.

"Now solid ivory dice," I said, "how many days in the week?"

So out come a natural. And as sure as I'm setting here, I made four straight passes with the whole roll riding each time and with all that wad parked on the two thousand dollar rug, I shot a five and a three. "Ivory," I said, "we was invited here to-night, so don't make me pay for the entertainment. Show me eighter from Decatur."

And the lady from Decatur showed.

Just then they was a stir on the davenport, and Ella woke up long enough to make the remark that we ought to go home. It was the first time she ever said it in the right place.

"Oh," I says, "I've got to give Mr. Trumbull a chance to get even."

(Concluded on Page 138)

THE BORDEN COMPANY
EAGLE BRAND
Trade Mark of THE BORDEN COMPANY
Reg U S Pat Off
GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE
BRAND
by which their PRESERVED MILK will hereafter be designated, and for additional protection against imposition each label will bear the signature
Gail Borden
THE BORDEN COMPANY
NEW YORK, U. S. A.
THE DICTAPHONE

Will YOU Profit by the Experience of The Borden Company?

The Borden Company, founded in 1857, a prominent factor in the progressive milk supply of the nation, is using 31 Dictaphones in the various departments of its General Office. To this progressive company The Dictaphone long ago proved its case on a basis of time-saving alone.

Your office requirements may be similar to those of The Borden Company, or your correspondence problem may involve not only time, but speed and a large volume of work.

No matter, we are ready to install The Dictaphone and let it demonstrate in *your* office, on *your* work, that its use will speed up your work, save time, and handle your correspondence accurately and efficiently. Are you ready for this working demonstration of The Dictaphone?

THE DICTAPHONE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries

"The Shortest Route to the Mail-Chute"

Western Union Telegraph Company. J. H. Willever, Vice-President in charge of Commercial Department, says: "The Dictaphone is in extensive use in our various departments and is giving good satisfaction. After The Dictaphone was tried out experimentally in the first instance, a short experience showed it to be a time-and-money saver. Our use of The Dictaphone has grown steadily."

Albert Pick & Company, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Albert Pick, Jr., says: "We are using 55 Dictaphones in our Adjustment, Sales, and Purchasing Departments. The gratifying results that we have secured from these machines can be ascribed to the increased speed with which our correspondence is handled and to the convenience of being able to dictate at any time."

Phone or write our Branch nearest you for convincing demonstration in your office, on your work, and for Booklet, "The Man at the Desk"

THE DICTAPHONE, Woolworth Building, New York City

Branches

Akron, Ohio	Chicago, Ill.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	New Orleans, La.	San Francisco, Cal.	Syracuse, N. Y.
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There is but one Dictaphone, trade-marked "The Dictaphone," made and merchandised by the Columbia Graphophone Company

THE alarm that sends engines speeding to save lives and property must ring sure. Great city fire departments use Gould Storage Battery power for *reliable* alarm system operation.

The same dependable quality is built into the Gould Automobile Battery with the famous Dreadnaught Plates.

Over 2500 Gould Service and Sales Stations are ready to give you good service on any battery or supply the right Gould to fit your car.

Gould Storage Battery Company

30 East 42nd Street, New York

Plant: Depew, N.Y. Sales Offices in Principal Cities

GOULD STORAGE BATTERY

The Automobile Battery With *Dreadnaught* Plates

THE Dreadnaught Plates in Gould *Starting* Batteries are produced in the same way and from the same Gould-made lead oxide as the plates in Gould Batteries that are used in submarines of six nations, railway signal systems, fire alarm systems, mine locomotives and farm lighting plants.

(Concluded from Page 136)

But I wasn't in earnest.

"Don't bother about that," said Old Noah. "You can accommodate me some other time."

"You're certainly a sport," I says.

"And thanks for a wonderful time," said Ella. "I hope we'll see you again soon."

"Soon is to-morrow night," said mine host. "I'm going to take you all up the river to a place I know."

"Well," I says to Katie, when we was acrost the hall and the door shut, "how do you like him?"

"Oh, shut up!" says Katie.

IV

SO THE next night he come over and rung our bell and said Ritchey was waiting with the car and would we come down when we was ready. Well, the gals had only had all day to prepare for the trip, so in another half hour they had their wraps on and we went downstairs. They wasn't nothing in front but a Rools-Royce with a livery chauffeur that looked like he'd been put there by a rubber stamp.

"What a stunning driver!" said Katie when we'd parked ourself in the back seat.

"Ritchey?" says mine host. "He is a nice looking boy, but better than that, he's a boy I can trust."

Well, anyway, the boy he could trust took us out to a joint called the Indian Inn where you wouldn't of never knew they was an eighteenth amendment only that the proprietor was asking twenty berries a quart for stuff that use to cost four. But that didn't seem to bother Methuselah and he ordered two of them. Not only that but he got us a table so close to the orcheatra that the cornet player thought we was his mute.

"Now, what'll we eat?" he says.

So I looked at the program and the first item I seen was "Guinea Hen, $4.50."

"That's what Katie'll want," I says to myself, and sure enough that's what she got.

Well, we eat and then we danced and we danced and we danced, and finally along about eleven I and Ella was out on the floor pretending like we was enjoying ourself, and we happened to look over to the table and there was Katie and Trumbull setting one out and to look at either you could tell that something was wrong.

"Dance the next one with her," says Ella, "and find out what's the matter."

So I danced the next one with Katie and asked her. "He squeezed my hand," she says. "I don't like him."

"Well," said I, "if you'd of ordered guinea hen on me I wouldn't of stopped at your hand. I'd of went at your throat."

"I've got a headache," she says. "Take me out to the car."

So they was nothing to it but I had to take her out to the car and come back and tell Ella and Trumbull that she wasn't feeling good and wanted to go home.

"She don't like me," says the old guy. "That's the whole trouble."

"Give her time," says Ella. "Remember she's just a kid."

"Yes, but what a kid!" he says.

So then he paid the check without no competition and we went out and clumb in the big limmie. Katie was pretending like she was asleep and neither Ella or Trumbull acted like they wanted to talk, so the conversation on the way home was mostly one-sided, with me in the title rôle. Katie went in the apartment without even thanking mine host for the guinea hen, but he kept Ella and I outside long enough to say that Ritchey and the car was at our service any time we wanted them.

So Ella told her that the next noon at breakfast. "And you'd ought to be ashamed of yourself," says Ella, "for treating a man like that like that."

"He's too fresh," says Katie.

"Well," said Ella, "if he was a little younger you wouldn't mind him being fresh."

"No," said Katie, "if he was fresh, I wouldn't care if he was fresh. But what's the number of the garage?"

And she didn't lose no time taking advantage of the old bird. That same afternoon it seemed she had to go shopping and the bus wasn't good enough no more. She was out in Trumbull's limmie from two o'clock till pretty near seven. The old guy himself come to our place along about five and wanted to know if we knew where she was at. "I haven't no idear," said Ella. "I expected her home long ago. Did you want to use the car?"

"What's the difference," I said, "if he wanted to use the car or not? He's only the owner."

"Well," says Trumbull, "when I make an offer I mean it, and that little girl is welcome to use my machine whenever she feels like it."

So Ella asked him to stay to dinner and he said he would if we'd allow him to bring in some of his hootch, and of course I kicked on that proposition, but he insisted. And when Katie finally did get home, we was all feeling good and so was she and you'd never of thought they'd been any bad feelings the night before.

Trumbull asked her what she'd been buying.

"Nothing," she says. "I was looking at dresses, but they want too much money."

"You don't need no dresses," he says.

"No, of course not," said Katie. "But lots of girls is wearing them."

"Where did you go?" said Ella.

"I forget," says Katie. "Different places. What do you say if we play cards?"

So we played rummy till we was all bleareyed and the old guy left, saying we'd all go somewheres next day. After he'd gone Ella begin to talk serious.

"Sis," she says, "here's the chance of a lifetime. Mr. Trumbull's head over heels in love with you and all as you have to do is encourage him a little. Can't you try and like him?"

"They's nobody I have more respect for," said Katie, "unless it's George Washington."

And then she give a funny laugh and run off to bed.

"I can't understand Sis no more," said Ella, when we was alone.

"Why not?" I asked her.

"Why, look at this opportunity staring her in the face!" says the Mrs.

"Listen," I said: "The first time I stared you in the face, was you thinking about opportunity?"

WELL, to make a short story out of it, I was the only one up in the house the next morning when Kathleen said we had a caller. It was the old boy.

"I'm sorry to be so early," he says, "but I just got a telegram and it means I got to run down to Washington for a few days. And I wanted to tell you that wile I'm gone Ritchey and the car is at your service."

So I thanked him and he said good-by and give his regards to the Mrs. and especially Katie, so when they got up I told them about it and I never seen a piece of bad news received so calm as Katie took it.

"But now he's gone," I said at the breakfast table, "why not the three of us run out to Bridgeport and call on the Wilmots?" They're cousins of mine.

"Oh, fine!" said Ella.

"Wait a minute," says Katie. "I made a kind of an engagement with a dressmaker for to-day."

Well, as I say, to make a short story out of it, it seems like she'd made engagements with the dressmaker every day, but they wasn't no dresses ever come home.

In about a week Trumbull come back from Washington and the first thing he done was look us up and we had him in to dinner and I don't remember how the conversation started, but all of a sudden we was on the subject of his driver, Ritchey.

"A great boy," says Trumbull, "and a boy you can trust. If I didn't like him for nothing else, I'd like him for how he treats his family."

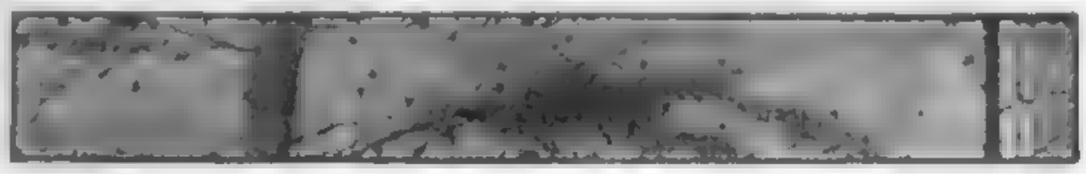
"What family?" says Katie.

"Why," says Trumbull, "his own family; his wife and two kids."

"My heavens!" says Katie, and kind of fell in a swoon.

So it seems like we didn't want to live there no more and we moved back here to this joint, having sublet the place on the Drive for three thousand a year.

So all we're doing now is paying a thousand per annum for the apartment on the Drive, to say nothing about our bill in this hotel. It comes once a week.



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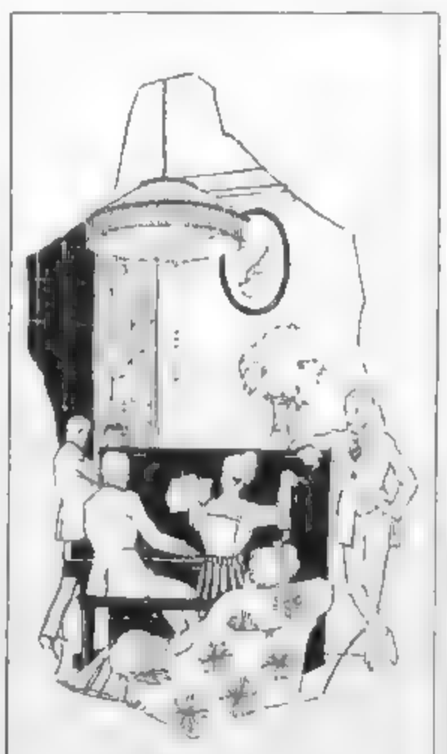

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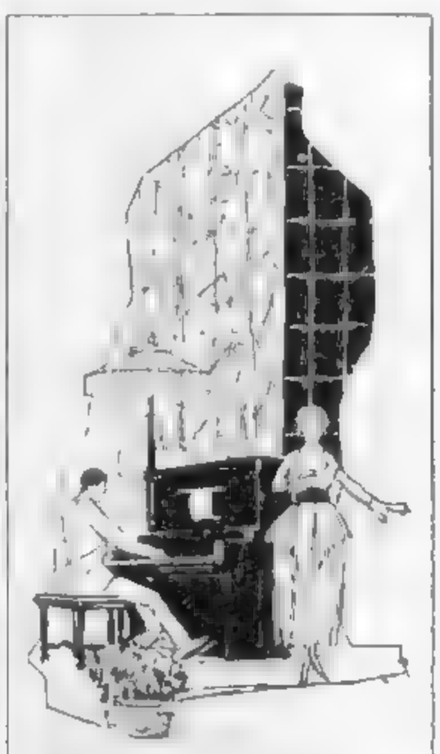

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Firestone 3½

VOICES IN EGYPT

(Continued from Page 21)

government official. From this group have come no strong, constructive thinkers, but a good many small politicians and some fairly capable journalists.

These educated Egyptians approximate in intelligence to the Syrians and other Oriental immigrants. From them and from the pasha class are drawn the officials, who form something like a caste in that they have an especial solidarity distinct from the rest of the population. As education has increased there has grown up among the young men a sort of intellectual unrest. The educated and semi-educated youth are affected by the Western democratic ideals, clashing with their native instincts. Atavistic reactions lift up their heads in the camouflage of new ideals. Barren criticism sifts out from café and bazaar and is echoed by the native press. The politicians have made their own use of this vague but dynamic force.

There is next the lower-class townspeople, partly of indigenous growth and partly the flotsam and jetsam of successive immigration and invasion, with accumulations from the country districts. They are little shopkeepers, laborers, small artisans; mosque students—shrewd and mercenary but not enterprising—illiterate, credulous and insolent.

Lastly there are the fellahin, the peasants, consisting of nine-tenths of the population of Egypt, the great mass who until lately have been the real mainstay of the British in Egypt. They are good-natured, obedient, peaceful, hard working and lacking in initiative. They are gregarious in a sense, but they distrust each other. They have no real unity, no interest in politics.

Jealousies Over Patronage

Early in the eighties the British won the friendship of the fellahin, who were grateful because the courbash, or lash, had been taken away from them, and because they were no longer obliged to leave their cotton crops and work for nothing at clearing the mud from the canals. They knew it was the British who had adjusted the land taxes, thus putting the rich and the poor on a level, and that it was the British who had increased the water in the canals and appointed inspectors to insure a fair distribution of the water. No longer could the greedy pasha turn the water from the poor man's land, but must wait his turn. The fellahin knew that it was due to the British that a small proprietor could not have his land seized for debt, thus protecting him from the usurer. They were so rejoiced at the great improvement in their lot that they accepted without complaint whatever profiteering and corruption might be left in the villages by reason of unscrupulous *omdehs*. Corruption and acceptance of it are part of the Eastern system.

From the beginning most of the pasha class were hostile to the British, who had abolished many of their special privileges. They hated alien control and the principles upon which it was based and longed for the old ascendancy. They resented the number of British civil servants who were given important positions, and they said that most of the ablest Egyptians had been suppressed, though Syrians had been given posts. The middle-class Egyptians also said the junior Britons were given posts which could equally well have been filled by Egyptians.

They complained of the fact that the prime minister and even the other ministers—all Egyptians—were allowed to put their relatives and friends in the best places. The sole qualification you had to have for a good job, they said, was to be the prime minister's fifth cousin. Both the upper and the middle classes asserted that they had not free access to public documents, and that great sums were pledged on schemes of work which were concealed from them. Both these classes maintained that the Egyptians should be given more self-government. They were always intolerant of the British plan, which was to put the country on a sound financial basis, then to see to public security and justice, then to public health and lastly to education.

As the number of middle-class students grew, so did their discontent, and the Nationalist Party increased in power. The discontent was psychological rather than political. Religion and racial temperament played the largest part in the subsurface seething. To the Oriental, especially if he is half-educated, any kind of government stands for oppression. The stage was set when the war came, and then the announcement of the protectorate, to which the allies of Great Britain agreed but the terms of which were not defined. Then followed the troubles and the amazing rise of the fellahin. For it was they who at the bidding of the lawyers and politicians of the Azhar University flocked from their villages and dragged up rails and hacked down wires. Not all of them, of course; millions of them never left their land. It is said, too, that it was the desert Bedouins who did most of the damage. But the fellahin did rise. For this change had come: Accustomed now to prosperity, they resented the part their crops and animals had had to play in the war.

In another article I have told of their sufferings owing to the exploitation of their own native officials. It was hard upon them to have to accept the price the British fixed if the market price rose above that; harder still to have to sell the government exactly the amount the native officials commanded. It was the great opportunity of the natives in power to profiteer, since the British inspectors and such honest natives as were in authority were too busy to check abuses. Also when the prices of foodstuffs went up landholders at once began to charge enormous rates to the fellahin who did not work their own land, and to rent by the year at that. The British were trying so hard to win the war that they could not pay any attention to rack-renting, even if they knew of it. Egypt had been turned into a base camp for supplies.

Equal injustice prevailed in regard to the recruiting of the labor corps. So many rumors have gone the rounds about this that in order to get at the facts I have interviewed on the subject Egyptians, Britishers, Greeks, Syrians and Maltese. Anyone who worked in France and had a grasp of our own situation there must realize some of the difficulties of supply in Egypt; must understand what desperate efforts have to be made to get vital things accomplished. Authority may be delegated into unfortunate hands; terrible mistakes may be made; a hard-boiled underling will use methods his superior knows nothing of—and perhaps the ignorance is willing.

These are the facts: The British had to keep the labor corps at the level of a hundred thousand men, including the camel and donkey transport. Ordinarily the recruiting would have been done entirely by Britishers. It was in part so done, but less and less as time went on, for the reason that the Britishers in civil service were going home to enlist or to be put into home service. More and more native officials and Maltese had to be given power.

The enlistment in the labor corps was at first for six months, though very soon the term had to be lengthened. The recruits must have been satisfied, because thousands of them reënlisted. The food was much better than they were accustomed to; the clothing was ample and good, and the pay was twenty-five cents a day. Before the war a workman received twenty or twenty-five cents a day without clothes or food. By the autumn of 1916, however, the British official in charge would simply say to the native official over a district that he needed so many recruits from that territory. The native official would then recruit his men in the immemorial Eastern way. No British official was looking over his shoulder; once more he could act without any check from the Western mind. I give in full the account of Abdul-el-Malak, a labor-corps man, one of the few fellahin I met who can talk English or who are able to think in the Western way. I have changed nothing of what he said except to strip off some of his most grandiloquent clauses.

"In the first of the time," he said, "all went well. The English officials explained that labor was needed to keep our enemies away from the canal. They said that if the enemies entered the fellahin would once more feel the courbash. But it was the twenty-five piasters a day that made us want to go. Talk was great among us of all we could buy. I had a young son who was yet old enough to work on the land, and with the help of the women of my household the crops would be tended and gathered."

Abdul-el-Malak's Experience

"I enlisted with several men from our village. On the way, as we marched, some of the men said, 'Why did we leave our homes?' For the fellahin love their own homes, their own villages; they do not like to be taken away. They said, 'When we have our new clothes we shall go back.' But when we reached a large town we were put on trains and taken a long way from home. Then we were put in compounds and watched. Our clothes were clean and whole, and my friend said: 'If I could wear these clothes in my own village I would walk as a leopard among dogs. To-morrow I will run away.'

"But the officers watched us. Whoever ran away was brought back. Our work was to break stone and load stone—and more stone. I do not know what the stone was for. It was hard work, but it was good pay. After six months I enlisted again for the long term, and my officer arranged to give my pay to my wife. After a few months I fell sick and was sent to the hospital in Kantara, where I was well tended. Then they sent me home, and I carried back what money I had. The Berber servant in the hospital had not been able to steal it from me. I found that my son and the women had done badly with my land.

"One day my uncle said to me that word had come that more men were needed for the labor corps and that some of the fellahin were running away.

"'What is that to me?' I said. 'I have already served twice, and I must tend my land.'

"But he replied, 'This matter is not now as it was before.'

"On the morrow many of the young men had gone away and the *omdeh* was angry. But when he went into the bazaar his face showed only sorrow.

"'Grief is upon me, O men of this village,' he said. 'The English officers have commanded that I find them twenty-five men to make roads for them. It is not my will that you should go. You will be beaten if you try to escape. It is the Christians that have brought this upon us.'

"Much more abuse he said of the English. Then he went from one to another of the young men. To a sheik's nephew he said, 'If you can get a thousand piasters I will give it to the officer and you will be spared. For the English will take bribes.' Me he commanded to serve like the rest.

"'But, Most Worthy Lord, I have served,' I said

"'The English say that you must serve again and yet again.'

(Continued on Page 146)

Another Picture of General Allenby's Review. Above—Mosque at Sidi Bishr

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(Continued from Page 142)

he said. 'It is not I but the devils of English that made this law.'

"But I knew he was sending me because I was a Copt. When I told him that I was sick and might die of the work he said, 'Die then. It is your brothers in faith, the English, who kill you.' The fellahin believed what the *omdeh* said, and as we marched there was much wailing. We were put to work on a railroad. Our camp was not so good as the other had been. Our underofficer was Maltese. Those who refused to work he beat. A superior officer saw him and commanded him not to beat us. When the officer had gone away the men sat under the palms and would not work. That night the underofficer beat them. Amin Sidki rubbed earth in his stripes so that he became very sick and had to go to the hospital. The doctor who was in our compound said that if anyone was beaten again as punishment he would rub salt in his stripes. That would make him smart, but it would prevent him from failing to heal if he rubbed in earth.

"But the English officer came back and said: 'The men are not to be beaten. Let the overseer carry a whip, if you like, and swing it in the air. That will be enough. It is against the law to beat a man.' Then we were taken into Syria. It was in the hard days of the war. We made roads. Sometimes the Germans and Turks dropped shells upon us, but we did not run away. Our officer said that we were brave men and that Allenby Pasha should be told what we had done. Sometimes there was little food. Our officer said: 'I cannot give you much food and I cannot give you whole clothes. We are advancing, and when an army is advancing it is hard to bring up food. First the fighting men must be fed, and then the transport men and then the laborers. That is just.'

"Our officer was a good officer and we loved him and believed him. But soon I could not work. I fell sick with many others and was taken to the hospital nearest our camp. It was a bad hospital. It was two days before the doctor came to look at me and to say what medicine I was to take. Afterward I was told this was because all the English hospitals and the native hospitals were full of wounded and sick men and there were not enough doctors. The orderly in our tent was lazy and dirty. Sometimes he gave us our medicines and water to drink, but not if he wanted to sleep. A Syrian father and an Egyptian mother he had, and I pray that his bones may rot away from his flesh and that he may lie thirsty in the sun till his tongue dries like a black rag in his mouth.

"When I left the hospital I did not go back to my village for fear the *omdeh* would take me again. I cut food for the camels. When the war ended and I went home all the people in my village were murmuring against the English.

"'We know them now,' the people said. 'They are no longer honest. They are no better than ourselves. They call our men into slavery; they steal for a low price our grain and fodder; they take bribes. The English have changed.' So the people say. It is fate."

The Prey of Agitators

There was suffering then among the fellahin, though much less than has been reported. For every tale I heard of forced recruiting I heard twenty of contented laborers. Much of the complaint came from landlords who could not get men for their land and who had to pay unusually high wages because of labor-corps prices. If it had not been for politics, the abuses, severe though they were, would never have come to light. But it is true that hundreds of men were forcibly taken who would rather have remained at home. It is true that there were cases of lashing, a punishment which has always been allowed in the army in Egypt and in the police corps. It is true that there were many deaths from influenza, and in places poor hospital service. The labor corps, however, did not suffer anything like as much as fighting men the world over, and not much more than many civilian workers in various warring countries.

But where they were at a disadvantage was that they were working in the dark. They never really understood the dangers to them if the Turks and Germans should invade Egypt. They only felt that they had been robbed and exploited. They believed what they heard about the excesses of certain soldiers—severely punished when discovered—and they multiplied these excesses a thousandfold. When anyone said to them "The word of an Englishman" they jeered.

A poignant and common experience is looking back and saying, "If only I had done this instead of that." We weave our patterns with the wrong threads, and afterward we wonder how we could have overlooked our own garish mistakes. A wise conscription of the labor corps would have been the best course; the sort of thing English soldiers and civilians submitted to. Or an army of official explainers, which the British did not possess, might have gone among the fellahin, explained what was needed and seen that the recruiting or enlistment was justly carried out. It does seem as if some intelligent explanation in Arabic might have been instituted. As it was, the fellahin were ripe for the influence of the educated and semieducated political agitators, who told them that the British had been good to them in the past only for the sake of enraging the pashas and the effendi.

"The English are to blame for all your sufferings," said they. "Rise and you will profit. The three-hooped pot will have ten hoops."

"The fellahin," said an American woman who has lived in Egypt half her life, "are good people—patient, hard-working, docile and happy—but they are like tinder. Inflame their passions and they will forget the benefits of yesterday and the consequences of tomorrow. Use their religion as a match for the tinder and they will ravage all before them. I stood behind my barred window on the night of the riots in our city, and I heard two men talking of the Christian women they would take when their husbands were dead—Copts too.

"'Only one million of Copts to kill,' they said. 'It is simple.'

"There are villages that would protect their Christians—Copts and Americans and English—but most of these gentle, singing fellahin would sweep us off the face of the earth. Only too many of them had suffered, poor people, during the war, and they wanted to hit back."

The Sultan of Egypt

So much for the fellahin, who count but little in politics. The British can win back their loyalty in time if they care to do so. There are large tracts of state lands which could be divided into small plots and sold on easy terms to the fellahin. Those who only rent could be given some sort of occupancy rights in the land by which rents would be as definitely fixed as the taxes are. All new taxation could be graduated and considered as a supertax. *Omdehs* could be elected, not appointed, and could be given salaries large enough to lift them—with some watching—beyond the temptation of baksheesh. British inspectors could come personally in contact with the fellahin and could adjust their grievances on the spot, as used to be the case in the old days.

The grievances of the politicians are summarized in the reply a Nationalist gives to the question of what are the worst mistakes which the British have made:

"First, if the British meant to stay after they had pulled us out of debt they should have given us more education. Second, they should have given us free institutions with a view ultimately to complete independence. Third, they should have trained Egyptian men to take nearly all the important offices in the government instead of putting in young Englishmen who fall below the standard of those who were here in Lord Cromer's time."

When these same questions are put to Britishers they answer frankly. An Englishman does not explain himself of his own free will. Also he may have one kind of psychology as a British subject and another as a mere human being. But he examines evidence pretty honestly, and when his verdict goes against himself he does not usually try to deceive. This is the consensus of opinion I have gathered from the British, and part of it is similar to what the Egyptians say:

"First, we should have taken time to define the terms of the protectorate, but we were so busy with affairs that we thought more important that we did not want to spend time and men on arriving at and defining a policy for Egypt. Second, we should have allowed Said Zagloul Pasha's delegation to go to Paris and to England. We should have long ago given the Egyptians a larger measure of self-government, though it would have been at the expense of efficiency, and with the certainty of introducing more corruption. We should have given them some education, somehow. We should have reduced the number of British officials and put in more Egyptians, again at the expense of efficiency. Every Englishman appointed to a government post takes the bread out of the mouth of one Egyptian, but in sentiment he takes it from a hundred natives, each one with a family which believes in his powers. There are between thirty-four and thirty-six thousand native officials and sixteen hundred and fifty English, most of the latter in important jobs.

"Remember how easily, as work increases, a governmental machine becomes complicated. An English official wants his machine to go. Suppose I am starting a subdepartment. I say to myself, 'Whom can I get?' I must have another Englishman, so I put him in. When several heads of departments do the like—there you are! What we should have done from the first, no matter what the cost, was to get the Englishman and at the same time a good Egyptian. The Englishman would do the work and the Egyptian would learn how to do it by watching every move of the Englishman. The ideal should have been that, no matter how well we worked, we failed if we did not teach an Egyptian. When we came we found we couldn't put many Egyptians in high places, because they lacked training, particularly technical training. We had to keep sending abroad for lawyers and engineers and surveyors and medical men. Even to-day we have certain new posts in the sanitary departments or in certain kinds of electrical work. For such posts we cannot use Egyptians.

"I'm not saying there hasn't been some nepotism. I'm not saying we haven't some incapable and unsympathetic men in high places—and with the latter an Egyptian becomes incapable where he would get on quite well with a sympathetic chief. We have trained a good many Egyptians who have made good civil servants, particularly those employed by the department of justice, where the judge has simply to interpret his code. We should have trained more of them, for the Egyptian is, I believe, capable of real education. The Egyptians say that some of the British officials expect an Egyptian to be more efficient than a European before they will employ him. I think that's exaggerated, but I agree that no Englishman should be employed in a civil capacity if an Egyptian can be found to take his place. Our British civil servants have deteriorated of late. We've got in some second-rate young men. One can't increase numbers without lowering quality. During the war we had all sorts of people in the army. Many of them in temporary jobs came into contact with the Egyptians and didn't know how to deal with them."

What the ideal requirements of an Anglo-Egyptian official are I can perhaps illustrate by quoting a conversation I heard in London some ten years ago between an American business man and an English diplomat. The American had just been told that an Anglo-Egyptian official was paid at the lowest about twenty-two hundred dollars a year and at the highest ten thousand.

"What sort of man do you get for such a job at those prices?" asked the American.

"The competent official in Egypt," replied the Englishman, "must have some technical knowledge—of law, for example, or of accounting—so that he may deal properly with the affairs of his department. Of course he ought to know Arabic, and if he doesn't he must learn it as quickly as possible, relying meantime on French and English. He must be a good executive. We take for granted honesty and a sense of fair play. But he must also have keen judgment, firmness, flexibility, tact and powers of conciliation."

"My dear friend," said the American, "it is not an official you want, but an archangel."

The Present Government

Archangels do not seem to be going nowadays, but they are needed to deal with a subject race. Only men and women of the highest character and of fine traditions of honor and justice should be anywhere east of Suez, for the sake of their own souls. Just think of being able to snarl and nag at a humble, apologetic servant, apparently without fear of outside criticism or prick of conscience! It is a test of character to live in a hot climate with natives who bow beneath a yoke.

More self-government and more education used to be the common demand of the Nationalists. The British were concerned when they first went into Egypt, not with such questions, but with pulling the country out of debt. This they had done by 1888, and for the labor on the canals—such a short time before forced and unpaid—they were spending something like two millions of dollars a year. They had made taxes uniform for Egyptians and Europeans. They had repaired the barrage, built dams, improved and built railroads, and experimented in agriculture. But they did very little toward developing self-governing institutions.

At present the government is presided over by the Sultan, the prime minister and some half dozen other ministers, the Department of Foreign Affairs being really in the hands of the High Commissioner. The sixteen hundred and fifty British officials are attached in various capacities to the different ministers. Justice is administered by the consular courts, the mixed tribunals, which deal with all civil cases in which Europeans are concerned, the native tribunals, which exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction over Egyptians except in matters relating to personal status, which are decided in the cadis' courts—religious courts. There are a provincial council and a legislative assembly, which have powers of criticism and suggestion, but are consultative rather than lawmaking.

The British thought that the Alexandria municipality and various mixed municipalities giving full representation in municipal affairs might make a convenient stepping-stone toward a constitutional régime. Once when they did hand over unsupervised government to the Egyptians they achieved failure. In 1885 affairs shaped themselves in such a way that it was thought the Egyptians might be left to themselves in the matter of judicial reform. During the following five years there were constant complaints. The ordinary tribunals were not dealing with the most important cases of crimes, but had been superseded by commissions of brigandage which were really courts-martial. Witnesses had been tortured, several of the accused had been hanged and more than seven hundred had been imprisoned, while in many cases the

(Continued on Page 148)

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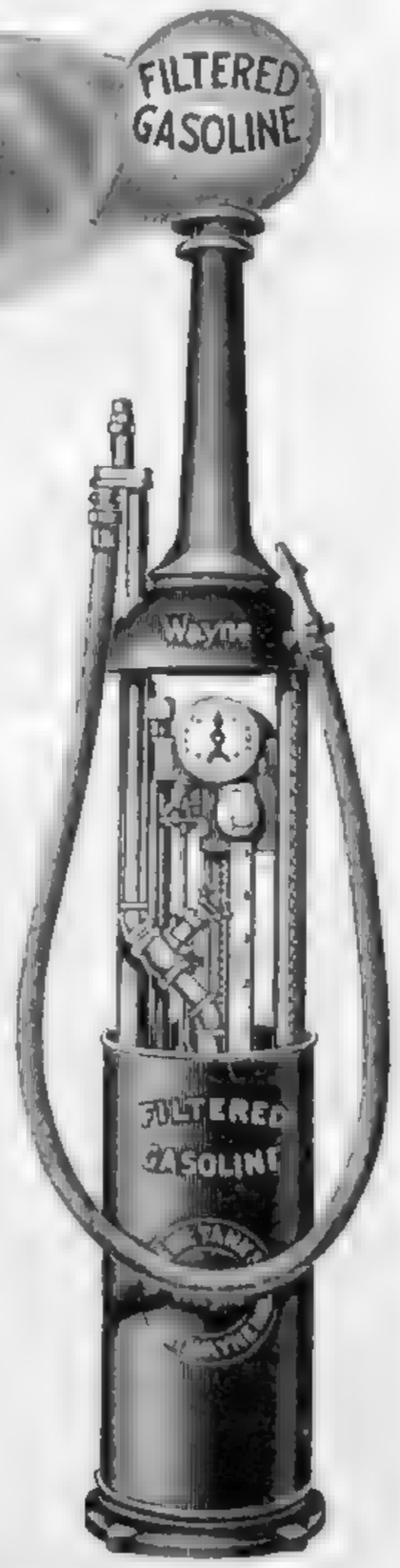

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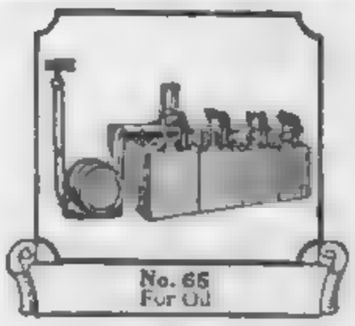

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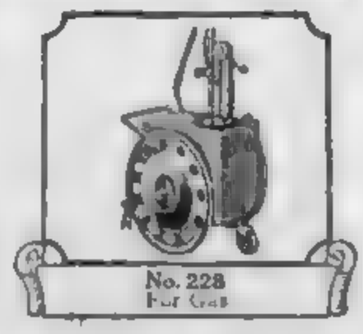

No. 228
For Gas

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evidence was not sufficient to justify conviction.

And yet this was but one attempt. A member of a republic can't help believing that it would have been possible to make more adequate and diligent experiments in the direction of giving the Egyptians something like a real constitution; something that would do more than embody a few of the forms and almost none of the realities of self-government. The British apparently meant to go slowly in putting control devised along Occidental lines into the hands of Orientals. They recognized the many good qualities of the Egyptians, but they distrusted Oriental indirection, faultiness in reasoning, lack of the sense of proportion, lack of organizing power, disinclination to assume individual responsibility and inability to show at once firmness and consideration for others.

Some British officials deplore the Egyptian habit of bribe taking, and others say—"but please don't quote me"—that if properly managed it does not do much harm, since it is the Oriental system. Said a prominent Anglo-Egyptian official who has given forty years of his life to Egypt: "In the old days when a native used to want something from me, if he got it, he'd leave a package of bank notes in the chair he'd been occupying. I'd return them with a sermon on graft and he'd say, 'You're a good man,' but what he meant was, 'You're a fool—you're weak!'

"During the war a certain native of Beni-Suef was collecting money for the Red Cross. Later he was found living in splendor in Shepheard's Hotel. 'Oh!' said an Egyptian *omdeh* enviously when I told him of it. 'Oh, the strong man!' That is their way of looking at it.

"The man who can get baksheesh is strong, and the one who gives it they do not call weak. We haven't been able to get rid of baksheesh taking in the government. The village watchman collects it in the villages, and the Arabic clerks who translate the correspondence for the British are not slow to look after their own interests. There is more than one fellah who failed to get a pump because he was willing to pay a clerk a bribe of a thousand dollars but not two thousand. I know a clerk with a salary of five hundred dollars a year who spent twenty-five hundred and retired with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars."

The School System

My first introduction to education in Egypt was when I visited an elementary school in Alexandria and saw the Moslem children studying. Their master held the Koran and said a phrase to them. They repeated it, swaying backward and forward. Their faces were unresponsive, unillumined. They might have had respect for what they were saying, but they did not have understanding. I was told that what they were studying was not the Arabic they speak and think in, but literary Arabic, which, though it is nearer the vernacular than is popularly supposed, is still largely a new language to the children. After that I was not surprised in looking over the curriculums of the higher schools to discover that a child of, say, sixteen studies what we give our twelve-year-olds. How, for example, is technical information to be given a boy through a language in which he does not think? Whatever he learns he must translate in his head as he goes along. When one sees the dull look on the faces of the children as they memorize one realizes that they are not thinking. When I spoke of this to a famous engineer, a man who has spent his life among the Gippies, he told me this story:

"I collected some Arabic tales," he said, "and wrote them out in the ordinary tongue. I gave them to the three young sons of an Egyptian friend, boys between ten and fourteen. They began to sway back and forth, reading them, not a glimmer in their faces. Presently I asked if they understood what they read. Then the eldest began to laugh. He saw that what he read made sense; that it was an interesting story. But then their father came, and was angry to find that what they were reading was not literary Arabic. He said that I was undermining their religion."

The main object of the education of the mass of the Egyptians is to obtain a knowledge of the religion of Mohammed. The British have been careful not to interfere in any way with the religion of the natives. They did not attempt to reform the Azhar University, which stands at the top of the purely Moslem system of education, at the other end of which stand the Kuttabs, or elementary schools. These Kuttabs, or mosque schools, have always taught some children to read and write, but have taught little more.

The British put in something of the three R's and excluded the teaching of any foreign language. Gradually they added more and more government schools, and began to raise the standard of education and to train native teachers. As time went on various middle and upper class Egyptians woke to a sense of the necessity of education. Many of them who did not own land and who depended on the government for their employment realized that if their children were not educated they would have no adequate means of livelihood.

But to an American the sum spent on education seems absurdly small—two per cent of the revenue. This means that the schooling of the fellahin is still inadequate. There are, of course, practical difficulties in the way. It is not possible to find a teacher for each of the scores—of thousands of villages, for there is still a dearth of native men and women willing to become teachers. It would be possible to assemble together the children of two or three villages, but that would only partly solve the difficulty. There is certainly far too great a gap between the education of the higher and the lower classes.

Education in the elementary schools is free. In most of the advanced schools fees are charged, amounting perhaps to seventy or eighty dollars—possibly a hundred—for the year. At present there are twenty thousand Egyptian schools and about twenty-five hundred foreign schools. There are between five hundred and six hundred thousand Egyptian students, of whom about five-sixths are boys. The present Anglo-Egyptian attitude toward education seems to be that though more money should and will be spent on it, the education should be left entirely in the hands of the Egyptians.

The Mohammedan religion has its good—even its noble points, but as a social system it is inadequate. It divides the average Egyptian from the people of European races; it divides Moslems from Copts. English and Americans in Egypt say that when Moslems and Copts work together in the same office they are always on different sides of every question. Yet during the past year there have been processions where the cross and the crescent have been carried together. On Christmas Day leading Moslems attended a reception given by a Copt patriarch, and in the native press appeared paragraphs upon the life and work of Jesus Christ. And yet one remembers that scarcely a decade ago, when the Young Turk movement started, Christian and Moslem priests were embracing each other. All religious differences were to be sunk. Yet the following spring Turks were lavishly murdering Armenians.

An Egyptian Nationalist, a Copt, told me that he had thrown in his lot against the British partly because he was angry with them for not giving the Copts more power in Egypt, and partly because he was afraid not to.

"I shout with the Moslems," he said, "but if ever Egpyt is given independence I shall leave the country. The intell gent Moslems would be willing to let the Copts alone, but what if the ignorant Moslems got out of hand?"

Strong Men in Egypt

The average fair-minded Anglo-Egyptian thinks it quite unlikely that Copts would be murdered if the Egyptians had independence, but believes they would find it difficult to get justice. It may be that increased religious tolerance is coming. The Nationalist leader believes it—Said Zagloul Pasha.

His is a strong voice in Egypt, but I heard it only in his printed utterances and at second hand through his friends and enemies, for he is still in Paris. Even people who don't like him say that he is brilliant and attractive and that he loves his country. He says that he would rather be a humble subject under Egyptian rule than the highest official under a foreign protectorate. He is outspoken, and with all the courage of his opinions. Sprung from a poor family, he very early showed his unusual ability and his ambition. He was always something of a revolutionist, it would seem, being hostile to the British in their early days, and siding with the revolutionist, Arabi. After a time he fell under the influence of Lord Cromer, and then he supported the British. He rose steadily, married the daughter of the prime minister, was made minister of education, and disagreeing with the British educational adviser he became minister of justice. Then he quarreled with the khedive and after that with Kitchener, upon which he resigned and joined the opposition. When the legislative assembly was formed he was made vice president. It was understood that he hoped to be prime minister. In the estimation of his party he stands now above any prime minister. Whatever becomes of Egypt, she needs such men as Zagloul Pasha and Rushdi Pasha, who was prime minister when the armistice was signed, and who is a man of high integrity, strong character and keen mind.

But if Zagloul Pasha and the other Nationalists are now no longer concerned with self-governing institutions or with education or with anything but complete independence, there are strong men in Egypt who have these things in mind, notably two—Viscount Allenby, the High Commissioner of Egypt, and Viscount Milner, of the British Mission of Inquiry. Lord Allenby is a romantic figure, and he would be if he were five-feet-nothing and plain instead of six-feet-something and handsome. Just to think of him is like a trumpet call. One sees him in South Africa sweeping across the veldt at the head of the cavalry column which he commanded; or in France at the beginning of the recent war commanding first a cavalry division, then a cavalry corps, then the Third Army, and at last arriving in Egypt in the summer of 1917 as commander of the Egyptian Expeditionary Forces. It was his greatest trust—and it was offered him at the time when it must have been dust and ashes, for his only child, his soldier son, lay dead in France.

Allenby Optimistic

One sees him carrying on the campaign in Palestine, and at the climax of it entering Jerusalem—not as the late Kaiser entered it, driving imperiously over a road especially made for him, but walking in, side by side with his American, French and Italian colleagues; walking in quite without pageantry. One gets this impression of him from his staff, who adore him: A strict disciplinarian, able to put the fear o' God in his men; but just, and when need be, sympathetic. "The bull," his nickname is, because he is so strong and forthright; with idiosyncrasies, too, that endear him, because they are so human. For example, when a battle was going well they say that he was edgy, or even cross; but if things were going badly he was smiling, serene, infinitely helpful to his officers.

"He's always right," one of his majors told me. "He is a strong enough man to be able to do what appears to be a weak thing without any fear of what people may say, and then the thing turns out to be strong and right."

A big, simple, honorable man—soldier and statesman too. He is very farseeing, and—like Kitchener—a good organizer and a good administrator. The Arabs and the Egyptians respect him as they did Kitchener. Considering his character and his record in the East, he is quite the best man that could have been chosen as High Commissioner.

Picture him, a huge man in khaki, with three long rows of ribbon decorations on his left breast. He looks younger than his years. His bright brown hair is thinning, but his blue eyes are a boy's. The study in which we talked was very large, but he seemed to dwarf it. He was just back from his visit to the Sudan and Upper Egypt, and he talked about his trip there before he answered my questions about affairs in Egypt.

"I don't know what you may have been told," he said. "The truth is that it is the policy of Great Britain to preserve autonomy in Egypt under British protection. We mean to develop the system of self-government under an Egyptian ruler. I have said this to the Sultan and to his prime minister. Our object is to defend Egypt against all external danger and against the interference of any foreign power, and at the same time to establish a constitutional system in which, under British guidance so far as may be necessary, the Sultan, his minister and the elected representatives of the people may cooperate in their several spheres, and cooperate in an increasing degree, in the management of Egyptian affairs. The British mission which is here is undertaking the preliminary work which is required before the future form of government can be settled. But Lord Milner will tell you about that."

In answer to a question about the state of unrest in Egypt Lord Allenby said: "I have just traveled five thousand miles in forty days, visiting thirteen out of the fifteen provinces in the Sudan. Wherever we went in Upper Egypt, though we did not see much of it, we were well received. There was some shouting of 'Long live independence,' but the notables who received us gave us very satisfactory accounts of the provinces. I am convinced that matters are steadily improving throughout Egypt. The people are coming slowly to see that the intentions of the British Government are liberal. The extremists are, of course, difficult. Indeed the whole situation is difficult, but it is not insoluble."

Lord Allenby rather looks as if he enjoys a stiff problem. Of his work in Egypt he said: "My training as a soldier has helped me in the administrative work I have had to do during the past year. In all high commands a soldier has much more administrative work to do than the average layman realizes. I am helped by the fact that I like the country and I like the Egyptians. Their politeness and good nature are well known, and I believe in their intelligence. The working classes are forthcoming. I mean they go out to meet one halfway. Like races anywhere the world over, they will develop with more education. I consider that with guidance they are capable of large advances in administrative power. It will take time for them to develop. They can't do everything at once, but they will make great progress."

Then Lord Allenby began to talk about the United States. He likes Americans, it seems. He spoke warmly of John Finley. He said that our consul general in Egypt, Mr. Hampson Gary, had been of great help to him.

"But I am indebted to Americans for something else," said Lord Allenby, "and that is the money and the secretaries that the American Y. M. C. A. sent over for Egypt and Palestine. I have written and spoken of what the Y. M. C. A. did in keeping up the spirit of the men as well as helping in their physical efficiency. The soldiers always felt that a Y. M. C. A. hut was a home to go to. The workers always adapted themselves to circumstances; they never got in the way of any military operation. Your American secretaries did good work in Egypt and Palestine."

The Mission of Inquiry

Naturally I asked Lord Allenby what he thought of our soldiers.

"I saw nothing of the American fighting in France," he said, "because I came over here before the United States sent any soldiers across. But I have heard, of course, of how good their work was. Just before I came to Egypt the last time I went over some of the battlefields, notably Belleau Wood. In one cemetery I saw two thousand American graves. I counted them myself—two thousand. I take those graves near Belleau Wood as a symbol of the determination and bravery with which the American soldiers fought."

Lord Allenby then said something about the greatness of our country and the friendly relations which he thought would always be maintained between the United States and England. But to one who has been in France his best tribute was that he paid to our dead.

The other big man in Egypt is Viscount Milner, the head of the Mission of Inquiry, consisting of experienced men of liberal views sent out to learn on the spot the causes of the unrest in Egypt. The other members are Sir John Maxwell, a soldier who has campaigned in Egypt; Sir Rennell Rodd, who has been in Egypt in the diplomatic service; Sir Owen Thomas, who has not lived in Egypt but who is open-minded and very sympathetic with labor; Mr. J. A. Spender, the editor of a liberal newspaper, the Westminster Gazette; Mr. C. J. B. Hurst, a well-known judge.

Viscount Milner knows Egypt well. The book he wrote after three years' residence here, England in Egypt, not only ranks with that of Lord Cromer, but is one of the best pieces of analysis and criticism ever printed about an Eastern country. Whoever has read it would know that grasp, penetration, fair-mindedness and tolerance

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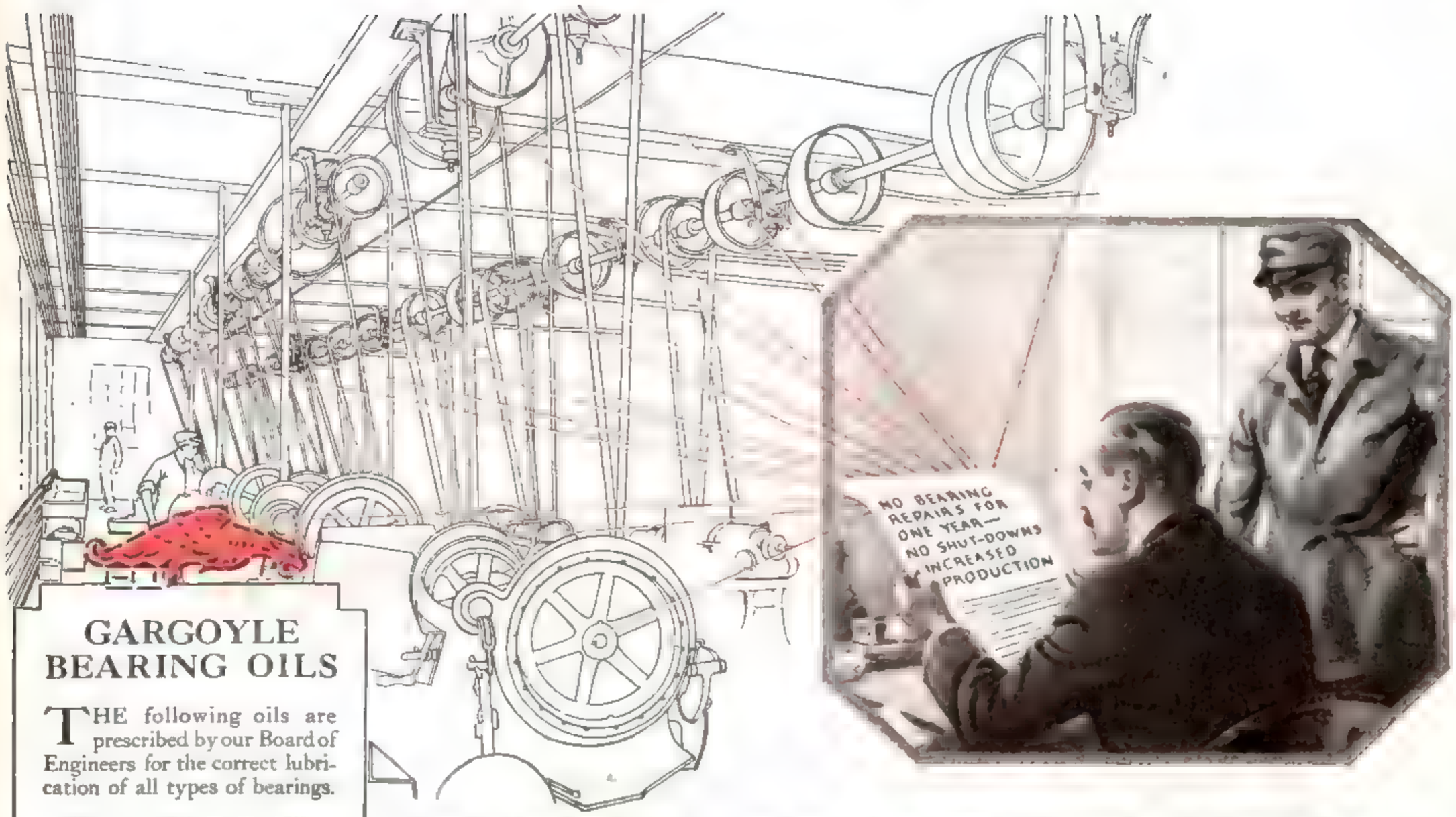

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THE lubrication of a single bearing in a plant may not seem important. But bearings are scattered throughout every plant by hundreds and thousands. Every important machine must support its moving parts on bearings.

And—if the bearing fails *the machine itself must stop.*

Thus trouble with a single $10 bearing may waste $100 worth of workmen's time, lay up a $1,000 machine and cut off $1,000 worth of production.

Right there is the important point—Production.

Burned out bearings do not cost so much to replace, but they do eat seriously into production.

And lost production can never be made up.

It always has been and always will be cheaper to wear out oil than bearings. "Worn out" oil can be replaced with little or no mechanical interruption. But worn bearings take expensive time to replace. Operators are realizing this today as never before.

In the lubrication of machinery, bearings have too often been slighted. Too commonly the impression has been that "any oil would do." This mistake is now being realized and corrected.

Mechanical troubles today mean serious manufacturing interruptions and costly loss of production.

If you are not using Gargoyle Bearing Oils the chances are that your present repair bills and operating expenses are higher than need be.

We are helping manufacturers throughout the country over to insure steady, uninterrupted production through the use of the right oil in the right way and in the right place.

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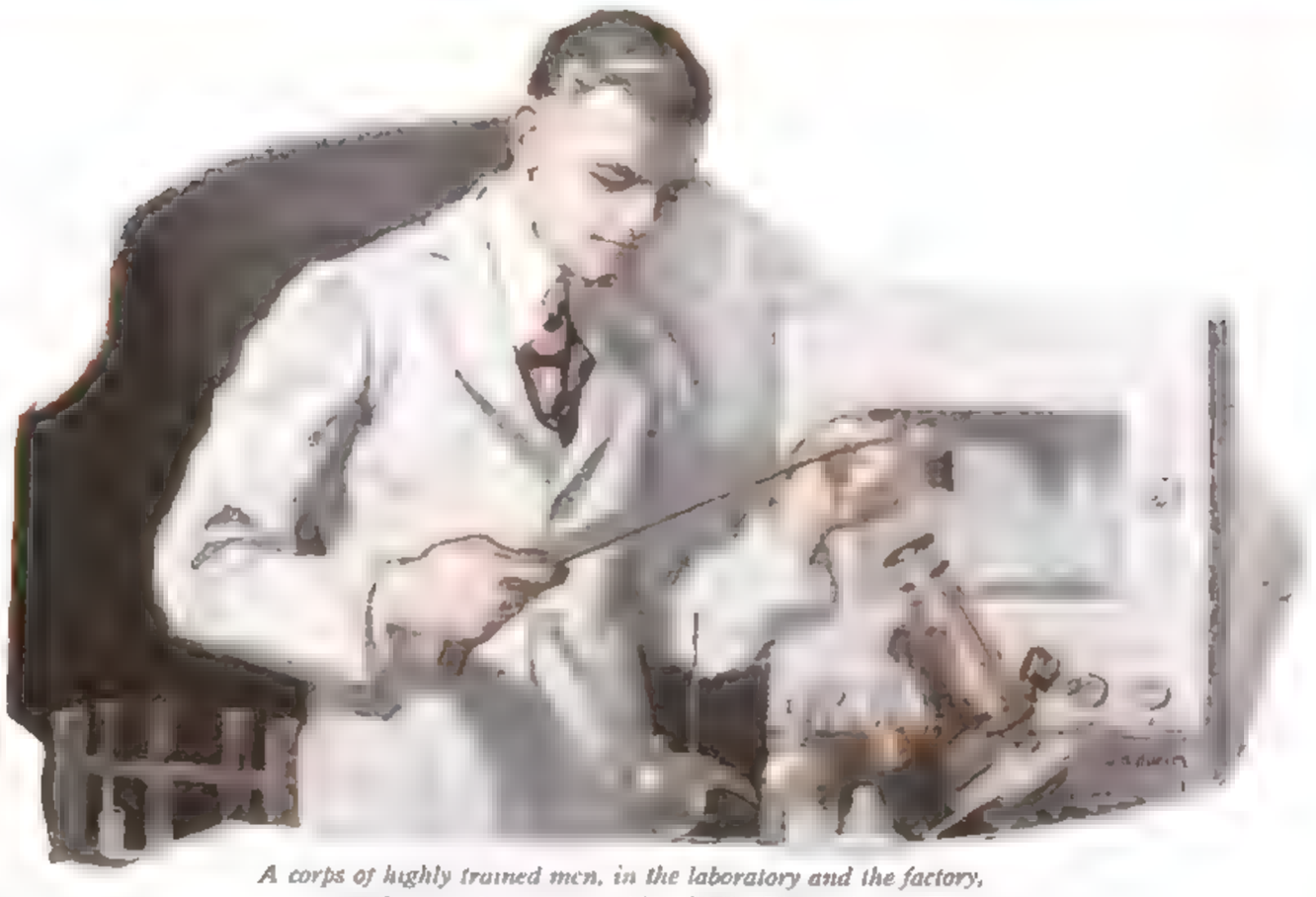

A corps of highly trained men, in the laboratory and the factory, work year after year to add to Miller Tire mileage

Tread Patented

Center tread smooth with suction cups, to firmly grasp wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the-Road* side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.

35,000 Miles on a Stage

The Rhyne & Rhyne Stage Line of California report: On a test of four Miller Cords, one was retreaded at 35,000 miles. The three others have run 37,000 miles. And all are still running—on a heavy stage, under severe conditions.

Miller Tires have been adopted by the largest Pacific Coast Stage Lines.

Tire Mileage Doubled

At a cost of millions—some late Miller history

"I have found a way," said the chief Miller expert, "to add 2,000 miles to our average tire mileage."

Again and again, in Miller Tire history, some improvement like that has come up.

It might mean the scrapping of molds or equipment worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. It might mean constant added cost, mounting into fortunes. It always meant great delays.

But every improvement, little or big, which our experts prove out is adopted. The changes have cost us millions.

The result is, average Miller Tire mileage has been doubled in the past five years alone. And the demand for Miller Tires has multiplied 20-fold.

24 Years to Learn How

For 24 years the Miller factory has specialized in super-grade rubber goods. In some such lines, like surgeons' gloves, we still retain first place.

Ten years ago we turned this experience to the making of super-grade tires. Step by step we've improved them. Our cost-per-mile has been cut in two since 1914, even.

Now Miller mileage is everywhere discussed. Hundreds of thousands have adopted Miller Tires. Countless large tire users—on stage lines, truck fleets and taxis—have proved their supremacy under severe conditions.

And that mileage increase, at the present rate, will this year save Miller Tire users over $50,000,000.

The Miller Methods

A large corps of Miller experts devote their whole time to tire betterment.

They keep 250 tires running constantly under observation. They wear out 1,000 tires yearly in factory tests.

In one test, eight geared-up machines in the factory run 16 tires 650 miles each per day, under extreme rear-wheel conditions.

Every tire that excels or that disappoints is examined, and a lesson is learned from each. On every tire that comes back with a fabulous record our experts learn the reason.

Every Miller Tire is signed and recorded. When a tire shows remarkable service we seek the way to build all Millers like it.

Costs $1,000 Daily

We spend $1,000 daily just to watch and test materials and tires. It costs $300 daily just to test cotton materials.

Every lot of tread stock is first vulcanized and tested in our laboratory. We have more than doubled our average tread wear lately.

Thus Miller Tires have become a sensation for mileage and uniformity. To multitudes of men they have brought a new conception of what modern tires can do.

You Owe Them a Test

You owe such tires a test. You owe it to yourself. When men have spent millions to better tires, you should learn what they have done.

Compare a Miller Tire with the tire you now use. Let your meter tell the story. Or, if you buy a new car, get Miller equipment. Twenty makers now supply it without extra cost.

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Miller Tires

Cords **Geared-to-the-Road** *Registered U. S. Patent Office* **Fabrics**

The Utmost Today in a Tire

(Concluded from Page 148)

were Lord Milner's main characteristics. His keen interest in Egypt, coupled with his long and successful experience in diplomatic work, has made him a fortunate choice as the head of the mission.

"Don't come!" shouted the Nationalists—and indeed some of the Anglo-Egyptians.

The mission, however, did come about mid-December, and is still here. What Lord Milner told me about it for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I hereby reproduce. The pictures we have seen in the United States of Lord Milner scarcely do him justice. He is tall and rather thin, with keen gray-blue eyes and a slow glance that kindles to geniality or retreats to detached reflection. His way of measuring his words as he talked assured me that he was not one to say, "Don't put that in, please." He uttered his views exactly in the massing he wished them to take, with no corrections. Being a diplomat, he saw that I spoke first.

Lord Milner's Work

"Are you satisfied, Lord Milner, with the results of your mission in Egypt?"

"Yes and no," he replied slowly. "Our work in the first instance was to inquire and report. When we arrived out here we got, as you doubtless know, an unfriendly reception."

The agitators and the unfriendly press had made it clear that there must be an unfriendly reception, that the Milner mission must be boycotted. The native press continues to assume that no one who matters has met any member of the mission. At the same time accusations have been made in these papers that this and that Nationalist has been interviewed. There has been occasional booing from students as this or that member went his appointed way. One or two towns have shut up shop and gone into mourning when visited by the mission. Yet somehow one got the impression that the mission was not wasting its time.

"Nevertheless," continued Lord Milner, "though the Egyptians said that they would not talk, many people did come to us who were anxious to use the opportunity the mission offered of stating their views. They wanted to find a way out of the situation which had been created by the agitators. This is not only my own view; all the members of the mission feel it. We had many interviews with people, including a number of prominent Nationalists. These interviews were, of course, private.

"From all this I derived the impression that we might be able to do more than merely inquire and report. I hoped for a frank discussion of the situation with a number of representative Egyptians, including Nationalists. I hoped we might be able to block out the general lines of a settlement which would put the relations of the British and the Egyptians on a more friendly footing. This was an extension of the original object of the mission which I took it upon myself to make. That was why I gave out my public declaration to the effect that the mission had not come, as so many Egyptians thought, to deprive Egypt of rights which it had hitherto possessed, but had come to reconcile the aspirations of the Egyptian people with the special interests which Great Britain has in Egypt, and with the maintenance of the legitimate rights of all foreign residents in the country.

"I said that I was convinced that with good will on both sides this object was attainable; that we wanted to see the relations of Great Britain and Egypt established on a basis of friendly accord which would put an end to friction and would enable the Egyptian people to devote the whole of their energies to the development of their country under self-governing institutions. I said that we wanted to hear all views, whether of representative bodies or of individuals who have the welfare of the country at heart. All opinions might be freely expressed; there was no wish to restrict the area of discussion, nor need any man fear to compromise his convictions by appearing before the mission. He would be no more compromised by expressing his convictions than the mission would be compromised by hearing them. I said that without a perfectly frank discussion it is difficult to put an end to misunderstanding and arrive at agreement. As I said, I hoped for discussion that would lead to practical results."

Lord Milner paused for a moment. I knew well enough what actually happened. Leading Egyptians tried to get Said Zagloul Pasha to come back from Paris and take part in the proposed discussions. They felt that without him they were scarcely strong enough to take a line that would mean the abandonment of the attitude of the extreme Nationalists. The Egyptians sent a delegate to Zagloul with proposals. His reply spoke with two voices; one which shouted violent attacks on the British, the other which whispered that he would not object to entering into discussion. Up to date, then, nothing practical has resulted from this project of discussion.

Objects Accomplished

"When I asked you if you were satisfied with the result of the mission," I reminded Lord Milner, "you said 'yes and no.'"

"The 'no,'" Lord Milner answered, "applies to the fact that I had hoped that the mission would result not merely in a report, but in a settlement. I made a bold and, I think, a generous bid for the latter, but so far there has been no result. I do not give up the hope, however, that sooner or later there will be a discussion on the lines we suggested, and that there will be a settlement, but it is evident now that it cannot be to-day nor in Egypt. I am not going to spoil the prospects of the future by saying who is to blame for this. All I can say is that Great Britain stands where she always has stood. She is as anxious as ever to help Egypt to achieve the greatest degree of independence of which she is so far capable."

"That is the 'no' side of the answer, Lord Milner. What is the 'yes' side?"

"I said 'yes,' because I think the original object of the mission, which was inquiry and report, has been fully achieved. We've all worked very hard. I will not speak of myself, but all the members of the mission worked as a body and individually to get into touch with every shade of opinion and every class of people. We've been at it nearly three months, and we are not leaving for some time yet. Despite the obstacles which have been put in our way we shall be able to give the British Government on our return an amount of information which it has not hitherto possessed.

"I think the difficulties which we have lately encountered here are partly due to the fact that, owing to a variety of causes, the chief but not the only one being the huge upset of the war and the diversion of all our thoughts and energies to the great world struggle, we have rather lost touch with Egypt and the development of Egypt materially and intellectually. Very largely—I do not say wholly—owing to the work which Great Britain has done here, Egypt has been growing up. Not only has her wealth increased, but there has been a large increase in the number of educated Egyptians and in those who are fit to take their part in public affairs. In many other ways too long to mention Egypt has greatly changed since the days of Lord Cromer. At the same time Great Britain has hardly realized the change. Instead of having a single man like Lord Cromer, who for twenty-four years directed the policy of Egypt and kept Great Britain fully informed about the country, we have had a succession of High Commissioners pursuing rather different policies.

"None of them, with the possible exception of Lord Kitchener, who was unfortunately called away from Egypt owing to the war, had anything like time enough to establish the personal ascendancy of Lord Cromer, nor were they able to keep up the British interest in Egypt as Lord Cromer did. It was not their fault; circumstances were against them."

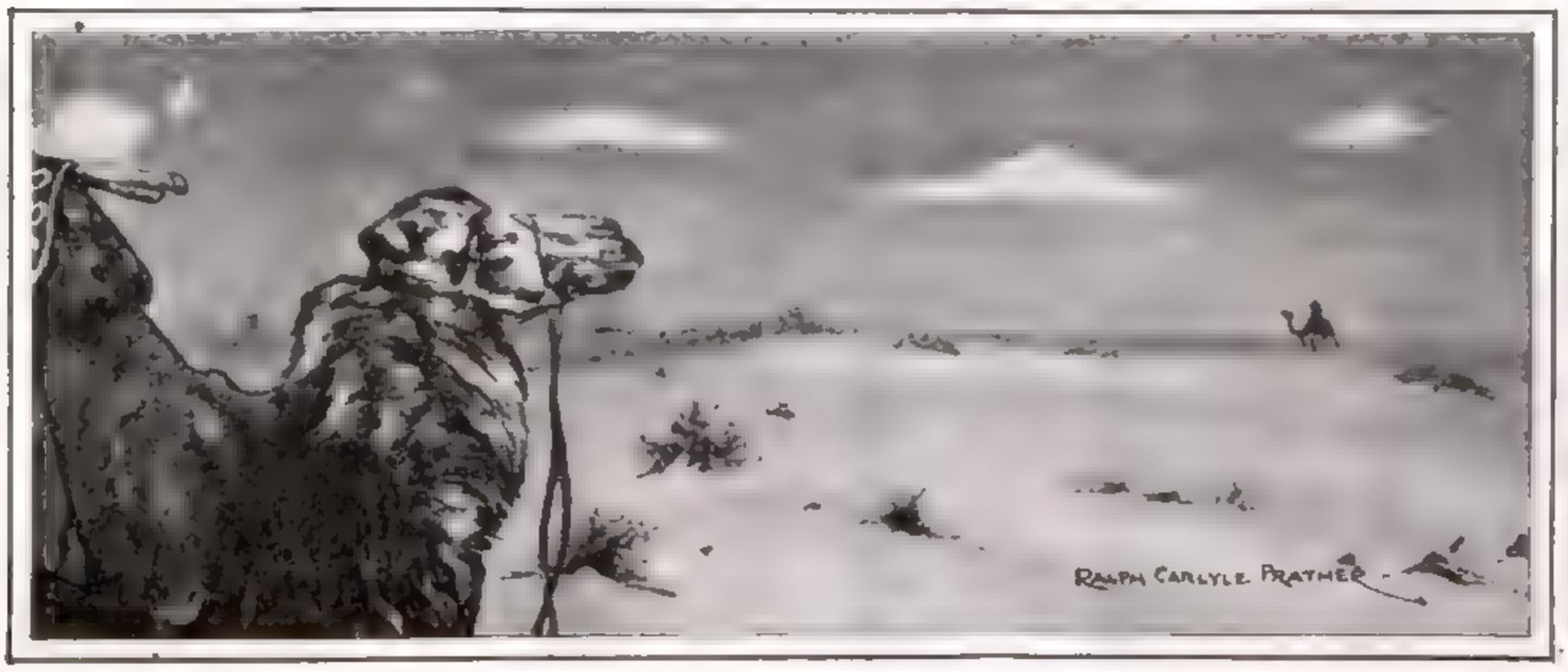
Egypt's Future Status

"I repeat, we cannot make too much allowance for the huge upset of the war, which among other things had the effect of withdrawing a number of the best civilians in Egypt from their usual work for war service. What I want to emphasize is that at home we have been out of touch with the country here. To many people it may seem that the mission has produced no immediate result. Personally, as I say, I am not discouraged with the result of the work we have done so far as its original scope is concerned. And I really do not think I am too sanguine when I say that one result of our work, and a very important one, will be to reëstablish touch between Egypt and Great Britain."

What Lord Allenby and Lord Milner said defines both explicitly and by implication Great Britain's future position. The extreme Nationalist says he will take nothing but complete independence. The average Anglo-Egyptian and the moderate Egyptian say that the matter will probably end with the Egyptians getting much more independence than they would have hoped for five years ago—probably full control over everything except finance and foreign relations.

"What is independence?" asked one moderate. "Egypt will doubtless have as much independence as Cuba and the Republic of Panama have under the treaties of Havana and Washington."

So it rests. Nothing is finally settled. The one certain thing is that in these days of peace—save the mark—no one dare affirm what will happen anywhere to-morrow.



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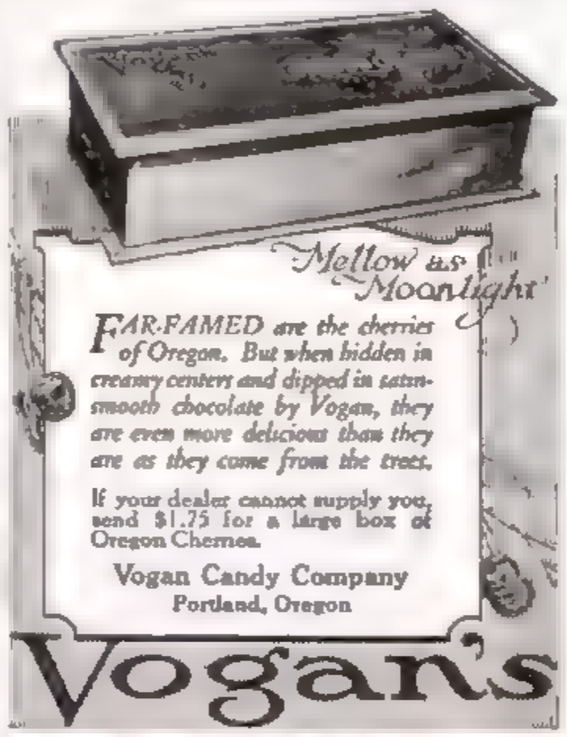

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FIRST *in*

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Stability of the Maker: The White Company is the foremost truck maker in this country, solidly built up and steadily expanded, with resources and an organization which make for continued leadership in the industry.

Stability of Policy: Since the first White was built, the company has never deviated a hair's breadth from a fixed policy: to build trucks that will do the most work for the least money.

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Stability of Quality: Regardless of the cost of material, the quality of White Trucks has been unvaryingly high grade.

Stability of Price: During the past five years White prices have increased a mere fraction of

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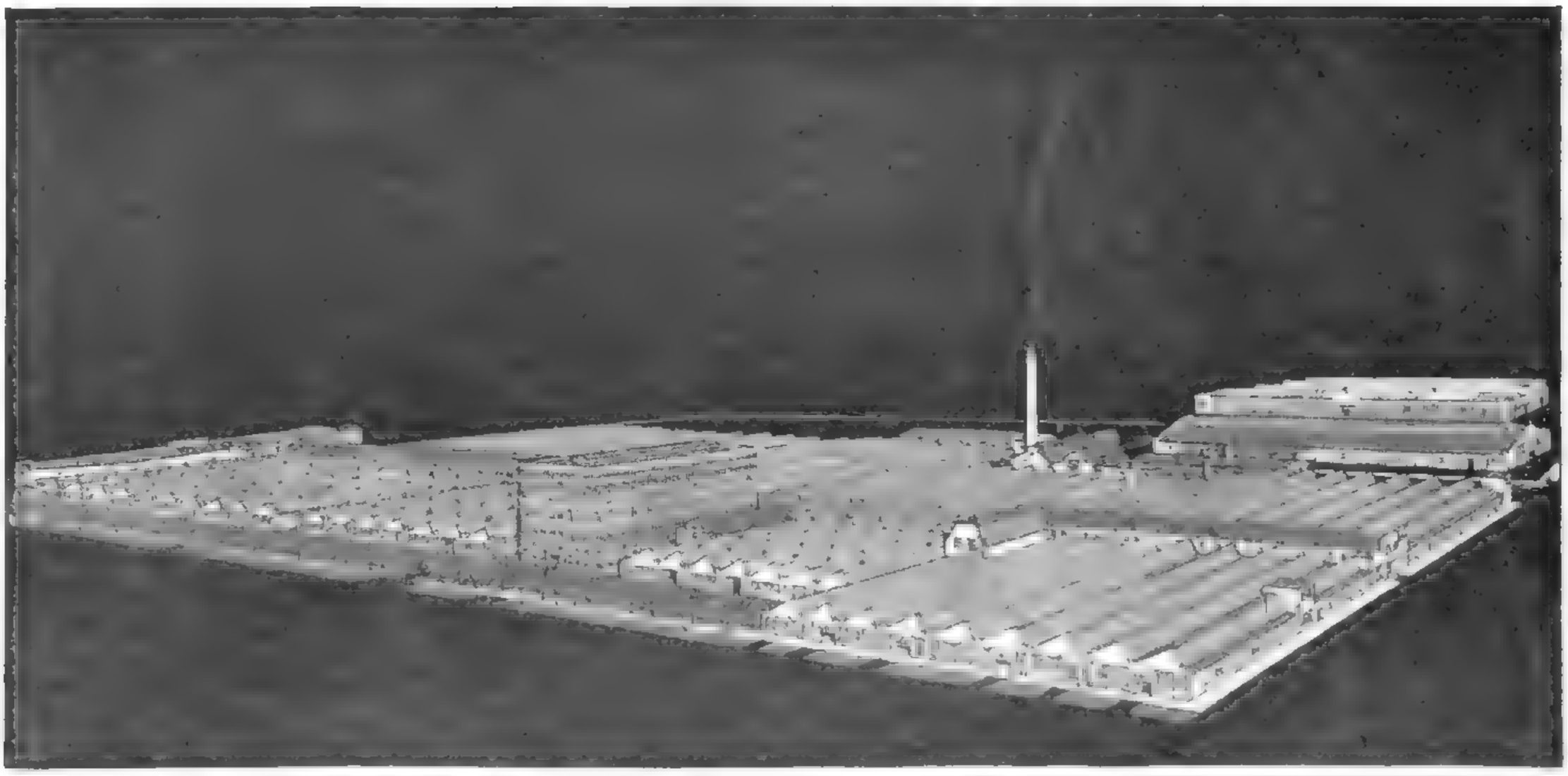

STABILITY

the average advance in truck prices. Expanded output and steadily improved manufacturing efficiency have stabilized both quality and price in the face of increased costs of labor and material.

Stability of Ownership: The Annual Roll Call of White Fleets in actual service, listing owners of ten or more Whites, has no parallel in the truck industry. It is graphic proof of the most remarkable truck ownership in America; as remarkable for the quality of the ownership as for its extent and steady growth from year to year. The Roll Call contains the names of three hundred and fifty concerns with a total of 12,674 Whites. All together there are 3,691 White Fleets comprising 40,919 trucks, exclusive of single-truck installations.

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THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

TRUCKS

THE WONDERS OF WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 17)

during which the Republican heads of congressional committees built up the great new instrument for the equitable distribution of congressional appropriations throughout the sea-going or maritime congressional districts of the northeastern seacoasts of our great land, which has been called in jest the Republican Navy on the land.

"Following this came, after 1912, as you may imagine, understanding now our naval system, the era of the Democratic land Navy, located in a southerly direction on the Atlantic seaboard, from an extension of the Mason-Dixon Line into the sea. The Republican naval administration had tended to minimize the development of this section; had gone so far, even, as to start closing up the glorious old naval station at New Orleans, on the mere technical grounds that it would be impossible to get modern ships of war to it. But now, since 1912, as you will understand, not only this but other ports of historic interest on the Southern seaboard were held open, improved and the barnacles scraped off their bottoms by the incoming rush of new and smaller naval craft, carefully adjusted to the exact dimensions of their tideways. So by the time of the opening of the World War in 1914 the Democratic Navy on the land had been developed and organized to a point from which it was an easy task to lead it on to the almost miraculous development about to be accomplished during the strain of active war.

"A Republican Congress accomplished the fourfold development of naval appropriations from round $30,000,000 in 1897 to $135,000,000 in 1912. The Democrats have since 1912 developed this expenditure, before and during the last war, until we have a navy whose annual cost to us must be, it is stated by the highest naval authority, always in the vicinity of $500,000,000 at the very least.

"And in all this development—with so great a share of naval expenditures through shore establishments as has and always must come, especially during peace conditions—I may say," said Sim Goodman, "incidentally, that we have failed so far and apparently are still to fail to establish a genuine naval base, such as proved so essential to our friends and enemies in the monarchies of England and Germany, in their recent naval conflict. So just and equitable," said Goodman, waving his heavy hand, "has been the distribution of our Federal naval appropriations throughout the congressional districts with seaports in the last twenty years, establishing, as few things have so clearly done, the essential justice and effectiveness of the workings of a great democracy, as against those of the effete monarchies of the Old World."

Our Navy Yards

"They have established naval bases—yes, both England and Germany—under their tyrannical centralizing forms of government; they have the technical advantage of having a place where a fleet may be repaired in time of war. But, fellow citizen," said Goodman, raising his heavy, clumsy hand again, "Romans, countrymen, we have done more! We have played fair with the people who have chosen us. We have distributed our Federal naval appropriations equitably between our sea-going congressional districts, from the rock-bound inlet leading to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to the somewhat swampy delta of the Mississippi leading up to New Orleans. We have kept the faith—the old navy yards, the old appropriations. We have not only kept them, we have improved them all!"

"So you have no naval base in America," I said, "where you could repair a naval fleet—after a battle?"

"Not as it should be repaired—as a whole," said Goodman

"The selfsame thing," I said, thinking, "as happened in the Army."

"It is the same principle," said Goodman—"the same grand principle of representative distribution, to which I am cumulatively calling your attention; and especially with regard to its stimulating effect through the activities and expenditures of our nation in and following war. In politics there are many voices," said Goodman, "but underneath always lies the silent eloquence of the dollar."

"Or the billion dollars."

"Later," he corrected me, "we are coming to that. Now we are still back in the hundred-million-dollar-appropriation era."

"Of course," I said. "I realize that."

"I will state too," he added, "before passing on, that in all this that I am calling your attention to, I am alluding to nothing sinister or degrading, but merely to the natural healthy growth of a great underlying development of our national government—according to a necessary principle of political growth."

"To go on scattering billions!"

"Hundreds of millions only, in this era of which we are now speaking," he again reminded me; "before this last great war."

"Yes," I said. "But always on your underlying principle of going rolling on, rolling up expenses—through war activities."

"Until some rude outside hand comes in and stops them," said Goodman. "But I wish to point out in passing that it is all a process as natural and gentle and unlabored as the growth of the lilies of the field."

I nodded.

"But now," he said, "to show this in detail, let us return again to hard cold mathematics. What would you say," he asked me, "would be the proportion of expenditures for wars past and present which would be taken out of the total national expenditure of taxes in the last year of the world's peace—in the government year ending June 30, 1914?"

Our 1914 Bill for Wars

"I haven't an idea," I told him.

"I'll show you," said Goodman, raising up his Secretary of the Treasury's report again.

"If you will again fasten your eye," he said to me, "on the line of the Government's expenditures in 1914, the sixth line from bottom of Page 635, you will see that the expenditures for the War Department—as we have said—amounted to practically $175,000,000; for the Navy Department $140,000,000—making in all for these two, expenditures of $315,000,000."

"Yes."

"Now if you will pass by one column," he went on, showing me, "you will see another sum a little less than $175,000,000 under the head of Pensions, while in the next line comes an item of something over $20,000,000 for interest—which is of course another legacy from dead wars.

"So then," said Goodman, "totaling up these four principal items of military expenditures, we find that we have in the almost bucolically peaceful year of 1914 a total of a little over $300,000,000 for live war, a total of a little under $200,000,000 for dead war, and a grand total of something over $500,000,000 for all war. You see?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And if you take in certain items which really belong to war but which are covered in the first column on this page—in the Civil and Miscellaneous Expenditures—you will have a total well up toward $550,000,000 paid out for war in 1914."

"Out of a total government expenditure of how much?" I asked him, watching the figures in the book, which we held together.

"You will see that in the last column on this page," he said; "that is, you will see there the amount actually spent out of taxes.

"In this column we first examined, headed Total Ordinary Disbursements, Exclusive of Postal Deficiences."

"Yes," I said, reading.

"For the post office at that period—and in that year in particular—collected its own revenues, and so was not a distributing agency of our taxes."

"Seven hundred million dollars," I said, reading the figures under the heading.

"Yes."

"That's all that came out of taxes in 1914?"

"Yes. In other words," he went on, "in that government year ending a month before war burst upon an astonished world, the United States was distributing three dollars out of every four it paid out from tax receipts in expenditures for wars, either dead or alive."

"I wouldn't have believed it," I said.

"It's there," he told me.

"I see it is," I said, studying it.

"You will see by this," he was going on reminding me, "demonstrated mathematically, the principle to which I called your attention in my opening remarks—that war, though apparently terminated, never really dies in the Treasury Department of a great and high-strung democracy—especially one which by the decentralization of its governmental power makes dominant the great principle of representative distribution of Federal money throughout our widespread congressional districts. You will see here in hard, cold figures—what you may recall in various memories—that the expenditures for war have played a great part in the development of the financial policies of our nation. This fact has been known to many through the pension system and the notice it has attracted at times. But the relative importance of the War and Navy Departments' expenditures has never apparently been appreciated by the general American public. Its eyes have been riveted, it would seem, on the ancient traditional pork-barrel item, the Rivers and Harbors Bill, a thing conspicuous and relatively important forty years ago but now rather of historic than immediate interest, compared with the totals amassed for the expenditures for war."

"It's not a fleabite on them," I said, remembering roughly what it was.

"No," said Goodman. "But let us not think—though the American public can never be taught this—that we are the only ones who have discovered the relative importance of the distribution of Federal money through war expenditures. No. For fifteen years at least before this war this fact was known to the leaders of Congress.

"Indeed the strongest and most influential men in the old so-called Republican oligarchy were to be found at the head of the committees that distributed these great and growing government appropriations, from which we rolled from the hundreds of millions of dollars a year into the expenditures of the Great War."

"Rolled on into the billions," I said.

"Yes, and are still rolling. But now," he said, "having established for the moment our general principle, let us pass on from those comparatively insignificant financial operations before the war—pass by also, for our particular purpose, the imposing finances of the war itself, and, coming to the present time, take up the matter you have suggested: the rolling on of war expenses in our Treasury from the viewpoint of this period, a year and a half after the cessation of actual physical conflict."

Expenditures for 1921

"To our failure, you mean," I said, "to liquidate this war—to stop war expenditures?"

"If the human intellect is powerful enough," he told me, "to devise a method of ending our war expenditures under our system of government, before they end us—which in my darker moments I sometimes doubt."

"Go on," I told him. "Let's have a look at it."

"From now on," said Goodman, "in considering the point of main interest to us—the state of our national finances following this late war—these figures, this financial chart of the Secretary of the Treasury, will be of less use to us—not covering the present period definitely—especially the years about to come. But I have here a clew to the expenditures the next year which may be of value—if you will relieve me of this for the time being," he said, and handed over to me the paper-covered volume of the Secretary of the Treasury.

He reached deliberately then into a vest pocket and extracted a small memorandum book.

"As you know," he told me, turning its leaves, "Congress is now so far along in shaping up its appropriations for the year ending June 30, 1921, that from the statements given out by its leaders and by the use of our own native intelligence we may, I think, get some rough approximation of what the appropriations and the expenditures under them during the coming government year will probably be."

"Go ahead," I told him.

"Let us try, friend," he said, looking up at me from his small memorandum book, "before we start, to establish some fixed point of comparison, as we did at first in considering the finances after the Civil War."

"To see how much the levels of war expenditures were boosted permanently by the war?"

"Exactly. To follow our fever charts of patriotism in financial action. The best thing to do is to start with the expenditures of the Government as we did in the period following the Civil and Spanish Wars."

"That is to say," I answered, "take the $700,000,000 which the United States Government—outside of the self-supporting post office—spent out of tax receipts in 1914."

"Yes—as a basic unit, a measure with which to size up these expenditures of the government year 1921, starting over a year and a half after the actual close of war."

"All right," I told him. "Go ahead."

"Let us consider first the four great regular items due to live and dead wars, which we have already taken up in their relation to the two earlier periods."

"Plunge ahead," I said, "into the billions."

"What would be the first and greatest of these items left by the last war?"

"The debt," I said, thinking; "wouldn't it? The interest and sinking fund for the war debt?"

"Yes," said Goodman, looking down where his big finger half covered the narrow page of his little memorandum book. "Together they make practically a billion and a third dollars."

"A little bit less," I said, "than twice the expenditures of all kinds from government taxes in 1914."

Some Other Big Items

"Yes. That much is the largest item for dead war. Now the second largest item is what? The second can be classified under the head of Pensions," he went on to tell me.

"That is including—as I think we fairly may—with the enlarged pension appropriation proper, the various insurance and health and vocational training and other services established for our soldiers."

"All right," I said; "that seems reasonable. What will they total altogether?"

"Not far, it seems, by authoritative statements, from $650,000,000."

"That is to say, again, nearly as much as the total expenditures from taxes by the Government in 1914?"

"Yes. And making altogether in the department of dead wars, as we may call it, a combined expenditure of very little less than three times our unit of expenditure in 1914."

"The interest and sinking fund is a fixed charge," I said, thinking it over.

"Until that still somewhat indefinite time when our friends and allies begin to pay their interest to us on the money we have loaned them."

"And the pensions and services for the soldiers will tend to grow rather than decrease in their total?"

"There are two-thirds of a million soldiers somewhat disabled by war and over one-third of a million seriously disabled. It's not likely that we shall see any great decrease of expenditure for these."

"You wouldn't think so," I answered, "when you remember the years following the Civil War."

"No," he agreed with me. "And at any rate here you have a cost for 1921, at least, of just a little under three times the total expenditures of government taxes in 1914—in our financial department of dead wars alone."

"What about the other—the items of current war, for 1921?"

"I was coming to that," stated Goodman. "If you include all expenses which properly should come under the head of War and Navy Department expenditures," he asked me, "how much live war do you think we shall have to pay for in 1921?"

"How much?"

"Just a little under a billion dollars, it seems. Probably between $900,000,000 and $950,000,000—before the end of the year."

(Concluded on Page 157)

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PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

(Concluded from Page 154)

"Considerably more than your $700,000,000 total for 1914."

"And more, incidentally, than the war cost of our government in any year but one of the Civil War. And over three times the cost of the War and Navy Departments in 1914, when their totals were not thought inconsiderable—being four and five times what they had been less than twenty years before."

"When will this come down to earth?" I asked him.

"Apparently never," he replied, "if we are to take the word of the chief officers. On this authority, for example, the American Navy must now always have an allowance of at least $500,000,000."

"That's their idea, is it?"

"While the Army's state of mind is best shown by the fact that the estimate put in by it for all its widely varied activities made a total of a billion and a quarter, from which it was cut down some 40 per cent."

"Our investment for family revolvers after our burglary scare starts in well, I must say," I told him.

"It is only a starter, you must remember—according to the beliefs of our military leaders—for the absolutely essential military developments which must now, following this war, come to us, as a first-class military nation, for a minimum war establishment."

"In other words," I remarked, counting the figures up again, "here we stand with a national fixed charge of over four times our total expenditures of 1914—just in war costs."

"Standard war costs only," said Goodman. "You must remember that during 1921, under the special appropriation continuing special war activities—of which you so bitterly complain—the railroads will possibly draw from the Treasury some $800,000,000."

"Where do you get that information from?" I asked him.

"One of the highest officials in the Treasury Department."

"That's another chunk bigger than the 1914 total. And there is the soldiers' bonus," I added, "if that goes through."

"As it is more than likely to."

Staggering Expenditures

"So then," he said, "to total up: We'll have over four times the sum of $700,000,000 in our regular layout for war in 1921, and more than five times, with the special outgo for railroads. And if the soldier-bonus thing goes through later you'll have six times the so-called ordinary disbursements from the Treasury that you had in 1914."

"That's pretty fair," I said, going over the figures in my mind, "for just plain war—the hangover of war."

"Six times," he repeated, "with a bonus; and over five times without it."

"But hold on!" I spoke up, thinking.

"What?" he asked.

"We've forgotten something."

"What?"

"The expenses of running the Government itself—outside of these war costs."

"That's so," he said, looking over with that expressionless look of his on his face. "We have."

"How much will that be?"

"Well," he calculated, "with the other departments, and the usual deficiencies, and the novelty of a large deficiency in the post office, which seems probable, we might get out of that for $700,000,000 more."

"So at any rate," I said, "we'll put out from the Treasury over six times what we did in 1914."

"At least," he told me. "That's conservative. But let us say that—let us be conservative in our figures—we can afford to be."

"And with the soldiers' bonus," I went on, figuring it out, "we shall be putting out seven times the total of 1914. What will we do about it?" I asked him.

"Let me ask you to answer that question yourself," said Goodman. "You have made a deep study of our financial machinery and its operators.

"Have you found anywhere anyone in the Government yet who was responsible and really trying in any large general way to stop this thing—to end up these continued expenditures for war?"

"Yes," I told him. "I have—in a large general way—in speech making and promises! When it comes down to brass tacks—to particular cases where their interests lie, they're all out for adding on expenditures—keeping the thing going."

"Exactly," he told me. "The Republican Congress was going to show us something in the way of economy."

"They have," I answered. "It's an exhibit for all time."

"And the Democratic end—the executive end ——"

"They didn't need to show us," I broke in. "We know already what they would do about Federal expenses—without any further demonstrations. It's certainly discouraging," I said, "to look at the two of them, when it comes to any rational action on finances in general, or closing up these war expenditures in particular."

"Why?" asked Goodman, staring at me.

"I suppose because it's nobody's business or concern—in any practical way. Because there's nobody who's delegated to stop it, in any real way, so far as I can see."

"It's worse than that," he told me.

"Worse?"

"It's not merely that nobody in particular wants to stop it that's so bad. It's because so many in particular are determined to keep it going on."

"For instance?"

"Did you ever know a man," he asked me, "who moved into a big new house, who wanted to move back into the small place he left?"

"I don't know that I have."

"Have you ever seen a manufacturer yet who wanted to close up his latest biggest shop and shrink his business back into the old one that he started with?"

"No."

"What's the difference with the War Department and the Navy Department and all the other departments of the Government after this war?"

"There isn't any, I suppose."

"There's one wing of the Government you can count on to fight tooth and nail against reductions in special wartime expenditures. All the executive departments practically are against you."

"I suppose so," I said.

"And do you think the shipping board will ever liquidate that $3,000,000,000 we have heard so much about?"

"I certainly do not," I answered, "from what I can learn."

"Do you think that neighborhoods with shipyards and small seaports and navy yards and army posts are going to urge their discontinuance?"

"Or that their congressmen will be apt to do so," I said, keeping up his idea, "when you come back again to the Government here in Washington?"

"Or do you think the railroads," he went on, "are going to stop asking financial aid from the Treasury?"

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF U. S. FOREST SERVICE

"Probably not," I said, "from what I hear."

"Or do you think that the millions of soldiers and the other millions of relatives and friends they claim are pressing on Congress and individual congressmen for that bonus—in spite of the wild and foaming statements of the newspapers of the country to the contrary—are going to stop asking for it, even if they miss it this season?"

"I should guess not," I told him.

"You saw what the lower House did on that bonus vote—that three-to-one vote for it—after all the shrieks of the press of the country that they would never pass it. Do you imagine they did that on general principles, or for their own personal amusement, or just because the pressure on them was too strong for them to stand up against it?"

"My guess would be," I said, "the last."

"You're a strong guesser," said SimGoodman. "No," he said after a minute more, "do not let us deceive ourselves, friend. Wars do not liquidate themselves—quite the contrary. War expenditures tend to perpetuate themselves indefinitely. The dead hand of war is not a negative power, it is a positive one. It will go on indefinitely guiding governmental financial affairs—unless some untoward outside hostile influence or incident steps in to interfere."

"Such as, for instance?" I prompted him.

"Financial difficulties have intervened at times following the close of war, which have interfered with government as well as private expenditures. We had one ourselves in 1873."

"I hope that there's nothing like that in sight," I said.

By-Products of War

"We all hope so, naturally," answered Sim Goodman. "But there might be worse things, at that."

"What?"

"What's going on in Europe now? The general management of the world at large by government—by congresses and executive departments—what we might perhaps call a general receivership of the state."

"That isn't likely here," I said. "Is it?"

"If it does happen," he said, "it will happen here for the same reason it happened abroad—because of general bankruptcy following war. That's our only real danger from radicalism and socialism now, in my opinion, and the opinion of many others, much closer observers than I. We are not bitten much in this country by those wild theories, which are always let loose after war.

"They are at work abroad, for that matter, in my humble opinion, simply as one by-product of war.

"Friend," went on Sim Goodman, after stopping a while, "there is a popular belief that the German and Russian and the smaller states of Europe are now being ruled by benevolent harnessmakers and bricklayers and pamphlet writers and other great expert political economists, who have been enthroned through a great new intellectual and social impulse. But this is in reality largely an error."

"An error?" I repeated after him.

"Yes," he answered, brushing the cigar ashes from his vest, preparatory to getting up. "The real ruler is not often named."

"Who is that?"

"It is the dead hand of war," he told me, "from which we, friend, and the rest of the nations of the world are eagerly trying now to disengage ourselves."

He got up now on his feet.

"How'll we do it?" I asked him.

"The only way I know," he said, "is to chop it off."

"Chop it off?" I said. "Who'll chop it off?"

He didn't answer.

"Will Congress?"

"Hardly."

"Or the executive departments?"

"Not as they are arranged now."

"Who is there then?"

"The American people," he said, "will do it—if they want to. But the great question is: Will they want to—in time?"

"Even then," I told him, "they'll have to have some agent to do it through."

"That is an important question, friend," said Goodman. "But one which must wait—for my consideration at least—till some future time."

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STEEL

(Continued from Page 27)

Howard left them and walked through a small reception room to where the covered billiard table stood, heaped with magazines. It was an interior with deeply embrasured windows and hidden angles; close by the entrance two women were talking confidentially over their ice cream; but no one else was visible. He paused to gaze again at the colored Audubon drawings of animals on the walls, when the low sound of a familiar voice attracted him to the farther end of the room. It was Sophie, with Major Moreland; and he was certain that as he approached she brushed away the trace of tears. This embarrassed him profoundly; nothing could be more distasteful to him than such an intrusion, and with an awkward, ill-prepared phrase he turned away. But immediately Sophie was clasping his arm, her perfumed seductive face lifted.

"I'm afraid Dudley is getting desperately interested in Charlotte. It really hurt my heart to listen to him. We must be very patient and wise, Howard. She is so young, and yet—I suppose it's self-confidence. That's the kindest word anyhow."

"Charlotte is always either too young for what's she's doing or old enough to know better," he replied impatiently. "You're as bad as Dan. In some ways she seems to me more mature than either of you."

The hall was densely filled with people moving toward the stairs preparing to leave for the races; a man in hunting pink stood a few steps above the crowd, momentarily lifted into prominence by his position and scarlet coat. He was, Howard thought, entirely representative, the spirit of the gathering, exact in appointment, in fine cloth and linen and polished leather, elaborately conventionally ready—for what?

He had a sudden vision of men digging into the mud, pressing their bodies into soft mud, all trace of their individuality smothered in mud—for what?

Howard had no idea.

He dismissed sharply such questioning, indifferent—in his lack of confidence, his interest in life—to any plausible answer. Sophie was lost again and he found himself beside an inviting, radiantly colored young woman who smiled at him with a vague friendliness.

"Don't you hope the bookmakers will be there!" she exclaimed. "I'll be frightfully disappointed if they're not. I was in New Orleans last winter and won a lot of money on the races at Jackson Park; a horse named Broomstraw. But I'm always lucky at things like that; it annoys Edward beyond words, because he says I have no system. The other night I held the queen and eight of hearts and made a straight flush. It was a big pot, too, opened by four sixes pat. Why do you suppose I ever stayed in! And do you believe in spiritualism? Perhaps something told me. Will you have anything on the point-to-point this afternoon and do you know the entries? Edward's had a splendid tip, but I shan't follow it—you see, he always loses."

Howard admitted that he had no information about the afternoon's races; and in an instant all consciousness of his existence vanished from her manner. He gazed, surprised, at her skilfully rouged face; it was absolutely blank, expressionless; and he realized that the warmth of her tones, the smile and attitude of confidence, were all false, a pretense. The rapid chattering talk, the assurances and inattentive eyes about him seemed to be no deeper than the reflections and clatter of bright tin pans.

Yet all but himself seemed satisfied and happy and excited; they were tremendously absorbed in the chances, the odds of the point-to-point race. Howard saw Charlotte, who waved toward him an impertinent kiss. Charlotte, at least, was alive, potent; men were always attracted to her; she had the mysterious quality of magnetism that was a woman's most fortunate—or unfortunate—possession. Undoubtedly in her case, so soon, it was the latter; it projected her at once into difficulties which for any lasting satisfaction of solution needed maturity, repression, experience.

But, he admitted, he liked her as she was; he had no wish to see her admirable and commonplace or at all like the woman who had spoken to him of New Orleans. Very few people had Charlotte's intensity of being.

Howard was startled by this reflection—he hadn't before consciously held such an opinion of her; he had no knowledge of how it came to him. He caught another shifting glimpse of her face, still and pale against the singular red of her hair, and of her eyes that seemed almost purple—violets and blanched almonds and dark wine. Not similes for a girl, certainly; but Charlotte was no snowflake. It would be a shame to have her involved with Moreland, a superficial man with cheaply stereotyped aims and enthusiasms. He saw Dudley Moreland, with the gold oak leaves and shield of a major in the adjutant general's department, erect and patently military; and then Sophie and Dan followed, Dan's face even older than when Howard had first returned, his shoulders more stooped with all that needless weight of metal.

At the Welch Hunt they were forced by special officers to park beyond the orchard, and left the car in one of the accumulating rows that were rapidly filling a wide field. There were the characteristic activities of hunt races—an impromptu stand with hot coffee and sandwiches for the chauffeurs and grooms; the entrance to the stables was cut into a muck by countless passing hoofs; there were riders in vivid silk and peaked caps huddled forward persuasively on their mounts. Gentlemen in pink gave instructions about a girth or snaffle from the saddle while the horses, bay and sorrel, chestnut and roan, cantered easily or walked with nervous, capricious steps over the roads and sod of the informal course.

It lay, Howard discovered, largely about a hill, now thronged with people and dominated by a band playing on the crown against a cold wind. The countryside fell away on every hand, pinkly brown, dark green or bare, undulating in smooth knolls and hollows filled with woods, meadows and plowed reaches. The horizon was softened by a haze, faintly flushed or blue; and in the subdued tones of the year's end the partly concealed white walls of the country houses were starkly visible.

He gathered, from an increasing tension and sudden surge of the crowd in a common direction, that a race had begun; and then, far to the left, he saw the horses running, diminished by the distance and seeming to move quite slowly. As they drew nearer a roar of sound rose from the spectators, of encouragement, expostulation and derision when three horses successively refused a jump. The race circled a hill, close by now; Howard saw a rider in third place lash back with his whip. Someone—he couldn't distinguish whom—won. Heaven knew he didn't care.

There was a long, tiresome wait, the band contending with an adventitious gayety against the cold and discomfort of the hillside, and then almost completely the features of the first event were repeated. Sometime later the point-to-point race was to be contested—a run to a spot arbitrarily chosen on the landscape, over all obstacles, and return. This, Howard thought, when at last it occurred, was even stupider than what had gone before. It consisted, after the first few moments, of the effort to locate the horses lost in the variegated distance. There were sharp arguments and minute directions: To the left of the next stone barn and behind the pines; they'll be out in a second. There, there—just where the road turns! No, look over that weathercock, then on—stacked hay.

Howard Gage caught the faintest flickering movement—a bird's wing, if it could have been seen so far away—of a horse. Inevitably, however, the race returned; the animals streamed over a fence; one, far in the rear, followed hopelessly the course of the others, and it was finished.

Major Moreland, with army field glasses, at Howard's elbow, declared that Sam Brotherton had ridden an immense race. He even clapped Howard on the shoulder with an exclamation that this was the sport of kings. But the other found it unutterably, maddeningly dull. It seemed preposterous as a spectacle for the moving or enthralling of the emotions. The horses floundering through furrows and knocking the top rails from the fences, pounding across the open with the amateurs of sport, filled him with a sense of impotent absurdity. Thus, excitement! His thoughts returned grimly to other scenes, where the excitement had been beyond any man's questioning; and mechanically he imagined the consequences of an artillery fire suddenly laid down on this hill. He had the memory, the material for the picture—a transforming of men, of individuals, into a single incoherent horror, a calamity of spouting flesh and rags and earth and hoarse expiring sounds.

He was shocked by the manner in which, detail on detail, he visualized this, as though it were a thing entirely apart from his pity. He recalled what Dan had said about his condition, the result to him of the war, and he had a depressed recognition of its truth. Even hating the insane folly of war, the dementia of its destructions, he had been deeply affected by it. With no supporting belief in a remote but ever-present omnipotent benevolence, without an objective alleviating enthusiasm, nothing had protected him from the intolerable horror but that supreme necessity to give his men—in return for their simple splendor—every possible assistance and advantage. Now that necessity had gone, leaving him nothing for which he cared.

Except, of course, Sophie. The rarity and perfection of her beauty must be an endless source of recompense and pleasure. Howard Gage assured himself again of that with a degree of overemphasis. It was absurd to have to formulate a feeling, a truth, so obvious. Yet he had thought of Sophie in a tone of self-condemnation. Perhaps it was because she was so completely occupied without him; her parties and friends and clothes seemed entirely to satisfy her. In the instances when Howard and her other world

(Continued on Page 164)

"It's Outrageous!" Sophie Declared. "Charlotte's Right, He's Unbearable"

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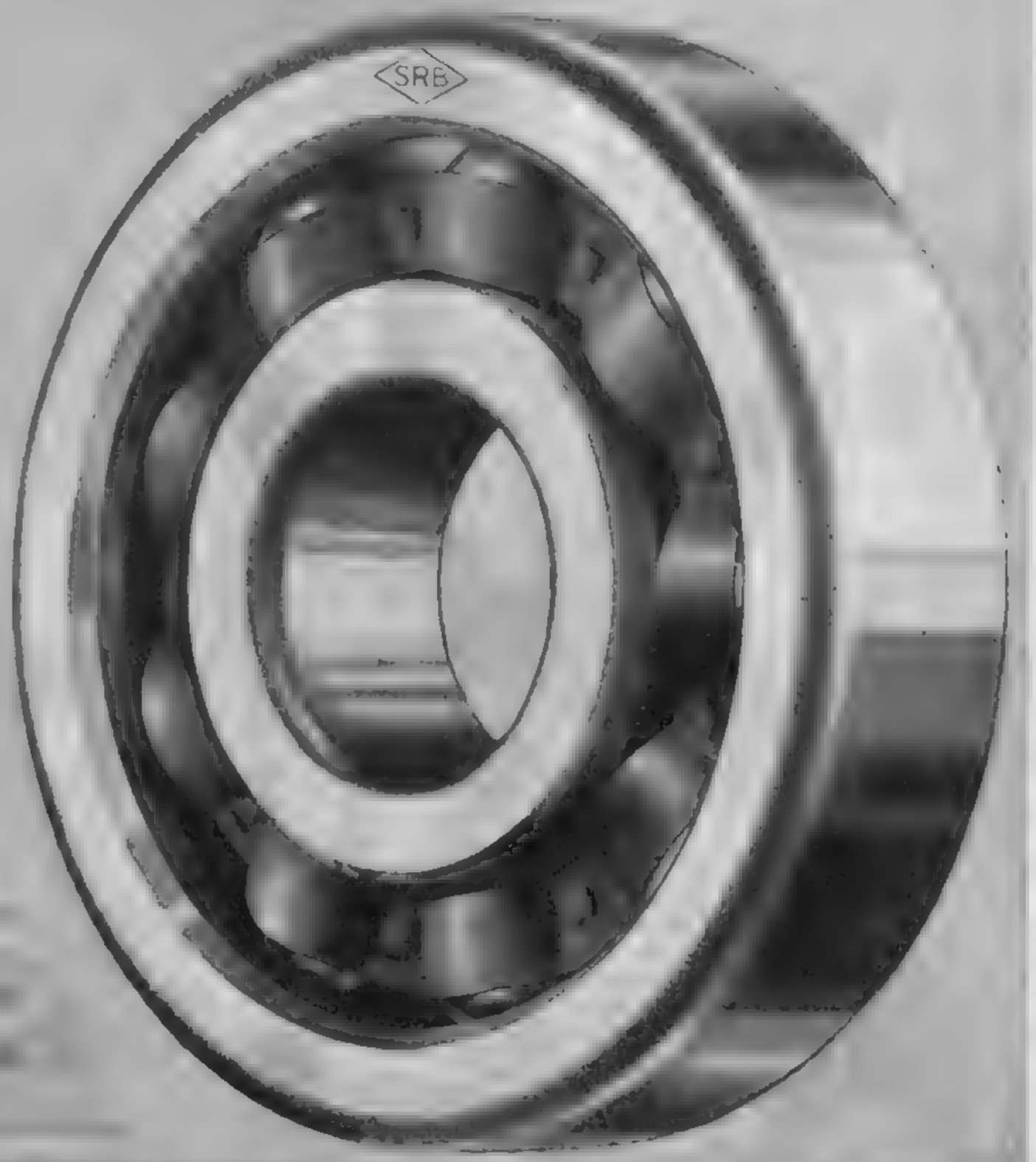

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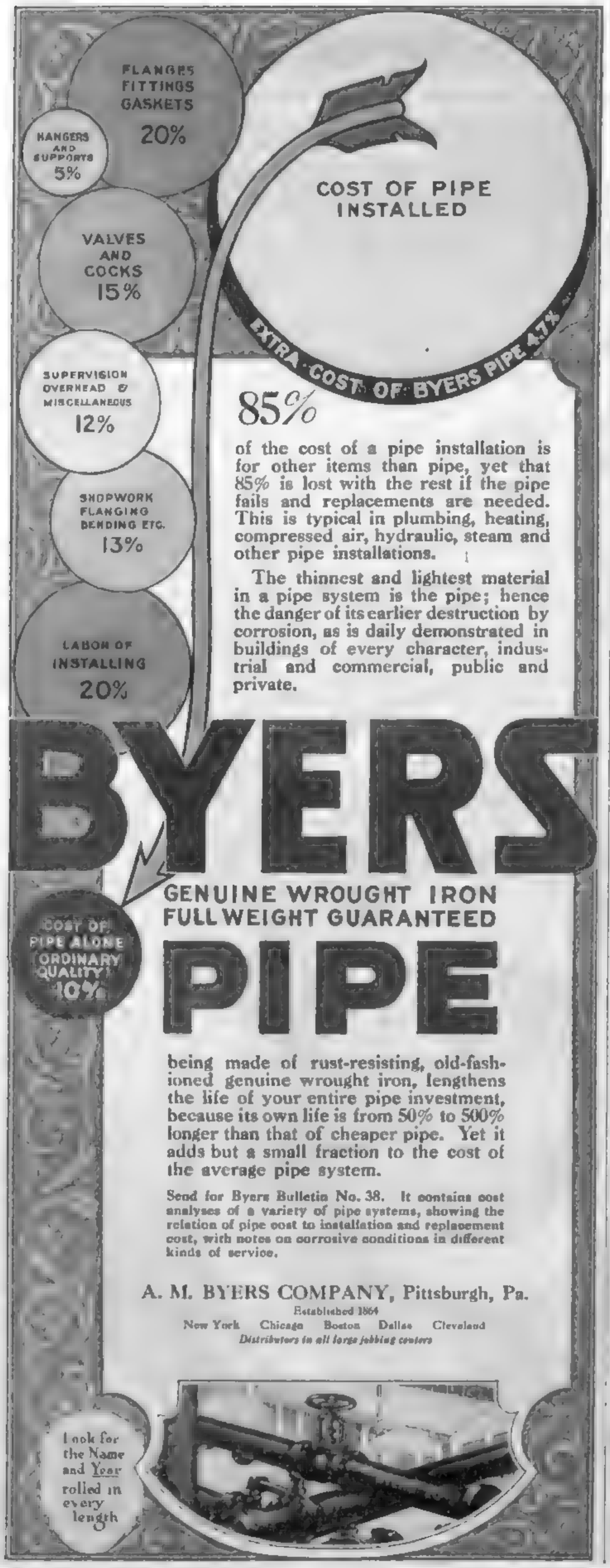
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Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length

(Continued from Page 161)

were opposed she went light-heartedly in the direction of the latter. It wasn't, however, this which disturbed him, but the fact that he was wholly contented to have her do just that. He was as happy alone as when she was with him. Sophie's loveliness was so absolute that he regarded it impersonally, as he might one of the Fêtes Galantes, after Boucher, on Dan's walls. In reality his thrilling realization of her beauty had given place to the assertion, to himself, that it was unsurpassable.

He was still grateful for the delicacy of her emotions, like the fragile textures of her dress; he was glad that she wasn't serious, that she had no conception of life as a dedication or a duty, or any other high-sounding hysteria. She was, as nearly as he could imagine, the sort of wife he preferred, the one, if any, he could most applaud. If any! It was possible that he had lost, with all the rest, the particular fitness necessary for marriage.

This, he thought, with a touch of humor, recalling many of the households about Bagatelle, had become more a masculine than a feminine quality. It was the women at present who were discontented with limiting circumstance and who went out against the protests of men making every effort to keep intact an older domesticity. Such a state had a strong element of retributive justice, and the further consideration of it increasingly amused Howard. A dozen women, since his return, had strongly hinted that they possessed æsthetic needs beyond the kitchen, the nursery and their duty as wives; and a score of men in the anterooms of dinner dances and the halls of clubs had heavily cursed the occasion that had taken them away from home. Indeed, it seemed to Howard that these men were growing touchingly virtuous, pathetic in their references to their children's school reports and the sanctity of the hearth. A little late, he decided, shifting his position on the sharply inclined side of the hill, waiting for a mule race.

One of the riders in the point-to-point was talking to the women in a motor coupé. He had been thrown, Howard saw. There was a smear of earth across a shoulder, his white cord breeches were soiled, and a small scalp wound had transformed him into an object of profound interest and sympathetic attention. He was repeating how the accident had occurred; and suddenly, illogically, Howard Gage was inspired, through him, with such a detestation for his surroundings that he was forced to move away toward the parked automobile. He found it with difficulty, among the additional rows of cars; and, cold, he was unscrewing the silver cup of a flask when a peremptory voice from behind announced the approach of one of the impressive policemen brought specially from the city. He was not, it developed, serious in his challenge, and he accepted a drink with alacrity. Unlike Howard he was enjoying the races—a welcome relief, he asserted, from the crossing at which he was regularly on duty, an uncomfortable spot bare to the suns of July and the north winter wind.

"Well," he said, his tremendous mittened hands folded on his knees as he sat temporarily on the running board of the car, "I was there."

It developed that he had been a sergeant rifleman at Château-Thierry, the St.-Mihiel sector, the Meuse-Argonne, and had marched on the Rhine. "Eighty-six days' action," he continued, "and not a quiet place the whole way."

More fortunate than Howard, he had returned without damage to either body or mind. His entire experience had crystallized into a glorified memory, a pride from which it might be inferred that not the American Expeditionary Force but his own division itself had successfully concluded the war.

"We're able and willing to do it again," he asserted confidently, obviously with no distaste at that prospect. "But if you'd know the truth I'd just as glad have it with one of the Allies, though I'm not naming which."

Howard asked "Beer or wine?" but the other, rising at the approach of Dan and Sophie, Charlotte and Major Moreland, shook his head noncommittally and saluted—a gesture of respect, Howard was convinced, to the flask.

The temper of the policeman, he reflected, driving home through the November dusk, was more depressing than all the weight of corrupt national ambition and universal jealousy, because, at heart sound, valiant, it gave to wars at once their aspect of dignity and a warrant for the future. Moreland, too, emphasizing every detail of military show, infatuated with the glitter and sentimentality and power, perpetuated it by his fatuous blind vanity. Probably war would continue as long as man was man, as long as women, cheated by circumstances of their necessary romance, required the thrill of marching bands, the drama of bravery and pathos of separation and early death. Well, he concluded, it, life, wasn't his affair; he had discharged his indebtedness and had withdrawn. And throwing aside forever all possibility of becoming a part of the social existence about him he decided never again to annoy himself with a repetition of an afternoon like the one just past.

XIII

HOWARD fortified his conclusion with an excellent heavy sherry at dinner, and his manner grew into a cynical humor that finally openly antagonized Daniel Gage. The others had gone to the piano; there were audible cheerfully trivial bursts of conversation and melody, when Dan said: "This much, at any rate, is plain: If you keep on in your present mood you'd better build. It's growing impossible to have you here with any pleasure—or in fairness to Charlotte. You'll give her a damnable impression of the world, Howard. It's well enough for you to believe in nothing—but alcohol; but you might have the decency to hide it from a young girl."

Howard replied that undoubtedly the elder was right.

"You should certainly choose the sort of thing you want in your own house, and if it doesn't include Moreland and me ——" He made a motion descriptive of his recommendation. "I'll talk to Sophie; perhaps she'll want to go South. North, East, South or West—it's all one to me. But I wonder if you're right in saying that I believe in nothing. I might object to that, invite you to keep your opinions where they belong, to yourself. I do, Daniel. You're getting a shade too dictatorial in your concern about everyone's good. You've been too comfortable, damn you; you have all been too comfortable, like a lot of moles in the warm dark. You hate being dug up or disturbed. But it's one to me, earth or sky; I've seen 'em blasted out of both, going up with a shell or falling in a fiery chariot."

"I excuse you," Daniel Gage said, "because you are drunk and wretchedly unhappy."

"Is it important whether you do or not?" Howard replied conversationally. "That's nothing more than a phrase. It hasn't any weight. But, then, you are all made up of phrases; you're stuffed with words like a pudding. They are good enough if everyone agrees to take them seriously and plays the same parlor game. But to come in from the outside—from, for instance, the Vesle—spoils the pretense. And as for my being unhappy, that's nonsense if you mean I'm different from the rest. Look in the mirror at yourself—lines and lines cut in your face by steel. The whole show's a lie!" he cried, rising.

He followed the sound of the piano, and perversely, against her wish, made Sophie dance with him, and swept over a small ornamental table.

There was a splintering fall of glass and china and Charlotte exclaimed: "My heavenly Copenhagen dog!" She bent, gathering the shattered fragments of a light blue animal with pale, appealing eyes, and then straightened up, close to Howard and gazing directly into his mocking face. "I think you're perfectly disgusting!" she proceeded. "Everybody does, but they won't tell you. If I were Sophie I wouldn't have you round for a day; and the way you treat father is beyond speech. We all tried to be specially nice to you, and then just patient, because you fought in the war; but I'm going to stop; I'm sick of how you act and what you say about people. I suppose you think, because you were in France, that everyone who wasn't is nothing. That was all right for a little, while we were quite crazy about you; but we're rather tired of it now. Father and, yes—and Major Moreland—are a thousand times nicer and better and more useful than you. If I were they you'd see some difference. I hope you go away soon and never come back again; nobody here, except perhaps Sophie, wants you. You simply spoil all our happiness together."

(Continued on Page 166)

THE KIND OF CLOTHES GENTLEMEN WEAR

FOR the midsummer season, Kahn Made-to-measure Clothes of light texture give you coolness and freedom of movement, together with style that has the accent of distinction.

Kahn Clothes are rich in quality value. In tailoring, quality value implies three things—artistic designing, the use of the finest fabrics, and careful supervision of even the minutest detail of workmanship. When we have earned your good will by putting into our tailoring in the fullest measure this quality value, our conscience is clear. The best costs less, because it gives more in proportion to price.

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If your dealer does not have shoes with Korry Soles—and it is worth your while to inquire when you buy your next pair—see that your repair man puts them on the first pair any of your family has soled. They are as good for dress shoes as they are for work shoes. Your repair man probably has them in stock, and if not, can immediately get them for you.

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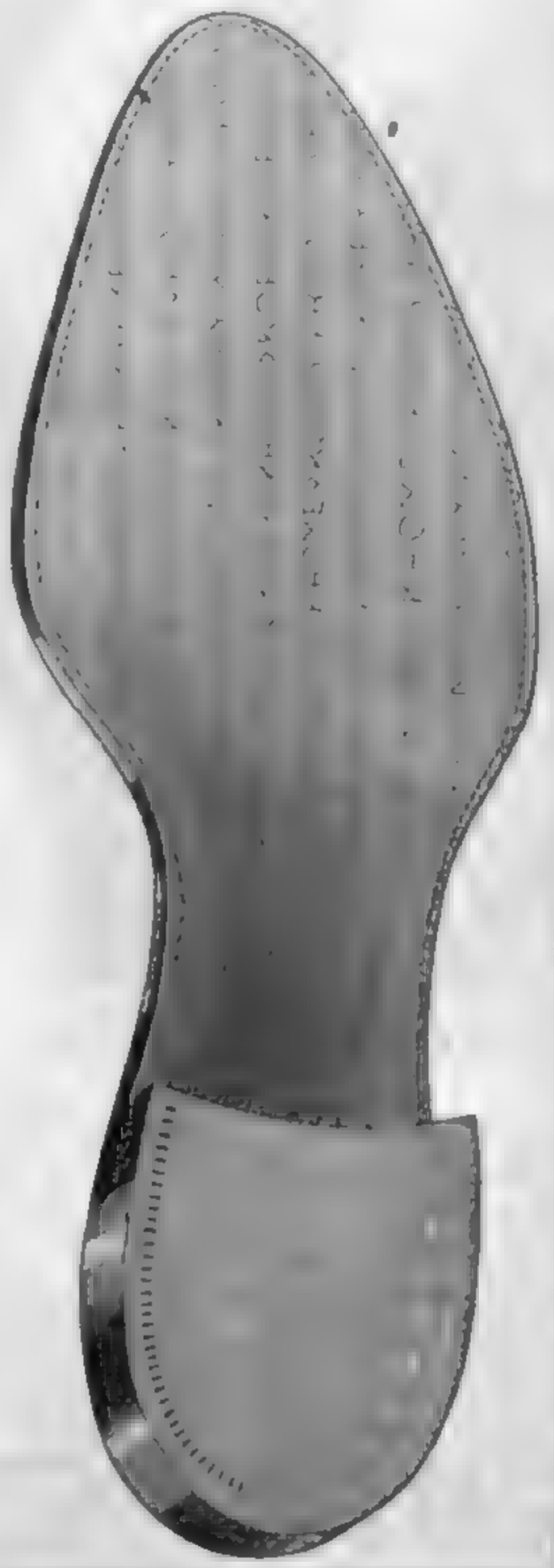

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Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide, and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

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As this sole is cut from the shoulder, it has a coarser grain; but Korry Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry Krome, and costs less.

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J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY
Established 1867
Corry, Penn.

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"Why, listen to little Charlotte," he laughed, "in a fever about her china major. Of course I mean her Dresden—no, Copenhagen—dog. No one wants me, I spoil all their pleasure, and they hope I'll go away and never be seen again. Tell me this, and I'll be off like a Belgian refugee—where can I go? Where can I find a country that is peaceful? Simply and only that. I won't be unreasonable and ask for happiness; just quiet, quiet air, quiet sounds, quiet people and a quiet drink. No steel mills, where there's the hell of a racket; and in particular no machine-gun fire, no skirmishers in waves nor platoon in assault echelon; but broad meadows and trees and a lazy river with a bend in the distance; the country, without races. But don't cry, Charlotte. I'll get you another major, with his shoulder shot away and his feet like black ice."

She backed slowly away from Howard, her eyes dilated with dread. Then she turned to her father, slipping into his arms.

"I'm afraid of him, Dan," she said. "Won't you please ask him not to look that way? It hurts me more than I can stand, and the things he says——" She began to cry quietly on her father's shoulder.

"It's outrageous!" Sophie declared, stamping her foot. "Charlotte's right, he's unbearable. I won't live with him! I won't, and he can't make me—he isn't human!" She addressed Daniel Gage, drooping like an infinitely delicate flower. "I want to do what you approve of, you are so splendid and upright. It was on your account I—I put up with things. But I can't go on forever; you must help me with advice, your support, or I won't be responsible."

With Charlotte sobbing against him and Sophie begging for protection Daniel was obviously at a loss. However, seeing the evidences of a fast-rising indignation, Howard abruptly left the drawing-room, went above. The windows were closed; he couldn't hear the soothing murmur of the stream, and he dragged up a sash.

Standing in the rush of cold air, catching the faint voice of the stream, a more reasonable temper enveloped him. Whatever he had been told, he felt, was fully justified. His admiration for Dan was unimpaired. At the same time the other had no right to say that he, Howard, believed in nothing. Without sharing his experience no one could judge his degree of belief or unbelief. What had been enough before shrank to utter insignificance afterward; you couldn't smash a china dog and still be interested in it. But there were more pressing necessities than such abstract questions. He would have to find something to do, somewhere else to go, at once.

This realization brought back the overwhelming weariness that lurked persistently in his being. He sank on a chair, without shutting the window, his shoulders bowed and arms loose at his sides. He could think of no relief, no escape from the present intolerable situation; his thoughts, sharp at their inception, rapidly whirled, blurred and vanished. Incapable of finishing a mental sentence he had a terrifying sensation of helplessness. He rose, almost blinded by an oppressive panic, when Sophie entered the room. Howard called her name in a choked voice, and held her, fragrant and struggling, close to him.

"Just a moment. I'll be all right then; something got me by the throat. Don't tell anyone that I'm a coward," he begged. "If you'll only be patient, Dan and Charlotte and you, I'll promise to break no more toys."

"You must let me go!" She broke away from him. "My sleeve is torn." Instinctively Sophie turned to a mirror and her hands went up to her disarranged hair. "I don't wonder Charlotte is afraid of you and that Dan is sick of having us with him. It's so inconsiderate of you to act like this when we were all so comfortable. I didn't want to move into town till after Christmas, and now it's doubtful if we can stay a week longer." A sob crept into her voice. "Papa begged me to wait for you to come back and be sure before I married you. But even now, if he knew how you treated me, he'd take me home. I suspect he would kill you too. He ad-adores me."

After all, he realized, her response was effective in the manner he had wished—the panic vanished before her remoteness from all he was experiencing. This was the peculiar validity, the strength of her beauty; it couldn't be human and tender and at the same time preserve its faultless pale rose. Though Sophie seemed fragile, her loveliness blossomlike, in reality she was as hard as delicately stained marble; she was inexpressibly harder than he, for all that he had seen and heard. Yes, she was superior to him, superior to life in that she dominated and commanded it. He was able to recognize and applaud this; for it constituted a successful philosophy of being; which, wholly, he lacked. There was no such indecision as his in her march forward through circumstance, her direct assault on fate. Yes, he admired her; and he was determined that no interruption of their existence together should come from him. He told her this, seated, sober, serious and composed; and she glanced at him, noncommittal and appraising. Her manner gave the impression that she had a limited amount of confidence in the outcome of his declaration. Sophie went about the room, engaged in a score of small duties, exactly as though she were alone.

It wasn't only that she failed to talk, her thoughts were deliberately far away; and when she did speak, to apologize for disturbing him as she moved, her voice multiplied the implications of her bearing. Finally, passing through a state of scrupulously concealed amusement at the contrast between her absent formal manner and her informal appearance Howard grew placidly sleepy. To-morrow would do for the difficult problems before him; and meanwhile he would present Charlotte with a menagerie of Danish china animals, reassure Dan about the future discretion of his attitude, and kiss Sophie, at her dressing table, good night.

XIV

CHARLOTTE, after her outburst, preserved, where Howard was concerned, an air of distance and a mask of polite manners; but Dan offered a tentative apology for her. Almost immediately he forgot the subject of their conversation, and fell into concentrated thought. He lifted his head finally and studied the younger man with a long, puzzled, frowning regard.

"Howard," he said finally, "there are a number of things, if you've no objection, I'd like to ask you. First, have you, as it appears, no interest at all in the position and accomplishments of your family?"

Howard replied deliberately: "As an institution, none; but as the explanation of a great deal of me—yes. On the whole I believe I was lucky; it's a good family. I haven't a particle of what you'd call proper Gage pride; no attachments that exist outside of myself."

"You are, then, totally indifferent to the facts that for three generations your antecedents have had the reputation of industry and honesty and success; it means nothing to you that our mark on iron and steel is regarded as a guaranty of quality and fairness; you get no personal satisfaction from the realization that with a small plant we have, nevertheless, had an actual part in the growth and importance of our nation."

"I'm sorry, Dan," Howard replied seriously; "it doesn't move me an inch. I haven't any interest in the surfaces of things. You'll object, of course, to my calling fairness and industry surfaces, and that isn't exactly what I mean, but only as close as I can get to it. The truth is I have no confidence in the good of piling up and accumulating anything—service or an honorable name or riches or knowledge; there isn't any security at the end. Colonel Vincent, for example: apprehensive, yes, and full of nonsense about espionage, but a soldier and the result of a long soldier's life, and still elastic; that's the point really. He wasn't exactly popular in our regiment—no strict man is, Dan—but he was good, the men had confidence in him. Well, all his existence had been a preparation for the war, and—as you know—the night we went up on the line he was relieved; retired, I think. Hell, what's the use?

"You admit that after seventy-five years of Gage steel the country's now almost impossible to conduct business in; and that no matter how much better you deserve you're the victim of every insane new idea and subsidized senator. The family pride, you'll agree, has already been damaged by me. And as for money, more money——" he shook his head—"no. Wherever I look," Howard Gage proceeded, "I see the same thing—a world of ants building their hills, and a destructive heel crushing them again. If it's a joke it won't get me." He had a

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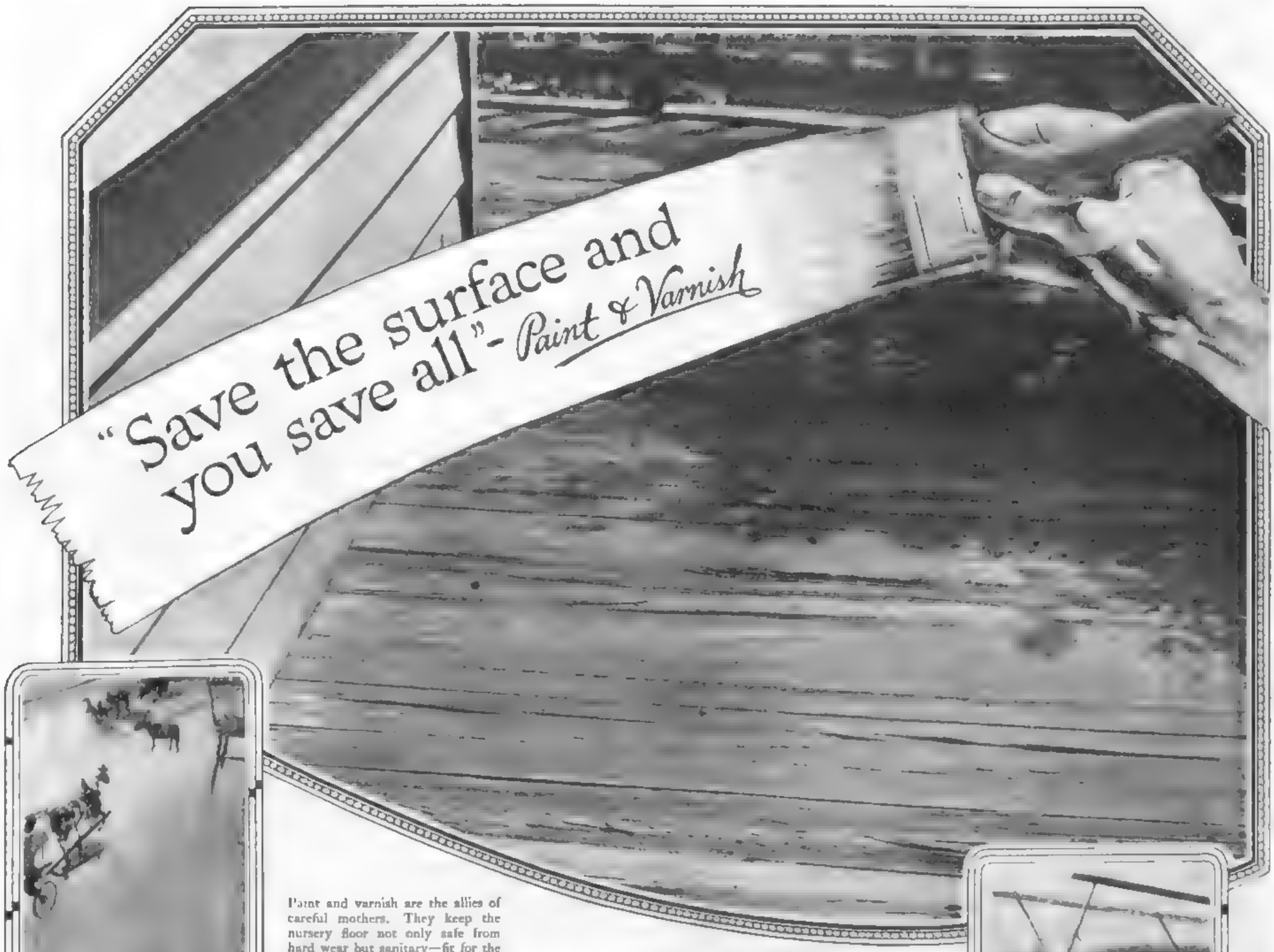

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Paint and varnish are the allies of careful mothers. They keep the nursery floor not only safe from hard wear but sanitary—fit for the children. All floors need careful attention and especially where there are children.

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"Save the Surface Campaign"

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The weather moves relentlessly through its work of searching out every joint and cracked place in farm machinery. Paint and varnish help to preserve it by protecting and prolonging the life of implements wonderfully. Is your machinery protected?

Weather did it

THERE is only one thing to do with this porch floor—tear it up and lay a new one. It is all but breaking through. Its surface has long since been ruined and decay has advanced deep into the wood.

All this floor needed was surface protection. With proper surface protection it never could have gone like this. Weather could have had no effect upon it—the *coating*, not the wood, would have met the weather.

You may have a place on your building where the surface coating is giving way and the same danger of damage exists. It is worth looking into. The old saying about an "ounce of prevention" must have been particularly written about paint and varnish, for if prevention pays anywhere it does pay on your buildings. Never did it pay so well as now, when material and labor for repairs cost so much.

Whether your property be wood, steel, stucco or concrete, save its surface from the elements. If subject to wear instead of weather (like inside floors, furniture and interior woodwork, for example) save the surface from *wear*. All damage of every kind must start at the surface. Save the surface and you save all.

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-AND AFTER YOU'VE JACKED HER UP AND PREPARED TO MAKE A QUICK REPAIR BUT YOU FIND YOUR CAN OF MONKEY GRIP EMPTY
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(Continued from Page 166)

swift disturbing memory of the men of his section coolly, methodically meeting death.

"If that were all," he added, his voice invaded by doubt, "if I were the perfect pessimist, it would be easy. The trouble is I want to get to the bottom, and find a quality, a promise, beyond chance. I want a hill that can't be trampled on—or else not to bother. I've seen enough jokes. We were lying back of a well, early in the morning, in Dorchênes, and Johnny Page wanted a drink; he said he was so dry it scratched his throat to swallow. We were under observation, and couldn't move, but the edge of a shell moved Johnny. It struck the house opposite us, broke it down, and threw out across the road the end of a pipe that ran a bright stream of water squarely across his dead face.

"That," he added moodily, "was very much like the whole affair. It was a muddle beautifully supported. We had no business to be in Dorchênes then; but to understand our position you'd have to know all the complications that sent us up on the Vesle. Our order to attack came from General Totten, the brigade commander, who naturally, with five thousand men in charge, was back in a position of complete safety, and had to rely on the reports of the colonel we were relieving. He, Colonel Wakefield, declared that his regimental headquarters was established beyond, in Orages. Military glory, perhaps; I don't know. It was without a word of truth. In the French service that couldn't happen. Dekker would refuse to advance until he had a clear understanding of his position. The discipline in our Army is different, absolute. Though General Totten might have known his information was useless or even fatal, he had to uphold Wakefield and shift his lie to the shoulders of Dekker and us.

"This was particularly unfortunate because our old man hadn't an idea in his head beyond advancing. For Dekker the whole thing consisted in being engaged with the enemy, and any tactical caution simply enraged him. We went into Dorchênes under a stupendous bombardment, twenty shells a second, and we were at the tail of the regiment—the attacking battalions were already reduced to nothing or next to nothing, with only a small bridgehead established by Major Yates across the river.

"The artillery fire rose and fell all day while the village crumbled into a pile of rocks, and as fast as I'd organize an observation post in a garret full of shrapnel holes it would be blown up and we'd have to move. The colonel was damning me all the time too; he said the cursed intelligence was no good to him; what he wanted was men to carry rifles and fight. Twice that evening runners from brigade headquarters brought orders from General Totten for the colonel to move to a point farther in the rear; but Colonel Dekker, answering that he could command his men better if he were with the assaulting units, actually refused to obey. In reality we had the most advanced position on that particular front, with no infantry screen between the village and the river; if the Germans had tried a patrol could easily have entered Dorchênes and with no trouble captured the entire headquarters.

"The next day was very clear," Howard said, lingering over that comparatively unimportant fact, "very beautiful. But the colonel was as stormy, as excited as possible. He was always happiest when his staff and enlisted personnel were running about on extraordinary errands and neglecting their usual duties. He liked this because he thought it was efficient; and ordinarily at such times he was pleasant and kind and generous; but now he was not only efficient but damn disagreeable too. I waited, uncomfortably enough, for my turn, for Colonel Dekker had shown me that I could expect no consideration from him since I had held a confidential position under Vincent. Dekker not only hated him but made it clear that he wasted no love on Vincent's friends, and if division headquarters hadn't ordered that no intelligence officers were to be removed I'd have gone long ago.

"One or two men had had the colonel's special attention—it was funny enough until it happened to catch you—and then he saw me. I could tell from his expression, his hesitation while he was speaking, that, as he would say, he was inventing something to keep me busy; when, with absolutely no consideration, he got it out.

"I was to go immediately to the Vesle at the right of our sector, move forward on the left, and draw in on the map the positions of all our troops. I was to take off my belt, pistol, canteen and glasses, so that I could crawl more easily. Only that night I had worked with the colonel over the map and he had been satisfied; it held the positions of all our elements, and the main German points of resistance. We had also discussed the fact that our left was unprotected, and agreed that no human being could live on the slope or river flat. So I was surprised, and asked, quite involuntarily, if the commanding officer was not satisfied with the information prepared. He got into a temper at once, a regular Turkey red, but answered calmly enough that I was to proceed as ordered.

"There was nothing to do but salute and go; yet in order to make the expedition as useful as possible I asked to have Sergeant Jasper detailed with me; but, calmer than before, he demanded why two lives should be risked when one could accomplish the mission. At this Captain Rollé, the French officer attached to the regiment, who was beside us during the interview, stepped forward and said that he'd like to accompany me. The colonel was plainly disturbed, for Rollé was very valuable, and he didn't want to lose him. But under the circumstances Dekker could only grant the request.

"It was slow going, bothered by snipers, but we had finally left the village when Jasper hurriedly joined us, and we reached a small bridge of logs and crossed to where Major Yates was still holding the bridgehead. Rollé stayed there while the sergeant and I went out and recharted the positions of our units. The major's hole was at the left of a big clearing, and every now and then the Germans would crawl through the surrounding underbrush and give it to someone in the clearing. But our men had dug a few shallow trenches, perhaps knee deep, in the night, which offered a little protection; and we got round through them, sitting on an edge or, when the shots got too close, flat on our bellies with the precious map crushed under us in the mud.

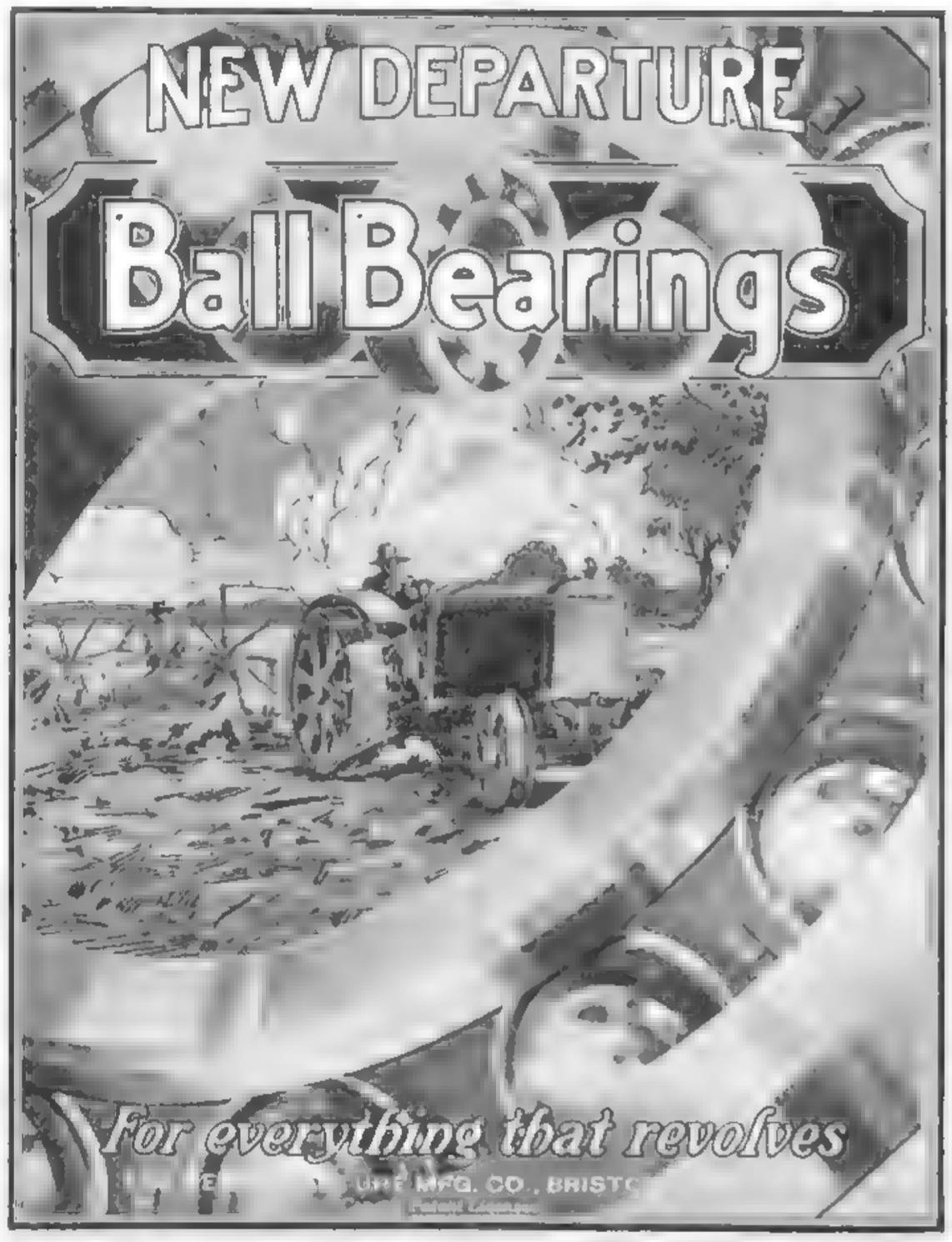
"When the sector about the clearing was finished we returned to the bridgehead, and, with Captain Rollé, walked down the river, through the bushes, to the left. Almost at once we came on one of our outpost positions—a corporal and two men in their fox holes, watching in turn. The Frenchman said he would go last—that was correct, for his blue uniform was very conspicuous—and give the signal if we were to retreat; and it was arranged that Jasper was to keep a hand on my heel while Voinchet kept in touch with the sergeant as we wormed along.

"We sent word over the line of outposts that we were going beyond, and the corporal plainly showed he thought we were crazy. I had no insignia, of course; but he probably knew who I was; and no one could mistake Rollé. There was some excited whispering and speculation as we moved forward.

"In a few minutes I was out in another clearing, and I waited, looking over the ground, until Captain Rollé appeared. The river was on one side and a railway embankment on the other, and ahead the underbrush filled in the point where they met. We were close by the water, and I could see, across it, a number of our men lying dead since yesterday, while right below me were two who had been drowned. It was here that, from observation posts, I had seen the Germans throw hand grenades into the thicket behind us, so I knew they were near. We moved a very short distance at a time, and I was wondering if we had been picked up and reported at headquarters, when a boche only a few feet away calmly walked up over the embankment and disappeared.

"For a while we didn't stir; and when I took up the advance again, simultaneously with my movement, a machine gun opened on us from the exact place toward which we were creeping. I was plastered on the ground, with the bullets streaming over me, when I felt a tugging at my foot, and I was happy to realize both that my companions were alive and that I was commanded to progress in what, it seemed to me, was the best possible direction." For a moment he was still, his head sunk forward and his expression stony with bitter lips.

"It isn't the easiest thing in the world to crawl backward," Howard resumed. "The corporal sent word that we had returned, and I can't tell you how safe it felt a few



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"Vamp" "What's In a Name" "Love Here Is My Heart"
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Feist Songs on sale wherever music is sold, or we will supply you direct at 40c a copy, postpaid. Band or Orchestra, 25c each.

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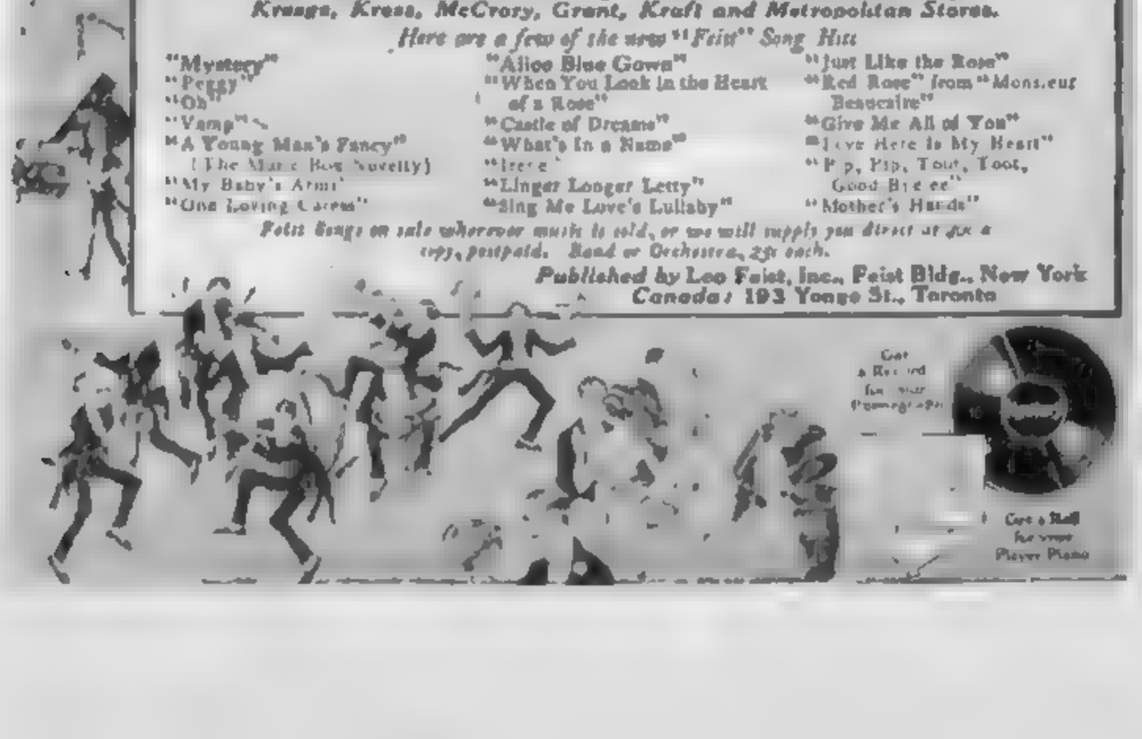


hundred feet or so from where we had just been. I wonder, though, Dan, if you understand why Rollé went with me—why he exposed himself. It was to order me back from the certainty of death. But the colonel—he publicly cursed me for not completing my mission. Even after Rollé fully explained his reason for that and assumed all responsibility the old man's neck bulged with anger. It really looked as if he had hoped soon to have an R.I.O. he liked better. Yes, I am convinced that was it, then, though in the events of the next few days his feelings changed. In the end he came to have for me the genuine liking that, against so much, persisted in me for him. Unimportant."

In the silence that followed Howard Gage sat staring at his hands, loose on his knees. The pattern of the drawing-room rug was, maplike, the flats along the Vesle, the river and the fatal hills beyond. It seemed to grow larger, farther, and varied in surface—he was among the ruins of Dorchênes, beaten down by a deluge of sound solid like an ocean, as tangible as the shells. Everywhere he looked he saw men killed, obliterated or maimed, without intelligible plan, without knowledge and without hope. They were men he liked, bound to him by warm confidences, common danger and duty. They had learned together the art of war; but, at last, it wasn't what much drilling brought them that was important—nearly all they had been told was progressively useless, discarded—it was what, at supreme moments, they found in their own indomitable hearts.

They hadn't a chance, he told himself, remembering advances down slopes bare of cover in the full blaze of day, and the Vesle, narrow but deep and swift, filled with sunken barbed wire; yet they accepted the impossible. The battalions had advanced, cursing the stupidity, the vanity or corruption or the ill luck that had spent them to little purpose. They had been full of human fear and a dreadful realization—that was what struck him with amazing force. At consummations which seemed to him divine they were appallingly human; the visible material of their thoughts, their feelings, was no more distinguished than the shamefully exhibited elements of their bodies.

He was surprised by an answering wave of emotion that suddenly irradiated Daniel's face. The elder leaned forward with his hand on Howard's knee:

"I can't tell you how glad I am to have heard that. I have been blinded by my own troubles. You must forgive me, Howard; absolutely tactless about the works. But that isn't the main thing; it is the pride I have in you; the knowledge that there need be no fear for the future. I've often wondered about your attitude to the war; and, as you saw, we were all disturbed by it. I thought perhaps you had been deadened, that the artillery had blasted the spirit out of you. The opposite has happened. Forget what I said about your condition. By heaven, it isn't dark; but, if anything, too damned well lighted! I don't know whether you are fortunate, if anyone would be, losing his illusions; but I do know that you have been tempered in a high heat. We have never made better metal. The furnace in Europe, certainly. Terrible. But to be expected.

"After all, war isn't an isolated phenomenon; it has always been a part of life, and it is open to the mistakes and crime—yes, the fineness of peace. I recognized familiar men and happenings in whatever you told me; they could be duplicated, less tragic but the same, in our industry. You mustn't confuse my attitude with Moreland's, either; for I am only admitting that faults common to humanity are inevitable in their acts. I'm not braiding them with gold or drowning the truth with brass bands. In a different way I have your own skepticism, a right, I believe, of the Gages; but where it is active with you I am passive.

"You have been shocked into your position; it was as though a curtain of pretense had been raised at once on absolute reality, and it stunned you. My feeling has been the result of long years of trying to produce a perfect material from imperfect ores and flesh. I suppose you might call me, at bottom, an idealist. But there was Fanny. Now and then, as well, we'd turn out flawless castings. They were, if they left the shops, always as good as possible, according to the specifications. However, that wasn't enough. There was no reason, except for blundering and indifference, why they should not be superlative.

"Sometimes it was the failure of important men, of directors and financiers, to recognize the simplest necessities of integrity; and at others a ladle hadn't been properly heated. Such things are to be expected; without them life would be perfect—a state I haven't even been able to see in the distance. It is my opinion that it will never be realized; or at least not until men themselves are changed. Any number of meddling societies and individuals come to me with plans for the improvement of the laborer's conditions, but they are off before they see what he does with the improvements.

"Well, the war, it seems to me, was no more than a magnifying of passions at the expense of intelligence. Honesty is intelligence, and so are decency and charity. Yet a passion can rise far above the mind, as your men showed you, and I wonder. I do, indeed, Howard. If you saw the lowest, you saw equally the highest imaginable levels of conduct. They are both hidden from the ordinary individual. I might surprise you by saying that you were lucky. No, I won't go that far. You are right—a hellish business. Or, rather, it is improper for me to hold an opinion. I wasn't there. But you were; the Gage steel. I had no doubts; though the knowledge, the performance, is an enormous satisfaction. We'll always have the security that, in 1918, you crossed the Vesle. The rest, in your own words, is slight."

A perceptible embarrassment descended on them and interrupted the completeness of their communication. Daniel Gage turned awkwardly to lesser topics:

"I'd like you to think it was principally the doubt of your peace of mind that lay back of all my talk about the Gage steel. I wanted the plant to continue; but that, as you said, was a surface. I wanted it as the tangible expression, the symbol of your content. It was there, do you see, complete, and we made it; the men expected you; they asked about you every day when you were in France; not a movement of the regiment escaped them. I'm sorry, but let it go. I'm going out to St. Louis, to the Nichols, as you suggested, and, if necessary, down to Ironton. I ought to start at once; they're getting impatient in Pittsburgh. I wish I were young again, Howard," he repeated, "with all the energy and—yes, ability—I had; there was no talk then of selling or going out of the direct line.

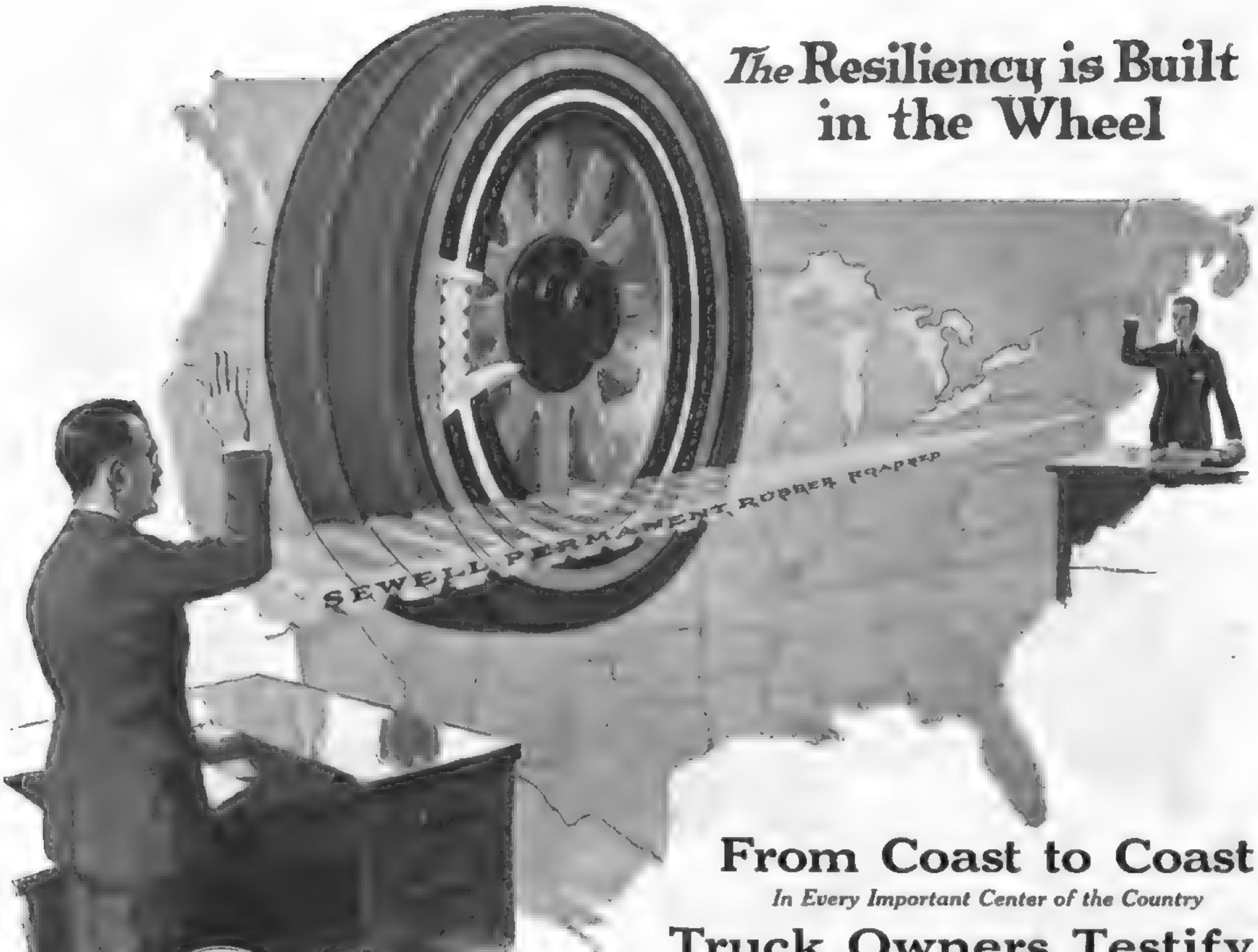
"We were living at that time in the city, and I was at the works at daylight, and used to stay with the cleaning-up gangs and the furnace men in the evening. I could blow steel soon after the Tropenas converters were adopted, and read a carbon fracture, judge the depth of a chill with any of them. With any of them, Howard. Those, you may remember, were the early days of steel for the rails of street cars. We invented the rolled grooved guard rail for curves, which took the place of cast iron; we introduced the Gage railroad switch on steam railroads too; and built the first railway on Broadway, from the Battery to Forty-ninth Street, including the repaving, in twenty-one working days. We developed rolled rails united by cast-welding for switches and frogs and crossings—that's gone all over the world now—and practically brought manganese steel into its prominence and use for hard-center work. The first frog with a manganese steel plate we installed on Fulton Street, in Brooklyn, August, '94. Then, at Market Street and Delaware Avenue, we relaid the entire loop with flat rails fastened to stringers, when later they were replaced by a twelve-foot girder type.

"But all that, you've made it very clear, doesn't absorb you. Peculiar. I can't think of another such satisfactory employment for a man. Happiness and keeping busy are the same thing; perhaps you'd rather have me put it that the forgetfulness in keeping busy is necessary to happiness. Let's say just the application, and not in the least what you may or may not do, is the whole thing. How does that strike you?

"I don't want you to think that I'm judging you or still trying to burden you with my ideas, a Greek merchant arguing with Ulysses. It is enough to be in affectionate touch with you again. The Gages will always be a clan at heart; you'll come back to us, together with the rest I spoke of before."

It was late; Sophie and Charlotte had gone upstairs, and Daniel rose. The lamp in the farther end of the drawing-room

(Continued on Page 173)



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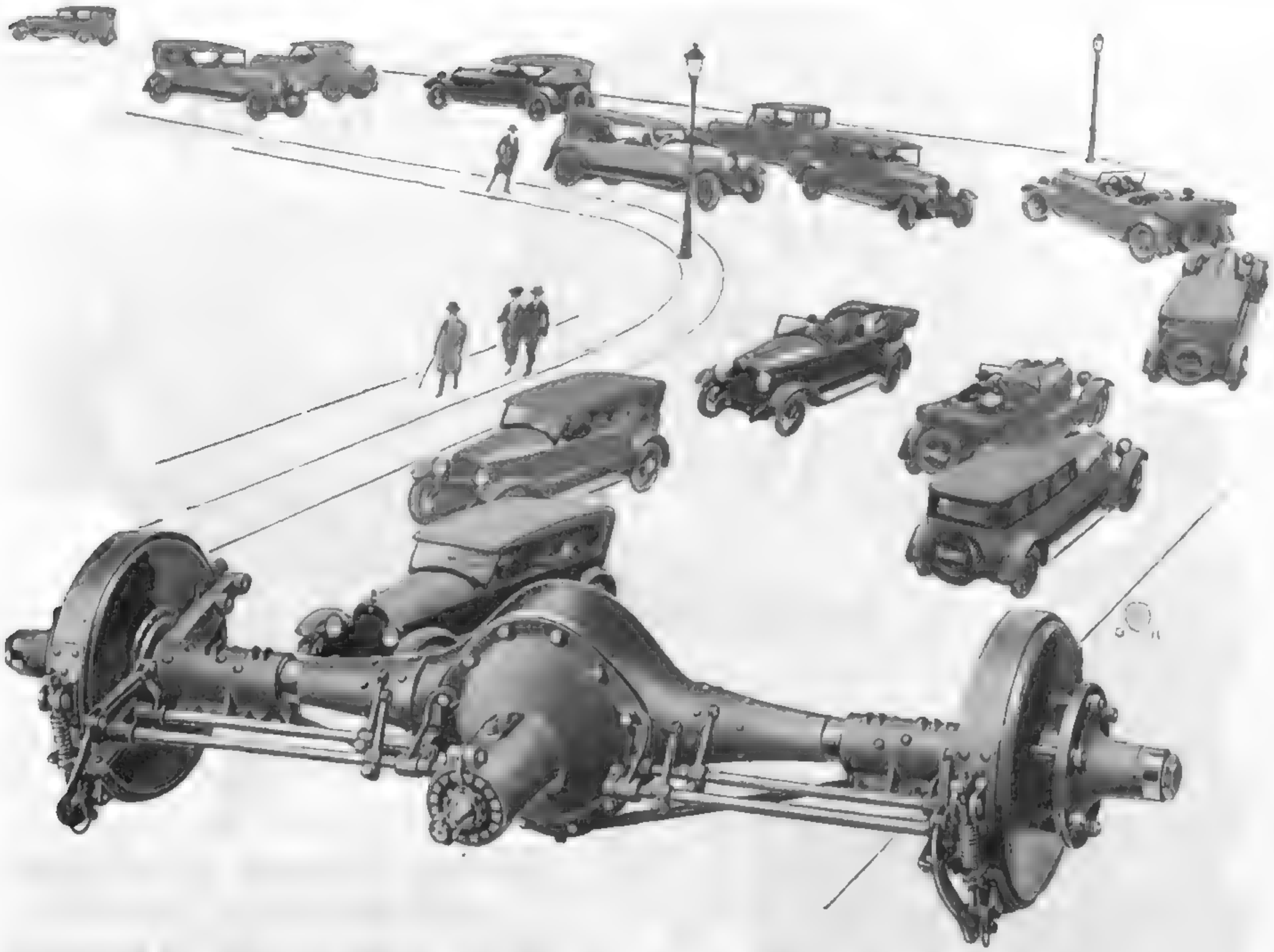

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As an institution dedicated to the building of dependable axles for motor cars, Salisbury holds an enviable position in the automotive industry. Our policy of building a product of unvarying excellence has made the name Salisbury a synonym for indisputable quality in motor car axles.

SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 170)

made a warm illumination against a subdued length of luxurious furnishings. The elder stood gazing quietly about, his face in shadow, thinking, Howard Gage realized, of his wife. He walked over to the piano and moved a repoussé silver box to a different spot, and then nodded silently; he turned over, briefly, the sheets of music in a portfolio. His lips moved, but still soundlessly. When Daniel turned, when Howard saw him fully, he seemed dazed; his expression, with his chin dropped and mouth partly open, was almost helpless, lost. The other recalled Fanny Gage, a woman of undeniable charm but with no beauty; Howard knew many more fascinating, more gifted. It was very strange.

XV

HOWARD thought of this again, after Daniel Gage had gone West—the transforming magic of affection like the bathing of a commonplace object in a golden light; but recognizing its desirability he knew that he was without the particular imaginative qualities which made it possible. Howard hadn't the faith, the interest, necessary for such emotional excitement. His pleasure at Sophie's beauty marked pretty nearly the limits of his feeling for her. Yet, though perhaps he missed something, he preserved the integrity of his being; he was, as far as it could be assured, free from the humiliating joking to which he had grown so sensitive.

It was night and cold, but he had gone out, in his dinner clothes, on the portico, where he stood staring in a direct challenging animosity at the stars. In the face of profound depths and constellations of worlds he had no feeling of insignificance, none of the humility of worship. He had, he reminded himself, been freed.

This was the positive side of his attitude; the negative was a blanketing depression; on the practical plane, the answering of Dan's reasonable questions about the future, near and ultimate, he was without any reassurance. Life wasn't a vacuum; he couldn't maintain his isolation forever. However, perhaps his present difficulty was only temporary; if they'd stop annoying him with attempts to decide and dictate his actions he would be quicker in arriving at a useful temper and acceptable plan of living.

But that—their efforts to force him into instant admirable ways—apparently made up their main conception of responsibility. They, now, were Sophie and Charlotte. And their immediate attitude lay in the way of silent condemnation; silent, that was, where he was concerned; to each other they talked interminably, while Howard listened with a detached and almost scientific attention. Certainly half of all their conversation was devoted to the energetic examination of the parties and people they had last encountered, based on a hopeful and tireless chase of irregularities of conduct, dress and situation. Yet malice, he discovered, wasn't their aim, but excitement, any alleviation of the monotony of an existence ridiculously out of key with changing times; and though they avoided deliberate fabrication they never failed to read the satisfying worst into every possibility of conventions upset.

They were, it seemed, always in a state of indignation at irregularities at the point of being urged upon themselves, and minutely rehearsed every word, inflection and movement of men they at once denounced and cherished in their memories. The "he said" was as reiterated as the "whereas" of legal documents. Literally nothing was ignored in the industry of their effort to prove that they had been practically insulted; though, possessing nearly all the mass of evidence, Howard was unable to select a single damaging fact. If virtue was, as he had no evidence to doubt, their admirable portion, subconsciously they exhibited little gratitude.

That part of the feminine voice, however, devoted to clothes was frankly acrimonious; with the exception of a notable few whose every dress was simply marvelous they found nothing to applaud and a good deal to expose ruthlessly. The low neck of a dinner dress; the disposition, on sitting, of a skirt; materials, new, dyed or transposed; lines old or smart and horrid, or like a bag; figures and corsets; visibility—were analyzed to the last intention. They were, Howard realized, entirely innocent of the actual principle of their subject, as plainly to be understood as the purpose of the gay variety and perfume of flowers. They were, too, devoted to scents, compounded in Paris but different—Sophie preferred an extravagant blending in the spirit of Versailles, while Charlotte upheld a distilled essence that expressed the bewildering personality of Rosina Galli.

The war, which for four years had filled such a large part of their thoughts and activities, had been dropped absolutely. Yet for all their apparent triviality Howard recognized that they were solely intent on realities, the indisputable tangible elements of their existence and happiness. It was inconceivable to think of them engaged, like Dan, in abstract phases of the Gage Steel and Iron Works. His own materialism, his challenging of the stars, had back of it the disturbing unanswered wonder at his late section on the rivers of France. Whatever Sophie or Charlotte wanted was actual, exact—a pearl that could be weighed to the last grain—and had none of the insubstantiality of men's dreams.

When, as it not infrequently happened, Moreland was present, both Sophie and Charlotte were more vividly alive in color and speech; and Howard was correspondingly morose. His feeling for the other man had settled into bare tolerance; Major Moreland's shining and useless spurs, the insistent precision of his military carriage, his echoed sentiments exasperated Howard like the friction of sharp particles of sand. He was now scarcely civil to him; and this, as much as his failure to agree with Dan's hopes, drew upon him the condemnation of his wife and Charlotte.

Their attitude toward Moreland, Howard often found perplexing in that, though he was admittedly Charlotte's, Sophie seldom disappeared when he was present. And sometimes, he thought, the younger showed traces of a growing impatience. It occurred to him later that Sophie was serving Dan in this; that such a course had been arrived at between them. A poor scheme, he told himself, and apt to have the opposite effect from the one planned; Charlotte would soon be meeting Moreland in the tea rooms of hotels in town or marrying him informally. Though he was irritated by her it seemed to Howard that her individual charm and good looks were increasing daily. Charlotte's hair was now definitely up; and though her skirts were no longer than those of recognized girlhood they were subtly different, undeniably the skirts of maturity.

Her attraction was totally other than Sophie's—an affair of exquisite surface. Charlotte was rather clumsy than not, except when dancing; her skin never varied from a whiteness that appeared to have no underlying color whatever, and her features were almost thick and frequently sullen. But her potentiality, he began to see, was as great as his wife's; not so fine to gaze at, nothing like the picture Sophie presented, but more provocative. Charlotte's character was more complex, richer; yes, he was right—she was more disturbing.

In the midst of this comparison he checked himself abruptly. It was dusk, but the room was luminous from the snow spread outside. The fall had stopped over an hour ago but a high wind was filling the air with drifting swirls of the white crystals. The western sky was a serene and pale primrose. Charlotte was lying face down on a divan, her elbows buried in the cushions. She had been out and her ankles were covered in thick Scotch wool stockings of amazing design; she wore heavy brogues and a soft neutral-colored sweater that clung to her full shoulders and arms.

Sophie, however, was formally dressed for afternoon; very much, Howard thought, like a lamp shade in the best and most expensive taste. Her dress might have been blue; it might as easily have been pink; it was one and then the other in shifting films as immaterial as the light in the west. The room was still except for the flames and widening glow of an open fire, when a servant appeared with the announcement that there was a telegram for Howard. He moved indifferently to the telephone in the closet by the hall entrance, and, expecting no more than an addition to the minor difficulties of existence, learned, in a jumble of words that lost their individual significance from the overwhelming intelligence they conveyed, that Daniel Gage was dead.

"Repeat that," he said in a confused hurried sharpness: "Regret exceedingly to inform you of an accident at Ironton Blast Furnace resulting in the death of Daniel Gage."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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For this reason Iron Clad No. 699 is unusually long-lived—it is strong where strength is needed most. Its durability takes it out of the luxury class.

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As an economy measure try this sock. If there is no Iron Clad dealer near you, order direct from us, enclosing remittance and stating size and color. Colors—black, white, gray, navy, cordovan brown and palm beach. Sizes—9 to 11½. Your order will receive prompt attention and be sent you postage paid.

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Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller and shoes and stockings wear longer. Those who use Allen's Foot-Ease have solved their foot troubles. Sold by Drug and Department stores everywhere.

Comment of the Week

Nonessentials and Nonsense

FOR the second time within a few years we are brought face to face with the tough problem of establishing a reasonable ratio between essential and nonessential industries.

During the war the one supreme consideration was victory. It depended upon an ample supply of munitions, food and other military and naval necessities. Through various government bureaus, departments, commissions and committees the most unessential industries were curtailed and the more nearly essential ones stimulated.

This is not so easily accomplished in time of peace and appears now to be a more dangerous experiment. Yet to some extent the experiment is being made and must be made.

The people themselves are beginning to distinguish between essentials and nonessentials.

If government action is desirable, the Federal Reserve Banks are capable of exercising somewhat more than a moral suasion, not only in hastening the process of deflation but also in checking the excessive manufacture and consumption of luxury goods.

It is to be suspected that some such brake is already being applied.

Man cannot live by bread alone, but he must have sufficient bread before he indulges in silk shirts and jewelry. The sober sense of the country begins to take fright at the draining of farm help by the inducement of extreme wages in factory centers not always devoted to making the most necessary articles.

At last the country is in a temper in which it does not fear having this subject of the essential and nonessential dragged out into the open.

When any business is injured it sets up a howl and attempts to establish alibis. These alibis are just about as vociferous in the case of the gambling-house proprietor as in that of the owner of a wheat farm or a bookstore where Bibles constitute the chief offering.

No business likes to be considered unnecessary. But these apologies and explanations are not to be scorned. They must be considered on their merits and judgment must be rendered in a spirit of tolerance and with an eye to the golden mean.

Consider the lowly diamond. What is to be said in its favor?

Well, there are something like forty thousand manufacturers, jobbers and retailers of jewelry in the country. They employ several hundred thousand workers, many of whom could not shift to other trades. They pay very large taxes, and if all the so-called nonessential industries were suddenly eliminated the essential industries would have to make up the loss, and the increase in their taxes might be felt in the cost of bread and meat.

Nor is the sentimental value of jewelry to be wholly overlooked. It is one of the few enduring physical mementos of friendship and affection. It has symbolic and æsthetic value that no one denies. But read also what a correspondent who describes himself as a workingman has to say on the subject of diamonds:

"Two billions of dollars' worth of diamonds are now owned in the United States and we are importing more at the rate of one hundred and fifty to two hundred millions a year.

"A beautiful painting has its own distinct place in the scheme of life. Music is of value. Articles of silver and gold have—usually—a utility value as well as beauty and intrinsic worth.

"But diamonds are of absolutely no value to anyone for any purpose. Their very highest qualities, color, luster and sparkle, are found abundantly in ordinary commercial glass and, indeed, a piece of a pop bottle, properly cut and foil set, excels a diamond in all the valued qualities.

"The present valuation on diamonds is based on two very unsound foundations: First, an artificial market, carefully nursed and fed limited quantities; second, the vanity of women and men.

"The one great big reason for the diamond's popularity is that it is a badge indicating riches. A man profits hugely in business, and immediately he creates a bull movement in necklaces or dinner rings. He dolls up his womenfolks and says to his neighbors thus: 'Looky! See! I've got money, I have.'

"But meanwhile people say that the laboring classes have entered into an 'orgy of extravagance.' They are 'spending their money like drunken sailors.' This because we buy silk shirts, fifteen-dollar shoes, sixty-dollar suits, and so on.

"If it is an 'orgy of extravagance' for a laboring man to buy his wife a fifteen-dollar pair of shoes and a pair of stockings at two dollars and fifty cents, articles of use, what is it, oh, my friend, when the laboring man's employer buys his wife a three-in-a-row-carat diamond dinner ring costing probably a thousand dollars and being of absolutely no value, use, beauty or worth to anyone except as a means of gratification of desire to display?

"If ours is 'spending money like drunken sailors,' what is the other?"

Here we have the two sides of the luxury, extravagance, nonessential-industry question, though all the opposing arguments do not meet and some are bred of prejudice rather than reason. The subject cannot be disposed of offhand. Progress and civilization consist largely in converting the luxuries of one age into the comforts and conveniences of the next. Most luxuries become necessities if they can be sufficiently cheapened in price. Progress to no small extent consists of increasing wants and their satisfaction. Luxuries lose their character as they become widespread, general and cheap.

But nations do not endure when their taste for luxury runs away unchecked and untamed or expands too suddenly. There must be a wholesome evolution toward increasing comfort, not an orgy of self-indulgence.

Nearly all civilizations have gone to pieces in a burst of extravagance. The necessities, the primal elements of existence, always come first.

It is nonsense for a business man to get so tied up in the red tape of a complicated existence that he is led to say: "There is no such thing as a nonessential industry where thousands are employed." We have so many varieties of manufacturing, all going at such a speed, that we are in serious danger of looking upon them all as equally valuable and important, of regarding a pair of silk stockings as no less essential to the nation's prosperity than a bushel of wheat on the farm.

Men become so absorbed in the problems of production and salesmanship that they forget the object of it all. If there are just as many difficult and absorbing problems involved in making and selling silk shirts at a profit as in growing and selling wheat, those engaged in the former industry are in danger of thinking of themselves as no less important than the wheat producer. This attitude grows upon all of us unconsciously. We are losing our point of view, our clear-cut perception of fundamental relations in the modern complexity and hurly-burly of life.

But it is worse than nonsense; it will prove fatal if persisted in.

The statement was made recently by a jewelry manufacturer that forty per cent of all industry to-day is nonessential. The estimate may or may not be accurate, but it gives pause for thought. No doubt we can sustain a larger structure of nonessentiality than older civilizations. But, of course, there is a limit somewhere, a point beyond which want, starvation and conquest from without suddenly awake the revelers.

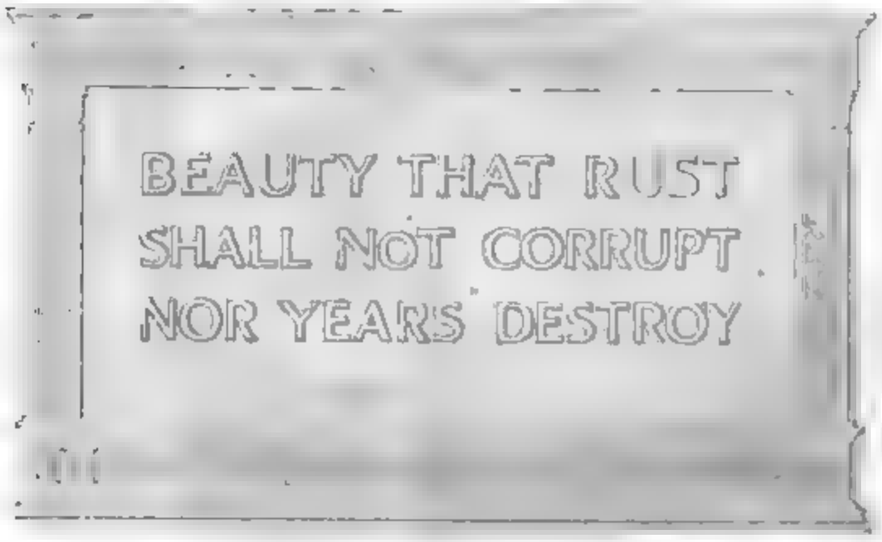
We have no occasion as yet to dwell upon such grim and melodramatic thoughts, but we have good reason for emphasizing the need of a clearer perspective.

We should think more about these elementary relations, and a sermon in every church and newspaper on the golden mean would not be amiss. Our wealth and natural resources are great enough to make the adoption of a Spartan régime unnecessary. We need no prohibition of diamonds, candy, silk shirts and other luxuries. But we do need to grasp clearly the importance of maintaining a proper balance between agriculture and industry; to understand that steel is more important than silk; shoes than spats; good ready-made suits than ball gowns; and small homes than shoddy show places.

Detail of Carnegie Library, San Francisco, with Armco American Ingot Iron window grill.

ARMCO

BRAND OF AMERICAN INGOT IRON



THIS iron comes as a new inspiration to the metal craftsman.

It says to him that the beauty he has created and the work he has fashioned with infinite care will endure for many times the life of other similar metals.

The purity of American Ingot Iron is a strong defence against rust. Exposure to rain, snow, cold, and heat—the natural foes of iron—proves that Armco withstands the severe attacks.

No other commercial iron is so dense in texture. Impurities separate the molecules of ordinary iron and permit the easy access of corrosive elements. Such impurities are practically eliminated by the process of making Armco American Ingot Iron, and it is extremely difficult for rust to eat its way into and beneath the surface.

This purity also makes it most suitable for welding, for receiving enameling coats, and for the transmission of electric current.

Our research and engineering departments will be glad to tell you whether or not you should use Armco Brand of American Ingot Iron.

Carnegie Library, San Francisco; all sheet metal and iron grills on windows are of Armco Brand. Geo. W. Kellam, Architect.

ARMCO

American Ingot Iron
Resists Rust

The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by the American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them. The trade-mark ARMCO is registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

THE AMERICAN
ROLLING MILL COMPANY

Box 270 Middletown, Ohio

Your job can't wait
for delays or ignition troubles

WHEN work is rushing forward day and night, everything depends on prompt deliveries. If supplies are cut off, workmen have to wait, production stops, earnings cease. Often forfeits must be paid for delivery failures. Continuous operation is essential to economical production—especially in motor truck operation.

Ignition is a vital factor in motor operation. If your ignition fails, your truck stops—and all that depends on it stops as well. There is no telling how far the consequences may reach, what losses they may entail. Delays are fatal to economy.

Your ignition must do more than meet ordinary conditions; it must meet every emergency. That is why magneto ignition is so important to you.

Magneto ignition won't fail. It is self-contained, self-reliant, an integral built-in part of your engine. It requires no care, no attention. It is independent of service.

Automatically it responds to each demand upon it. When you increase your motor speed, it delivers a hotter, fatter spark to explode every bit of gas into maximum power. It means the utmost mileage on fuel—less carbon, no fouling. It is absolutely dependable.

Dependability is worth all it costs. The first cost of Magneto Ignition is the total cost. It lasts as long as the engine. It costs nothing in time or money for attention.

On the contrary, it saves money constantly—preventing delays, meeting every emergency demand made on it.

SPLITDORF MAGNETOS AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETOS EISEMANN MAGNETOS
BERLING MAGNETOS SIMMS MAGNETOS

Magneto Ignition
IS DEPENDABLE

ENCORE LES FEMMES!

(Continued from Page 13)

were prone to regard them contemptuously. Socially they did not count at all. But blood has a way of making itself felt.

And accordingly this new blood began to have its influence on the development of American women. It was good enough blood in its way—most blood is good for the matter of that—but not disciplined in habits of democracy. If we denominate the type of solid manhood and womanhood of the pioneer régime as Grades A and B, the type of immigrant of the later industrial period, recruited *en bloc* by agents for the mills and the mines, often sank as low as Grade D or E. The net result, after a generation or two of this heterogeneous infusion, was the rise of a new violent individualism, powerful as crude alcohol; a shift in the standards of education, of morality; and a changed attitude toward life on the part of the average woman. This was the new blood beginning to work.

Strange things began to be done in the name of liberty by those who did not know exactly what liberty was. Cheap thoughts, shoddy morals, flimsy characters began to spring up like rank weeds. The get-rich-quick microbe began to infect high and low. Individualism, not harnessed to its dull plowmate Duty, began to kick up its heels. As a nation America was taking seven-league strides in material prosperity, but in moral education and the perception of fundamental values her progress was not so fast. Cutting loose from the past has its drawbacks. One is apt to cut loose also from the future and to try to play a lone hand. In type the average American became more composite, less insistently Anglo-Saxon; supple rather than deep in thought; swift but not always far-seeing in action. In addition he had a prejudice that amounted almost to an obsession in favor of speed, change.

The Desire to Start Something

These factors in the industrial situation we are bound to note, for they affected very directly the development of woman; and they affected her profoundly along the lines of her dominant strength. First of all, they strengthened woman's desire for a heightened individuality but an individuality without responsibility. Exploitation was in the air. So was aggression. Men were occupied with tearing the heart out of the stupendous physical resources of the country. They were untrammeled by restraints of the past or loyalty to the future. The present occupied them to the last atoms of their energy. Women in the same untrammeled, aggressive fashion began to extend the bounds of their particular kingdoms—their own individualities. And this exploitation was not from the angle of what they could give in service, but what they could take. The same microbe of restless predatory individualism affected them all.

Individualism for sheer individuality's sake; feeding the avid maw of the ego; aggrandizing self for the sake of self; forgetful of obligation—than that there is no bigger outlaw doctrine, figure it how you will. But in the flux and flow of constant change in America, where breaking loose from ancestral tradition was the easiest thing the buoyant young country did, it was not strange that both men and women were prone to cut themselves free from the delimiting laws of the past, and to consider themselves as self-starters in creation, or at least unique performances of the Almighty. The whole age in this respect was one of belligerent inflated egoism. To permit one's noble personality to be curbed, circumscribed by musty, dusty old laws formulated six million years ago for the propagation of the ganoid fish? What rubbish! That was old stuff. Who cared for ancestors, anyhow? If the ganoid fish started something which had gone echoing down the corridors of time, why shouldn't the Americans start something too? Why give in to the ganoid fish? Who was the old trouble-maker, anyway? This was a new country, a new age, new blood, and a new charter of rights for women. Thus the exponents of the new faith of individualism. Most of them, I fear, had never even heard of their remote ancestor, the ganoid fish.

Having traced some of these tendencies of the era, let us see in what manner they affected woman in industry and the development in her of those constant essential capacities which are her greatest asset to the state. This, it should be reiterated, is not a survey of women in occupational life to determine whether the industrial system is a failure or a success. The industrial system is here with us, on top of us, underneath us, the warp and the woof of our social fabric, for good and for ill. It is the god and the devil of our modern civilization. We cannot go back on it; we may go forward. This present survey is rather an analysis, a sifting out and sorting up of various kinds of occupations, in order to discover lines of cleavage, and thus to determine what types of occupations tend to develop women along the lines of their deepest value, and what types tend to damage, check or suppress such development.

It cannot be stated too strongly that it is not sex identity we are after in industry, politics or society at large. Sheer duplication of endeavor gets us nowhere. What we do want is sex equality—equal opportunity for men and women to develop their respective natures, in occupations, in love, in life. For if we can tie up man's relationship to power with woman's different but equally important relationship to power, and organize society round those twin capacities, each freely developed, each freely expressed, we are going to achieve a combination in America for progress, for civilization, such as the world has never seen.

Concerning the position of women in industry Olive Schreiner summarizes their contribution thus:

"It may be truly said that in the laboratory, the designing room, the factory, the mart, the mathematician's study, and in all fields of purely abstract and impersonal study, while the entrance of women would add to the net result of human labor in those fields, and though grave injustice is often done in excluding individual women therefrom, yet woman as woman has little or nothing to contribute in those fields that is radically distinct from that which men might supply; there would be a difference in quality but not in kind in the work done for the human race. But in those spheres of social activity dealing especially with certain relations between human creatures because of their diverse if complementary relationship to the product of human life, the sexes as sexes have a part to play which the other cannot play for them; each has a knowledge gained from phases of human experience—and here woman as woman has something radically distinct to offer to the sum of human knowledge."

Women in Industry

It should be added that if women in industry as it is constituted to-day do not contribute largely of their distinctive gift it is not the fault of women. Industry was not formulated or organized round the idea of developing anybody's gifts. And it is only very recently, when the philosophy of labor is beginning to be more or less worked out, that the particular capabilities of either men or women have been taken into consideration.

As industry extended its circle there sprang into existence a multiplicity of occupations for women. They began to go into commerce; to act as saleswomen, stenographers, clerks in the postal, telephone and telegraph services; they succeeded as jewelers, milliners, bankers, brokers, bakers; they engaged in advertising, bookbinding, proofreading, hotel and boarding-house service; they ran employment and teachers' agencies; they entered the learned professions of education, medicine, law; they became judges, policewomen, parole officers, social workers, writers, lecturers and librarians.

Listed alphabetically, the wide field of their activities is even more clearly seen. The occupations run something like this: Acting, advertising, agriculture, aviation; biology, buying; cafeterias, civil service, cooks; decorators, dietetics, domestic service; editors, executive secretaries; factory and farm hands, filing clerks; governesses; health, hospital and home economics; industrial art, institutional work; journalism; law, librarians, lunch-room managers; matrons and mill workers; nurses; organized charities; parole officers and preventive work; recreational work; school and social workers; telegraph operators; visiting housekeepers; welfare workers.

REDMANOL

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Perfect Mouthpiece

FOR idle hours in vacation time: a pipe with a REDMANOL bit. Having all of amber's beauty, REDMANOL is stronger. Always it keeps its golden sparkle. And you will find among the limitless variety of shapes and styles, hand-cut by expert workmen, a pipe or holder for every taste and purse.

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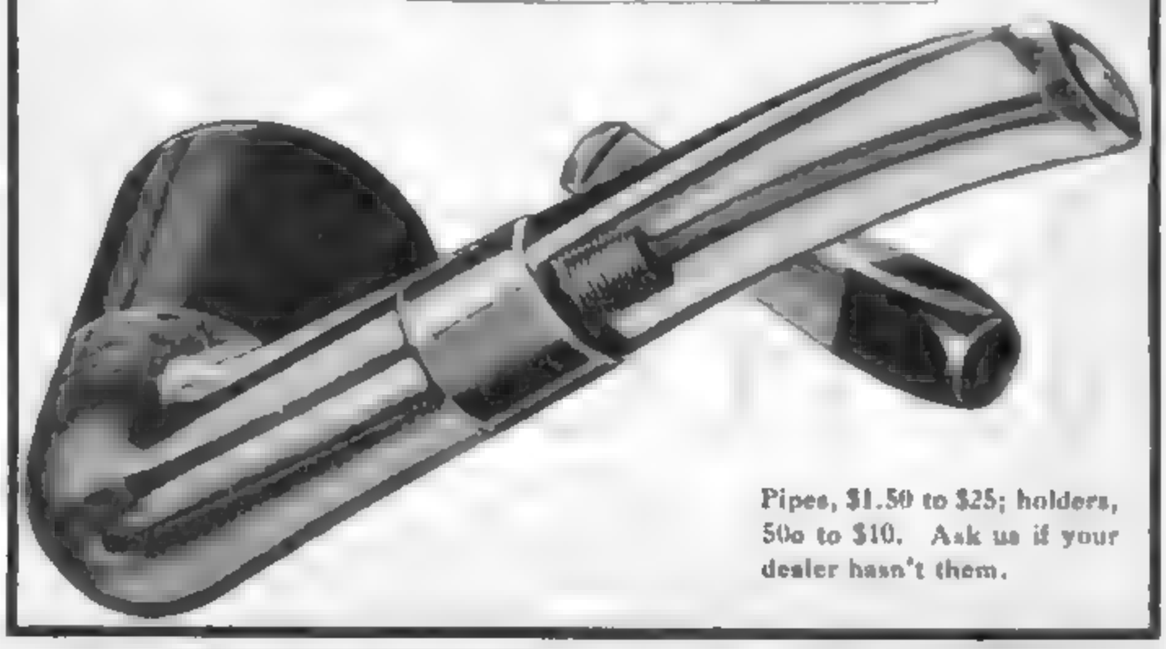
636 W. 22nd St. Dept 75 CHICAGO, U. S. A.



Pipes, $1.50 to $25; holders, 50c to $10. Ask us if your dealer hasn't them.

For a cool, refreshing summer

When it's sweltering hot! When there isn't a breath of air stirring. When the perspiration is oozing from every pore and you're nearly dead with the heat—then Polar Cub comes to your rescue. You turn on the breeze and—Oh Joy!

Polar Cub costs but $7.50 and leaves hardly a footprint on your electric meter. His wonderful little motor spins along at an average cost for current of one cent for six long hours.

Why spend a sleepless night from heat? Why eat in a hot dining room? Why work in a stuffy office? Why pass a sticky day or night anywhere when Polar Cub will give you six nice cool hours of Paradise for a penny?

Polar Cub is the individual fan. He has two speeds and stop; motor can be adjusted to any angle; height 8 inches; blade diameter 6 inches and base finished in rich velvet black enamel. Equipped with cord and plug and guaranteed for a cool refreshing summer.

Stop in at your dealer's today and exchange $7.50 (Canada $10.50) for Polar Cub. If he hasn't it, write us and we will refer you to one who has

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A large variety of styles in all popular leathers. To retail at $9 and up.

BATES Shoes stand for the highest values and best styles at the lowest possible cost. That is why more and more dealers are enlisting under the Bates standard. If there is a Bates Dealer in your town, it will pay you to find him.

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SHOES

WE HAVE BEEN MAKING THE Bates SHOE GOOD SHOES SINCE 1865

"CORNS"

Removed with "Freezone"
It Doesn't Hurt a Bit!

Apply a few drops of Freezone on a touchy corn or a callus for a few nights. It stops aching after the first application, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off. No pain at all! No soreness!

Any Corn—Anywhere—Also
Calluses on Bottom of Feet

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, also corns between the toes and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet.

Tiny bottles of Freezone, sufficient to clear your feet of every corn and callus, can be obtained at drug stores anywhere!

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

This is but a glimpse of the field, to get a notion of its formidable dimensions. What were the seven simple occupations of the pioneer period compared to this complex array!

In looking over the kinds of occupations from the point of view of the development of woman along the lines of her maximum power, they are seen to fall into several distinct groups: Those distinctly favorable to such development; those distinctly harmful; and an intermediate group of a neutral character.

The types of occupations in which the average woman is apt to succeed and be content are: Teaching; nursing; welfare, preventive and correctional work; decoration and dietetics and home economics; managing and meeting other people, as in agencies and secretarial work; physicians and judges and parole officers; and most kinds of institutional work. I am here speaking of average and not of exceptional gifts. All these pursuits are in a sense extensions of the home activities of another day, and women in entering them follow the track of least natural resistance.

In the occupations which concern themselves with children, prisoners, hospitals, jails, broken men, sick women and tangled human relationships, we find woman preeminently successful—because here she is working along the lines of her dominant strength. Her occupation is based, four-square and strong, upon her central capacities which are indispensable to society—her conserving faculties, her nearness to life and to life's affairs, her care for the future of the race, and her ability to suffer and endure for the sake of the eternal ideal. Where women are found in the above or allied groups of occupations they are apt to be happy, successful and valuable to the world. And this, whether they are married or single, young or middle-aged. They have related their powers to life.

The Dry, Shallow Jobs

The types of occupations which damage woman are those which run counter to the grain of her nature; which do not appeal to her salient characteristics; which distort or weigh down upon or suppress her fundamental capacities. Such occupations are monotonous mill, factory, sweat-shop or clerical jobs, and dreary repetitional labor that reduces the worker to an automaton. The pressure of this type of occupation is even more destructive to woman than to man, for it bears down directly on the deepest vital sources of her being. This is particularly true when she remains single and has no normal outside married life to sustain her in an unsatisfactory job. Under such unfortunate conditions women, unmarried, whether as individuals or as groups, tend to develop certain hard, arid qualities of heart and of mind; or they become emotional and unbalanced, hysterical and melodramatic over remote contingencies; or oversaving and penurious; or they lavish sentiment on unimportant pets. Men, it must be said, in parallel situations do not come off much better. For they, under similar stress and unmarried, tend to become selfish, coarse, reckless, their judgments extravagant and their pursuits remorseless. Both in such plight rest under the ban of Nature, and Nature takes adequate revenge.

The fact is that if it is not nourished day by day the power to live atrophies and dies. Both men and women must live, and enjoy living while they are alive. This is what is meant by the oft-quoted line: "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." It is what was meant by Michelet, the well-known French writer, when he said: "Have pity on this weary earth, which without love would have no reason for existence. Love somebody—for the salvation of the globe."

In addition to these two large groups of occupations, one distinctly beneficial and the other distinctly harmful to the best development of women under present social conditions, there are other occupations in which women do faithful and satisfactory work, are indefatigable and devoted, and yet never seem to rise above the dead level of mediocrity. They don't seem to get on. That is just it. They are not on but off—the current is insulated. These are the dry, shallow jobs that abound in industry, which though not actually harmful in themselves nor yet especially difficult, yet contain no intrinsic appeal. There is nothing to be got out of them in the way of development of women's special capacities of heart or head. They are as dead as dead alley cats. Quick, lively, vital girls falling into such morgues of positions fall quickly out again, no matter what the pay—and the pay is generally as unattractive as the job. Or if some do stay on, they use the places merely as life buoys to sustain them while they look about, locate another position—or a likely male.

It degrades industry for women to remain in positions simply until they can find husbands; but also it damages women to stick on in places where they must inevitably dwindle. No woman, and for the matter of that, no man, who does not bring to the occupation a certain degree of interest and zest can expect success or much advancement in pay. And yet, on the other hand, it is better for everybody concerned—industry, the girl, the race—for vital, energetic girls to get out of dead jobs and if matrimony is what they irrationally crave, then matrimony is the place for them!

It must be added that these drab Cinderella jobs, which are prone to start young women full of pent-up energies to buzzing violently round like a fly in a bottle, are often filled to perfection by middle-aged women who have already related their powers to life in other directions or have been shipwrecked by misfortune and are glad of a tranquil haven of rest. Women of this type tend and cherish uninteresting positions, as in the home they would tend their gardens or feed the canary bird. They don't crave development. What they want is peace. And indubitably it is that type of woman who should fill that type of position. There the punishment fits the crime.

In addition to these three groups of occupations there is another set, small and usually professional, scientific or artistic in character, in which, though they do not appear to appeal to any of the dominant powers of women and are, in fact, so-called masculine in scope, women have nevertheless made brilliant and distinguished successes. Such are original research workers, as Madame Curie, or mathematical or inventive geniuses. And there are just enough of these successes in the purely original and impersonal fields of human productivity to make it highly dangerous for anyone to lay on women any restrictions whatever. All that can be said is that so far as the average woman is concerned, she is apt to be most truly successful, contented and valuable when her occupation follows the lines of her dominant strength. But women should be permitted peacefully to penetrate as many fields of activity as they will—and there demonstrate their worth. Free open experiment is the only valid test.

Loading Dice Against the Future

In concluding this portion of the survey it should be emphatically stated that any kind of business or professional or artistic experience that cultivates the human powers of woman—unless at the same time it distinctly damages the deep vital sources of her nature—is a score on the credit side of the ledger. General education; concentration, interest in set tasks; ability to earn, save and spend money wisely; knowledge of men and women and the world of practical actuality outside the inner dream; the value of honor, decency, self-respect—all these things women may acquire in industry, and, far from damaging their particular contribution to life, it renders it all the more valuable.

Thus far I have lined up the various types of occupations, not from the usual point of view of woman's fitness for the job, but of the fitness of the job for the woman. We have reached an era in the modern mechanical age when man seems made for industry, instead of industry for man. Industry—which in its overnormal extension is nothing but a vicious individuality unrestrained by responsibility—is daily extending its frontiers; extending its power over the family, the woman, the child. It is loading the dice against the future of the race. Naturalists tell us that father wolves have the unsporting habit, when the mother wolf's back is turned, of deliberately murdering their young. It is a wolfish thing to do—the act of an unmitigated individualist, and a pessimist to boot. In like manner industry, when unmitigated, unrestrained, strives to put trouble-makers out of the way. It is a good servant but a bad master. It should not be abolished, but, like the wolf, restrained. And in cases in which the occupation weighs down too heavily on woman, damaging her at the very sources

(Continued on Page 181)

Velie Six

Emblems of Triumph

The Pride of Velie Owners is not alone in the distinctive beauty of its authoritative body style, or in its amazing new motor. It is more than these.

It is in the long history of triumph in construction and art which the name Velie represents. It is in the possession of a car which in itself marks the culmination of all the years of Velie leadership in quality building.

There is *especial* pride in owning a Velie—"The Pattern Car of 1920." Here you have the utmost in performance and charm—silent, eager, six-cylinder power dependable in every emergency—a new degree of economy from its internally heated vaporizer—absolute steadiness due to large crankshaft held firmly in *four* bearings.

Here you have restful comfort in the spacious body and deep-tilted seats—equipment and detail to satisfy the most exacting—a finish and construction that far outlasts the ordinary. The Pride of Velie Owners is a *permanent* pride.

The nearest Velie dealer invites you to inspect the many Velie body styles. A trial trip is yours for the asking in either the Velie 48 or the smaller Velie 34, recently introduced. Only an experience of the Velie's velvety smoothness of operation and superior riding qualities can tell the story.

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
Moline, Illinois

Gathering the first harvest, under the guidance of the Indian Squanto, whose experience stood the Pilgrims in good stead

Agriculture in New England

FROM the time the hard-pressed but determined Pilgrims first toiled in the virgin maize fields of the Indians, agriculture has been an important contributing factor in New England's progress.

In climate, soil and rainfall, New England is exceedingly fortunate. Massachusetts now ranks sixth among the states in the value of her vegetable products, while for specialties, the Aroostook (Maine) potato and Maine sweet corn are supreme. Furthermore, many sections of New England average 35 to 38 bushels of corn to the acre, which compares favorably with certain rich areas of the Western corn belt.

These arable New England farm lands, numbering more than 19,700,000 acres, are still fertile and relatively low-priced. They have the advantage of nearness to large markets and to settled communities with the best schools, colleges and libraries. Splendid motor roads for truck transportation in addition to the passenger and freight transportation facilities have increased their value. Last, but not least, New England farm life is free from the isolation of less populous districts.

Situated within easy access to every section of New England is the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston, a financial institution national in scope. It offers complete financial service of the highest order. Correspondence is cordially invited.

Let us mail you our interesting historical brochure, "*New England—Old and New*," issued in commemoration of the First Pilgrim Landing. Address Department A.

Old Colony Trust Company
BOSTON

(Continued from Page 178)

of her being, that weight must somehow be shifted. And who is to shift this weight, regulate and modify the brutalities of the mechanical world, set metes and bounds? Woman herself. That is her very particular job, her game.

In connection with this phase of the subject Ellen Key says:

"From this general and not individual standpoint, I am trying to convince women that vengeance is being exacted on the individual, on the race, when woman gradually destroys the deepest vital source of her physical and psychical being—the power of motherhood. . . . In our program of civilization we must start out with the conviction that motherhood is something essential to the nature of woman, and the way in which she carries out this profession is of value to society. On this basis we must alter the conditions which are more and more robbing women of the happiness of motherhood, and are robbing children of the care of mothers."

Thus the greatest woman feminist of her age. This is a far cry from the cheap, vapid individualism which insists on its own development without regard to laws of Nature or duty to humanity.

An Industrial Merry-Go-Round

Said the superintendent of a large concern which hires in the neighborhood of a thousand young girls for unskilled labor of a mechanical type: "Those darned girls—they're a nuisance. They never stay put. Just when I begin to work them up so they're worth their salt they fly the coop and get married."

"Do you lose many that way?" I inquired.

"Lose many? I lose the whole bunch! It's a regular merry-go-round—girls getting off to get married and new ones getting on. A little ride—and bingo!—they're off again. It's a continual change. Of course, occasionally you get a sober, reliable girl that can look at a fellow without losing her head. But, by George, she's a mighty rare bird! Women, you know, are no good in industry. And you can tell the world that's right—but don't use my name."

"You don't believe in matrimony, then, when it conflicts with industry?"

"I do and I don't," he replied shortly. "I married my wife, took her out of the advertising room before she'd been there a month. But that's different. That's private, as you might say."

"Certainly it is. It has nothing to do with the case. When do the girls seem to quit fastest?"

"Oh, Lord, I don't know! I never kept a notebook on them. Chiefly in the spring—and the summer—and the fall. Winters they seem to stick better. The way I dope it out is that it's colder and they have to buy more clothes. But jiminy swipes—this is no seasonal trade."

"Keep a notebook on them," I advised. "See whether the ones that go back on you are young or old. See if they're pretty or ugly—the ones that in your judgment might make eyes at men. Note if they're studious, gay or sort of quietly dead. Mark if in their purses they carry a mirror, vanity case or rabbit's foot. If they do they're dangerous, and you may as well fire them before they fire you. Compile a nice little questionnaire asking them their favorite authors, their favorite pleasure, and what they do just before they go to bed. Above all, confer with your wife. And presently you'll achieve a personnel that'll stick—if sticking is all you want."

He asserted gloomily his opinion that there wasn't a girl in the world who would stick if a fellow so much as said boo.

"Girls have got no stamina, and that's the whole trouble."

Another employer of women whom I approached said laughingly: "The psychology of women is as simple as A B C. All you have to do in order to handle them and get out of them the greatest amount of efficiency is to fill them full of responsibility. They lap up responsibility the way a kitten laps up cream." Why this was so he said he did not know; but he applied the principle blindly in his business and it worked eight cases out of ten. "Make them feel their individual responsibility and make them believe the entire concern couldn't last ten minutes without their particular touch—and all the rest is dead easy—holidays, hours, pay."

"Have you ever tried to work out why that is true, in order to get hold of a broad generalization that might be useful in other departments of labor?"

He had not. He had got his hand directly on the throttle of a tremendous power, and he was using that power blindly.

Another employer, whose firm engaged many women in high-class clerical and filing positions, declared women spent too much time on their systems. They loved elaboration for the sake of elaboration, and so ran their systems into the ground.

Still another, a man of wide real-estate interests, said that during his absence in France at the war he had left in absolute plenary control of all his business a young woman who had been his private secretary for several years.

"She knows more about my business than I do," he declared. "And I honestly believe she's more intelligent. I make bad breaks occasionally. She's never made one. I could go off to China to-morrow and feel that my affairs in her hands would prosper as well as if I remained at home. She's got a head on her like a man's!"

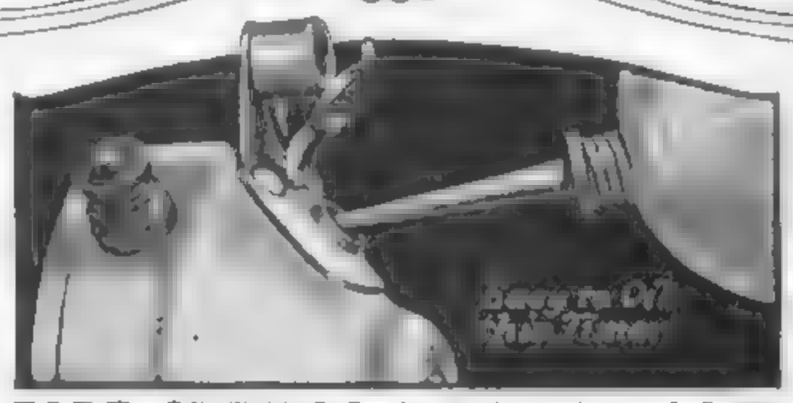
Ultimate praise! And yet, if the facts were known, she probably did not have a head on her that at all resembled a man's. What she was doing was characteristically female. She was in her work developing her personality along the lines of her maximum strength, and her employer, reaping the benefit, was grateful therefor.

One of the oft-repeated objections to the position of women in industry is that it prevents mating or renders it more difficult. Woman when she enters industry, say they, loses her glamour, her attractiveness to man; ugly competition down in the marts of trade rubs off the lovely bloom of charm, of grace, and renders her hard, sordid, masculine, domineering and unpleasing in the home. She loses her comehitherness.

Reasonable Friction

There is a grain of truth in this—but not much more. Nothing can render man and woman absolutely unattractive to one another; Nature has seen to that. The mysterious laws of attraction are too solidly implanted in the human race for us to feel undue anxiety on that particular score. Woman has toiled through the long centuries, without protection, at all kinds of heavy, coarse and brutalizing labor, and still attraction has persisted and the long chain of humanity has not yet come to an end. There is, in fact, no danger that marrying and giving in marriage will cease anywhere this side of heaven. That is not where the shoe really pinches. The trouble is in competition. Average man—and we are here dealing with plastic, imperfect mortals as they are and not what they ideally should be—resents the intrusion into what he has rightly or wrongly marked out as his particular field of activity about as strongly as he resents the intrusion by his hearthside of a stranger who, uninvited, coolly opens the door and walks in. Another man he would fight; a woman he cannot, for his manhood's sake; so he does the next best thing, makes her as uncomfortable as he can. This is the normal male reaction.

This friction between the sexes has been immemorial. And to a certain extent it is bound to remain so. For when men and women in their relation to each other turn into plaster saints and do nothing but coddle and kiss, this world will no longer be an entertaining place; we shall all be bored to death and move on in search of fire. This is what might be technically called reasonable friction, like the lawyer's reasonable doubt. But outside that reasonable friction, there remains a vast deal which is unreasonable. And that excess will continue to remain until both men and women become better educated on the subject. It will remain until women discover—they are discovering it very fast—that what they are striving for is not sex identity with man, to do what he does in the way that he does it, like a mimicking monkey up a tree; but it is sex equality, the opportunity to



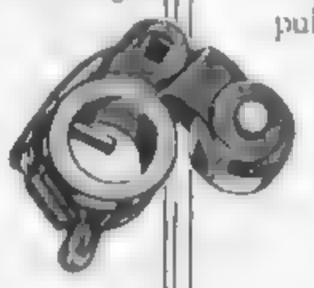
FORD OWNERS APPRECIATE ME

I AM a small feature, but a great convenience. I am the special Oil Cup of the MILWAUKEE, the standard replacement Timer for Fords.

I make timer-oiling simple and easy, for my cover *stays* open when raised by the oil can spout, leaving the large oil hole unobstructed. Then another touch of the spout snaps the cover shut, oil-tight and dust-proof.

I am just one of the advantages of the MILWAUKEE TIMER, which a million Ford owners know as the surest remedy for hard starting, uneven pulling, rapid carbonizing, and other ignition troubles.

Brush Assembly made of fine bronze, with tool-steel roller finished like a ball bearing.



Over 500,000 ***Milwaukee Timers*** *were sold in 1919. A million are being made to satisfy the 1920 demand. Sold by 75% of all Automotive Supply Jobbers and by most good dealers.* ***Retail Price, $2.25***

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin

(Also Manufacturers of Guardian Bumpers)

MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORDS

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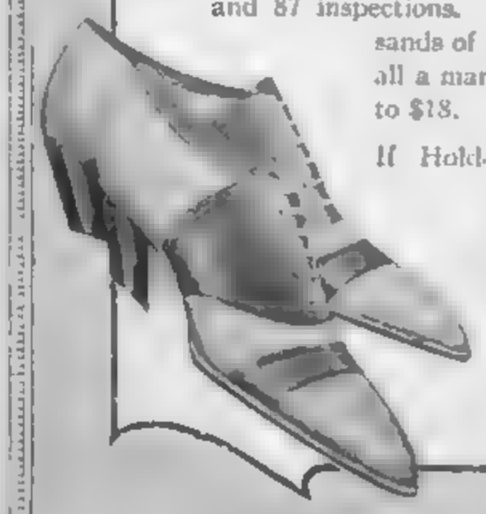
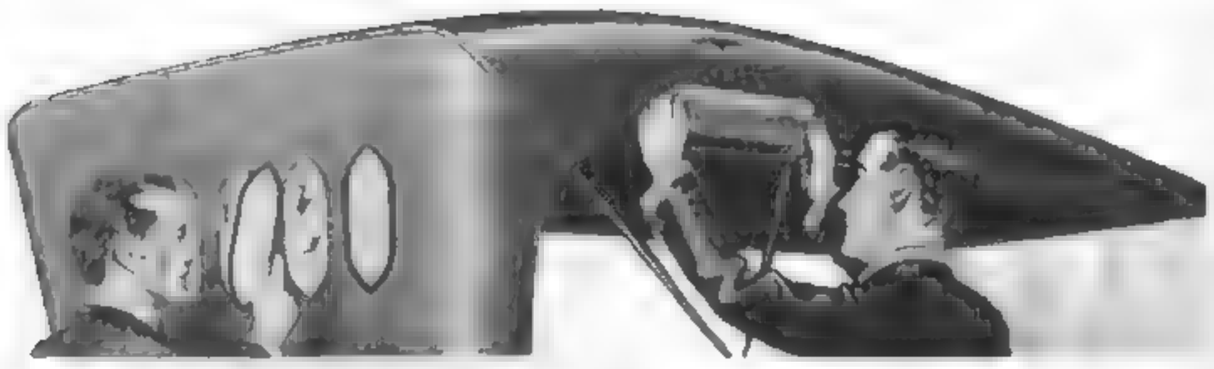
If Hold-Shape "TAILORED" Models are not exhibited in your SHOE SHOP write to us direct.

For beauteous balmy July—White sport Oxfords. Tan leather trimmings. Dashing.

Department E



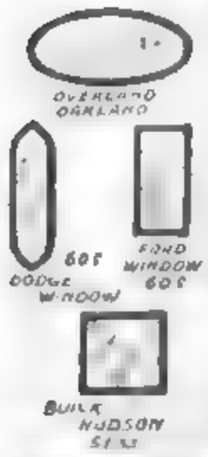
Isaac Shaw & Feder
CINCINNATI



Replace broken windows—mend leaky tops with

"STIK-TITE"

WINDOWS AND ROOF PATCHES



Anyone can apply this window—stick it on same as a cold tube patch—in ten minutes. All labor charges done away. No stitching perforations to weaken celluloid. No loss of use of car. Made in sizes for all popular cars, complete with neat border of same material as your back curtain.

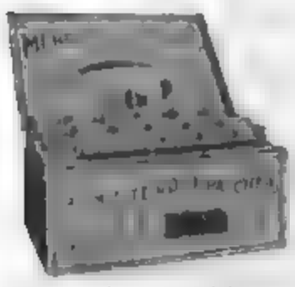
Stik-Tite Roof Patches are applied in the same way and are also finished outside in Auto Rubber "Ford," Mohair or Imitation Leather to match your top. Like the windows, they stick till the top wears out.

FORD 40¢

MOHAIR 50¢

LONG GRAIN 60¢

See your dealer. If he hasn't them send us his name and 40, 50 or 60 cents for box of eleven assorted sizes.

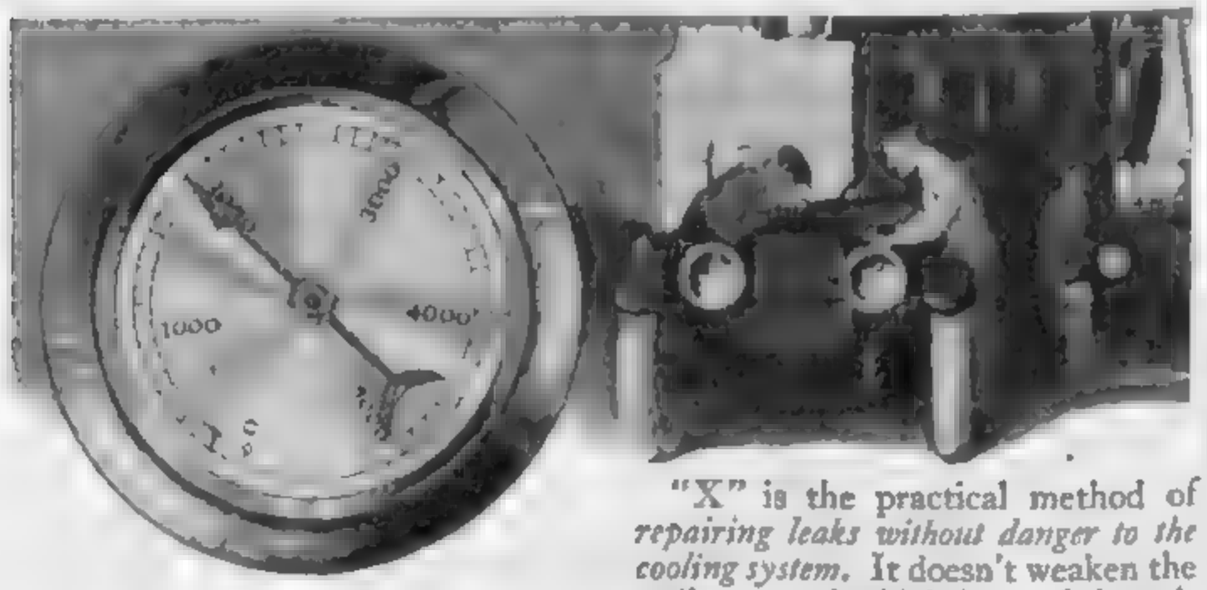


Look for this display on your dealer's counter.

The Cincinnati Auto Specialty Company
"The Stik-Tite Co."
Dept. G, 337 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Makers of "Stik-Tite Lily-White" tube patches, "Frost King" Asbestos Lined Radiator Covers, Auto Tops, Tire Covers, "Warner" Seat Covers

DEALERS Write for successful plan that brings you new customers and easy sales



An "X" LIQUID Repair in a Cracked Cylinder Stands 2000 Pounds Pressure!

THE everyday job of "X" Liquid is to repair leaks in the radiator, pump, connections, around gaskets, etc. It repairs *one* leak or *one thousand* in ten minutes—and does a job that cannot be had for $25 worth of soldering.

But it is no *unusual* thing for "X" Liquid to repair cracks in parts of the cooling system where welding is not *practical*—or *economical*.

In one case "X" Liquid repaired a 4-inch crack in the inner wall of a cylinder—and made a repair that stood 2000 pounds pressure! The owner saved over $150.00—the cost of tearing down, welding, etc.

"X" is the practical method of *repairing leaks without danger to the cooling system.* It doesn't weaken the radiator as the high heat of the soldering iron is apt to do; nor does "X" clog the water passages or prevent free circulation of the water. Kept constantly in the water, "X" Liquid *prevents all future leaks.*

What's more, "X" *loosens* all Rust and Scale throughout the cooling system and prevents any more from forming. This *improves cooling*—saves oil and gas and helps the engine perform better.

"X" is *not* a radiator cement or flaxseed meal. It is a *Scientific Liquid repair process.* Be safe. Get the genuine marked with a big "X".

LARGE SIZE, $1.50
Will do a $25 repair job
FORD SIZE, 75c.
At your dealer's

"X" LABORATORIES, 25 W. 45th St., NEW YORK CITY

"X" Liquid makes all water cooling systems LEAKPROOF · RUSTPROOF · SCALEPROOF

develop the powers which make her mighty and reverenced, and to contribute, equally with man, her gifts to society. Until the particular relationship of man to life and the different but equally valuable relationship of woman are recognized freely and freely applied, men and women are going to continue to bicker and dispute. And even after that recognition they are going to dispute—some! Enough for the health of the race.

It cannot, however, be denied that under certain conditions of industry and the competitive system women tend to grow hard, mean and spiritually desiccated. This occurs, as I have said, in those occupations which make no particular appeal to her nature or in which, under the pressure of hard, uncongenial toil, the vital sources of her being are distorted or suppressed. In such cases it is often neither woman nor industry which is to blame, but rather the maladjustment of the one to the other, and woman is the victim.

If also a woman starts out to fight her way into a new field of industry—or an old one for that matter—under the fixed obsession that every man's hand is raised against her and that she must strike first in order not to be struck, it is a pretty safe bet that she will become hard in the course of the operation. A man who employs those tactics in climbing up the ladder of life comes also to possess a nature which partakes of the contiguity of a boiled owl. But that is not sex; it is temperament.

In the large, under the modern régime, when woman leaves her home to go into one of the innumerable gainful occupations to earn her daily bread or the salvation of her soul she is not thereby warding off love and marriage, but merely attaching those pleasant commodities more securely to her belt. For she is more apt to be guided truly in her selection of a mate than her stay-at-home sister, who through ages has been forced to accept, in the matter of a husband, what is handed to her on a plate, wait for an uncertain second helping—or refuse the entire dish. This is cruel for a hungry, yet fastidious girl! The woman who works, on the other hand, is not obliged to take up with the first citizen who applies simply because he represents her meal ticket. She can pick and choose. Or she can remain unwed. In any case, she marries because she wants to—and a sounder reason than that has yet to be devised. In this respect America is farther advanced than France, where the girl's dot, her financial price, is still the first consideration. Thus in America industry instead of exterminating love tends to enfranchise it.

Marriage is something that usually happens to the majority of people in the natural or unnatural course of events. The more unnatural the course of events the more marriages there are apt to be. Being a racial necessity it does not need any artificial propaganda to shove it along from behind.

Aside from being a necessity it has also been observed that, on the whole, there is more fun—as well as more character building, which is not so funny—on the inside of that state than on the outside.

Concerning marriage, however, it should be remarked that though it is the most distinguished of all the professions for women, to fit her for which Nature has taken profound and particular pains, yet merely by entering therein woman does not automatically develop along the lines of her dominant power. She may be as good-for-nothing inside the union as she was before. There are married slackers and unmarried slackers. There are single women who, developing along the lines of their deep central powers, are noble contributors to society; and there are married women who, progressing along lines of shallow, egoistic individualism, are not worth a pinch of powder. But marriage is the broad highway of development of power, both for men and for woman. Outside of it both men and women may become preëminently valuable to mankind through the expression of their highest powers; but they struggle against a handicap. The slant of Nature is against them.

This, briefly, is the case for the development of women in industry along lines which render them worth while to humanity. Individualism, up to a certain point, is a blessing; beyond that point it becomes a curse. We have a few of those curses operating in our midst to-day. And to-day, more than ever before, we have need of the expression of women's fundamental powers. Material expansion, the individualistic quality of man, his tendency to swing through a wide, ungoverned arc require for safety's sake in this crisis the counterbalancing quality of woman, in order to prevent modern industrial life from becoming a terrible fiasco, a revolting mechanical world full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

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